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LETTERS

OF

CONNOP THIRLWALL

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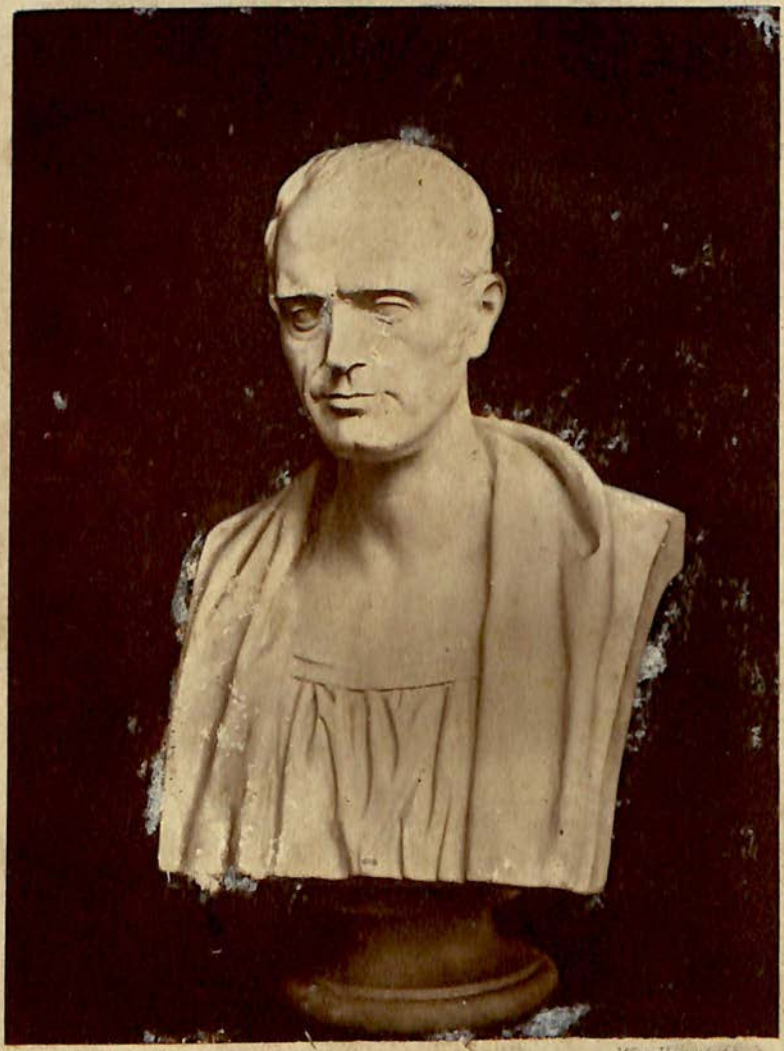

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CONNOP THIRLWALL,

(BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS).

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON, 1882.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND

BY

CONNOP THIRLWALL

LATE LORD BISHOP OF ST DAVID'S

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

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ac

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TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF A WIDELY HONOURED, DEEPLY LAMENTED FATHER

AND TO A MOST DEAR SISTER

THESE LETTERS

WRITTEN BY THEIR FRIEND AS MUCH FOR THEIR INTEREST

AS FOR HERS TO WHOM THEY WERE ADDRESSED

ARE DEDICATED

IN THE BONDS OF THAT AFFECTION WHICH UNITED

AND UNITES THEM ALL

PREFACE.

THE following Letters are selected from a correspondence of ten years with a young friend, one of a Welsh family in which Bishop Thirlwall took great interest. It was felt that they supply a side of the Bishop's character which was not sufficiently appreciated in his lifetime, and which the correspondence with his own contemporaries does not adequately represent. They disclose the kindly, genial heart which lay beneath that massive intellect; they show the tender regard for the sufferings of those with whom he was brought into contact by the circumstances of ordinary life; they exhibit the playful affection for the tame creatures which formed almost part of his household; they are full of the keen appreciation which he felt for all the varying beauty of the natural seasons; they show the immense range of his acquaintance with the lighter as well as the graver forms of literature; they indicate the enthusiastic delight which he, no less than his correspondent, took in the language and traditions of the Welsh diocese and country which he had adopted as his own; they reveal also some of his innermost thoughts and feelings on the great moral and religious questions of all time, concerning which in his published writings we have only the external and judicial expression.

I have been requested, by those to whom the publication of the two volumes of the Bishop's Correspondence has been intrusted, to add, by way of preface, the remarks made concerning his character and career on the occasion of his interment in Westminster Abbey. The discourse from which they are taken was an endeavour to set forth the religious use of wisdom, based on the words from the Book of Job, 'Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?'

A few sentences of the sermon have been omitted, and a few added.

It will be understood that the sermon dealt only with the more general aspects of his career. My personal acquaintance with him was too late and too slight to justify any detailed criticism or eulogy.

A. P. S.

Let me freely speak to you of this patriarch of our national Church in his two capacities of a universal scholar and of a wise ecclesiastical statesman.

Of that thirst for knowledge in all its parts of which the Bible speaks, of the mastery of all ancient and modern learning, few, if any, in his time have been more wonderful examples than he who from his eleventh till his threescore and eighteenth year was always gathering in fresh stores of understanding. Of him, as of Solomon, it might be said, 'Thy soul covered the whole earth.' There was hardly a civilised language which he had not explored both in its structure and its literature. He was the chief of that illustrious group of English scholars who first revealed to this country

the treasures of German research, and the insight which that research had opened into the mysterious origin of the races, institutions, and religions of mankind. Many are now living who never can forget the moment when, in the translation of 'Niebuhr's Roman History,' they for the first time felt that they had caught a glimpse into the dark corners of the ancient times which preceded the dawn of history. There are many who gathered their early knowledge of the Grecian world from the first history which brought all the stores of modern learning to bear on that glorious country and its glorious people, and which still, after all that has been done, remains the only history filled with the continuous sense of the unity of its marvellous destinies in their decline as well as in their rise. Many there are who have never lost the deep impression left by the attempt to trace the refined and solemn irony of ancient tragedy and human fate;[1] many also who, in his masterly analysis of the composition of the Gospel narratives, first gained an insight at once alike into the complicated structure and the profound substance of the sacred volume.[2] Such a man is a boon to a whole generation, both by the example of his industry and by the light of his teaching. Even to the very last, even in old age, in blindness, in solitude, he continued with indomitable energy the task of acquiring new knowledge, of adding another and another finish to the never-ending education of his capacious mind; becoming, as he said when at the age of seventy-six he released himself from the cares of his diocese, becoming a boy once again, but a boy still at school, still growing

[1] Essay on 'The Irony of Sophocles.' See *Remains*, p. 6.

[2] See Introduction to Schleiermacher's *Essay on St. Luke.*

in wisdom and understanding. Hear it, laggards and sluggards of our laxer days; hear it, you who spend your leisure in the things and the books that perish with the using; hear and profit by the remembrance that there has been one amongst us to whom the word of knowledge came in all its force and beauty, to whom idleness, ignorance, and indifference were an intolerable burden, to whom the acquisition of a new language or a new literature was as the annexation of a new dominion, or the invention of a new enjoyment. Well may he rest amongst the scholars of England beneath the monument of Isaac Casaubon, whom we have of late learned to know again[1] as if he had lived in our days, and in the grave of his own famous schoolfellow,[2] of whose labours in the same field of Grecian history he once said, with a rare union of simple modesty and noble disinterestedness, that to himself had been given the rare privilege of seeing the work which had been the dream of his own life superseded and accomplished by a like work on a larger scale, and in more finished proportions, by the beloved and faithful friend of his early youth.

It may be disappointing to some that this prodigious acquisition of knowledge was not accompanied by a corresponding productiveness. With the exception of the few indications we have given, his learning perished with him. The light which he contributed to theology was far less brilliant and permanent than that which had come from Arnold or from Milman, or from some of the great German theologians whom he so highly honoured. Still there was a form of wisdom which

[1] *Memoir of Isaac Casaubon*, by Mark Pattison.

[2] George Grote, historian of Greece.

does not lie buried with him in that narrow vault. There is an old English word which has now somewhat changed its meaning, but which in former times was applied to one of our greatest divines, Richard Hooker —the word 'judicious.' We now use it in the restricted sense of 'cautious' or 'sagacious.' But in its proper meaning it signified exactly that quality of judgment, discretion, discrimination, which is the chief characteristic of the biblical virtue of wisdom. Hardly, perhaps, has there been any English theologian, rarely even any professional Judge, to whom this epithet, in this its true sense of *judicial, judge-like*, was more truly applicable than to the serene and powerful intellect that has just passed away. In that massive countenance, in that measured diction, in that deliberate argument, in those weighty decisions, it seemed as though Themis herself were enshrined to utter her most impressive oracles; as if he was a living monument on which was inscribed 'Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas;'[1] as if he had absorbed into his inmost being the evangelical precept, 'Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.' It must indeed be allowed that there were times when his voice failed to be raised in emergencies which seemed to demand it—that there were occasions when even in his firm hand the scales of justice trembled from some unexpected bias—when his clear vision was dimmed for a time by a glamour which fascinated him the more because its magical influence was unlike to anything in himself—when his majestic serenity was ruffled by the irritation of some trivial contradiction or small annoyance. But for the larger part of his career the even current of his temper, the

[1] The expression of the late Archdeacon Moore.

piercing accuracy of his insight, the calm dignity of his judgment, even when we might differ from its conclusions, remained immovable; and thus, when he rose to the Episcopal office, it almost seemed as if in this respect it had been created for him—so naturally did he from it, as from a commanding eminence, take an oversight of the whole field of ecclesiastical events—so entirely did his addresses to his clergy assume the form of judicial utterances on each of the great controversies which have agitated the Church of England for the last thirty years, and thus become the most faithful as well as impressive record of that eventful time. Such a character insensibly acted as a constant check on extravagance, a silent rebuke to partisanship, a valuable witness to 'the entire dominion which prudence has' (to use the words of Burke) 'over every exercise of power committed to its hands,' 'especially' (again to use the words of the same great statesman) 'when we have lived to see prudence and conformity to circumstances wholly set at nought in our late controversies, as if they were the most contemptible and irrational of all things.' To have beheld such a judgment-seat established amongst us is a warning and a blessing for which we shall often crave in vain now that its oracle is dumb, but which it is for us to reproduce, so far as we can, by the memory of the extent to which we once admired it, and of the strength wherewith it strengthened us.

And there is yet this further lesson: 'Where was it that this wisdom was found, or where was the place of this wonderful understanding?' It was on a throne where experience has often told us that it is missing—in a place where we are often justly warned not to look

for it. It was in that sacred calling which, by the very reason of its sacredness, is exposed more than the other great professions of our country to the fits of sudden fanaticism, to the hurricanes of well-intentioned panics, to the convulsions of blind party spirit. It was on the heights of that Episcopal order which, by the very reason of its eminence, often becomes the prey of timid counsels, unequal measures, and narrow thoughts, but which, when worthily occupied and worthily used, gives room and scope as no other office, either in Church or State, to the exercise of that width of view and impartiality of judgment of which 'the wisdom' of the Bible is the divine expression.

When we sometimes hear it said that in our day there are fewer attractions for the nobler intellects and the more gifted spirits to enter the sacred ministry—when we hear it regretfully said that those who enter often become demoralised in their highest mental aspirations by taking holy orders—let us ask what was the experience suggested by the career which is now closed. He had been destined to another lofty calling—that of the Bar—where, if anywhere, some of his most peculiar gifts might have had the fullest development and gratified the highest ambition. But he found that in the ministrations of the Church of England there was a field for a yet larger development of his moral and intellectual stature—for the exercise of a yet nobler aspiration. If from any cause since that time the calling of an English clergyman has become less congenial to such characters—if its sphere has become more contracted—if the difficulties placed in the way of embarking upon it have increased, or the inducements to enter upon it have diminished—it is well for all those who are concerned

to look to it, for few graver evils can befall a Church, no more formidable prospect threaten its dignity and its usefulness. * And as we so regard the question, let us think once and again what were the advantages which he brought to the ministry and hierarchy of the English Church, and what were the advantages which it offered to him. He brought to it the assurance that in the ranks of its clergy there was no reason why the love of truth and of learning should not abound, why critical inquiry should not pursue its onward course, why the intellectual and spiritual elements of Christianity should not constantly prevail over those which are material and formal. There are those who remember that when he was raised by a courageous statesman[1] to a seat in the English Episcopate, while some trembled with alarm at the entrance of this bold intruder, as he was deemed, others confidently predicted that this intrusion, if so it were, would give to the Church of England a

[1] See Torrens's *Life of Lord Melbourne*. It is interesting to observe in this account that there was at least one eminent clergyman who did not share the panic occasioned by Bishop Thirlwall's nomination. The Primate had assured Lord Melbourne that he saw no cause of objection in the preface to the translation of Schleiermacher's Essay. That Archbishop Howley should not have been startled by the boldness of that keen criticism is in keeping with the like freedom of thought which induced him to receive Arnold at ordination, in spite of the hesitation to admit not only the Pauline authorship, but the canonicity of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and which caused him to acquiesce without remonstrance in Lord John Russell's nomination of Dr. Hampden to the See of Hereford. It is true that this sagacious discernment of the lawfulness of such free inquiry in religious matters was combined with a caution which might easily be mistaken for timidity; and the fear of giving offence to the clergy sometimes overbore even his characteristic courtesy. But it is worth recalling these traits because they have been often overlooked, and because they imply a largeness of mind which, if it had but found fuller scope in action, whether in his own or later times, might have saved the Church from many dangers and inconsistencies.

new lease of enduring life. Have not the prophets of hope been justified in their anticipation of good ten times more than the prophets of fear in their anticipations of evil? Are there any now from one end of the Church to the other who are not proud of the man who has thus adorned their calling, and ennobled the career of the humblest curate of the most secluded hamlet? Are there any who would not feel that English Christianity and English literature would have been the poorer if Connop Thirlwall had become a mere successful lawyer, or remained a mere private scholar, instead of giving by his presence in the Episcopate an example and a guarantee that liberal sentiment, even-handed justice, free research, had their proper sphere in the high places of the English Church? He stood not alone in that former generation of noble students in those days which 'they that are younger now have in their derision.' Others there were, perhaps, in their own way, as gifted as he, and who certainly left a deeper and wider impress on the writings and the actions of our time, and who were less restrained in their utterances by caution or reticence. But he of all that memorable band who found their natural calling in the ministry of the English Church was the only one, at least in England, that mounted to its highest ranks, and visibly swayed its counsels. That long and honoured existence bids us not to despair of our Church or of our Faith; but it also warns us to keep them at least on the same level that made his presence amongst us possible. It may be that, whatever betides, there will always be an inducement for the simple enthusiast, the stirring administrator, the eager partisan, the zealous dogmatist, to take a place in the ranks of the evangelists or pastors of the

Church. But if there are to be amongst the clergy pillars of the House of Wisdom like to him that is gone, there must be something more than this. It is not too much to say that one main attraction, which drew him and like characters to the sacred ministry of our Church, was its national character, and therefore comprehensive, varied, and onward destiny. To nothing short of this, to no meaner service, beneath the dogmatic or ceremonial yoke of no lesser communion, would the giants of those days have bowed their heads to enter. Other advantages, moral or material, may be furnished by the separated, disintegrated, or exclusively ecclesiastical sects or churches of our own or other countries. Many are the excellent gifts possessed by our Nonconformist brethren which we lack, and perhaps shall always lack. But they themselves would confess with us that such as he of whom we speak would have found, and could have found, no abiding-place in their ranks. And only, or almost only, in a national Church, where the permanent voice of the nation, and not only a fraction of it, takes part in the appointment of its highest officers—was such an appointment possible, or at least probable, as that which gave to us the prelate whom we all now alike delight to honour and mourn to lose.

Such was the public career of him whose mortal remains are to be laid beneath this roof. Some perhaps will lament, with a natural regret, that the prelate who, of all its occupants, has most conspicuously adorned through a long Episcopate the ancient see which reaches back to the earliest beginnings of British Christianity, should not have found his last resting-place in the loneliness and grandeur of his own cathedral of St. David—in the romantic solitude of that secluded sanc-

tuary beside the storm-vexed promontory that overlooks the western sea. But it was also a natural feeling, in which his own clergy and people proudly share, that one whose fame belonged not to a single diocese, but to the whole Church of England and to the whole world of letters, should claim his rightful place amongst the scholars and philosophers of our country. And in these days there is a satisfaction in the thought that at least one great Churchman by general consent found his way into the innermost circle of the sages of our time—that amidst the cynical and critical analysis of our modern philosophy; there was at least one Greek to whose lofty intellect the religion of Jesus Christ was not foolishness—and amidst the craving for scholastic distinction and oratorical ceremonial exaggeration which marks our modern theology, at least one reverent believer to whom its reasonable service, its unfathomed depth, its wide-reaching charity, its unadorned simplicity, were not stumbling-blocks, but attractions.

And this brings me to one concluding remark. I have hitherto spoken only of the mental grandeur of him whom we mourn. It is this chiefly which concerns us on this occasion. It is the vindication of the religious mission of learning and wisdom that I have thus briefly put before you. Yet those who knew the man in his inner life knew well that within that marble intellect, behind that impassive severity, beneath that ponderous eloquence, there was a moral fire which warmed and fused the granite mass through which it breathed. That was no mean sense of duty which constrained him, when in middle life he entered on the Episcopate, to throw his vast linguistic power into the difficult, though to him grateful task of learning, as no

English bishop since the Conquest had ever learnt, the language of his Cambrian diocese. That was no inconsiderable effort of moral courage and far-sighted justice which led him on one occasion in his earlier years to vindicate, amidst obloquy and opposition,[1] the solution of a great academical difficulty which, since that time, all have accepted; or, on another occasion in his later years, to vindicate the endeavour to remedy a great ecclesiastical grievance by a solution[2] which by the factious and fanatical rivalries of modern politics had been cast aside, but which all eminent statesmen of a former generation had combined in urging. That was no cold or callous heart which found its chief earthly comfort in the faithful affection of those who grew up around him as his own children and grandchildren, receiving instruction day by day from the boundless stores of his knowledge, and attracted by his paternal care. That was no proud or hard spirit which lived a life of such childlike simplicity, with the innocent enjoyment of his books or of his dumb creatures, or in steady obedience to the frequent call of often irksome duty, or in humbly waiting for his heavenly Master's call.

It was an undesigned but impressive coincidence that during the last days of his life, when blindness had closed his eyes, he employed his vacant hours by translating (through successive dictations) into Latin, Greek, German, Italian, Spanish, French, Welsh, the striking apologue which tells us that, 'as Sleep is the brother of Death, thou must be careful to commit thyself to the care of Him who is to awaken thee both from the Death

[1] The admission of Dissenters to the Universities.

[2] The plan of concurrent endowment for the Irish Churches. See *Remains*, p. 243.

of Sleep and from the Sleep of Death,' and which tells us further that the 'outward occurrences of life, whether prosperous or adverse, have no more effect than dreams on our real condition, since virtue alone is the real end and enduring good.' These words, thus rendered with all the energy of his unbroken mind into those seven languages, contain by hazard, as I have said, yet surely not without significance, the two simple, sublime elements of religion—the two conclusions which, not only in those closing hours, but in the fulness of his life, penetrated his reason and his faith: unwavering reverence for the supreme goodness of God, unshaken conviction of the true grandeur of goodness in man. Suddenly the summons came. With one call for him who had been as his own son on earth—with one cry to his Lord in heaven, who to his upward gaze seemed yet more visible and yet more near—he passed, as we humbly trust, from the death of sleep, and from the sleep of death, to the presence of that Light in which he shall see light.

'Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?'

'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.'

On the stone which covers the grave of the two illustrious scholars and friends in Westminster Abbey are these words :—

GEORGE GROTE,

HISTORIAN OF GREECE,

BORN NOVEMBER 17, 1794. DIED JUNE 18, 1871.

IN ÆTERNÂ MEMORIÂ ERIT JUSTUS.

CONNOP THIRLWALL,

SCHOLAR, HISTORIAN, THEOLOGIAN.

FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

BORN FEBRUARY 11, 1797. DIED JULY 27, 1875.

COR SAPIENS ET INTELLIGENS AD DISCERNENDUM JUDICIUM.

GWYN EI FYD.

[WHITE IS HIS WORLD.]

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1864.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Aug*, 1864.

'I AM truly obliged to you for your Cornish journal, which, while it brings the scenes it describes vividly before my mind, excites in me a strong desire to visit them myself; so that if it should ever happen to me, at the right time in the year, to have just a week at my command, I should be strongly tempted to rush to the Land's End and actually see my Yarrow. I am afraid that if I did I should be base enough to keep above ground, unless you can assure me that either the glory or the sensation repays the trouble of the descent into that Botallack Mine. I should certainly be more attracted by the rocks, castles, and gardens, and especially the monastic ruins. As you kindly leave me the alternative, I will keep the Diary with religious care until I have the pleasure of returning it into your own hands.

'I shall be glad to read it again and re-consider some of the etymology. I cannot help feeling a little doubt about that of *Scilly*, in which no account is taken of the *c*: though there would certainly be no difficulty about the *s*. You seem to have forgotten that the Welsh for Whit-Sunday is Y *Sul*gwyn. It is remarkable that in Breton, also, *Sul* is *Sunday*, though "sun" is *eol*. It looks as if the *s* was only preserved

in the case of the *Dies solis*. That would be against the proposed etymology of *Scilly*. Also, judging from the view in your first sheet, I should doubt whether the general aspect of the isles was likely to suggest a name compounded with *Llech*, which is not a *rock*, but a broad *slab*, or flat stone.

'The epistolary fragment is consigned to Hephæstus, according to your direction. But I am alarmed by an expression in your concluding observations, where you speak of "*the* Arch-druidic mantle having fallen upon me." I was aware that I had been ordained a Druid, but had not the least suspicion that I had been created Supreme Pontiff of the Order. But no doubt, as the youngest and humblest of its members, I am concerned in the fact of its existence. How odd it is that there should be at the same time two Wilsons broaching heterodox opinions. I hope that your "better instructed" friend will soon put forth an "Aid" to Druidic "Faith." Something really ought to be done. Hitherto it has been generally believed that the Latin word *Flamen*, a *priest*, was derived from *Filum*, the *thread* with which the head of such a priest was bound, as was my arm with the mystic white riband attached to it by Dr. James. But if things go on at this rate, we shall have people maintaining that *flamen* is derived from the English *flam*.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Nov.*, 1864.

'. . . . Many thanks for H. Martin's "Manin." I am surprised that it had escaped me, as I commonly hear of all the more notable French literary novelties, and should have been attracted by a work of Martin's, especially on such a subject.

'In him the Celtic confederacy has, no doubt, a very able champion. But will even he be able to make head against the master of thirty legions? Unless Cæsar has been led to see the error of his ways since 1859, when he forbade a Breton reunion like that which M. Martin hopes to organise, it may have to wait for another dynasty. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Nov.*, 1864.

'. . . . I should be very glad on my own account, as well as yours, if I knew of any published collection of Welsh Legends, and should value the legendary proper more than those which pretended to be historical. As there must once have existed in popular tradition ample materials for such a volume, like the "Tales of the South of Ireland" (translated into German by the Brothers Grimm), their own "German Children's Tales," Campbell's "Popular Tales of the Western Highlands" (which I hope you have), Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse" (another delicious book), it is a thousand pities that those of Wales should not have been preserved. But I very much fear that very few of them have survived. I remember that several years back an inquiry was sent to me from some collector of Folk-Lore in Germany, I forget through what English friend, whether I could furnish him with any Welsh legends—meaning such as are still current among the people. I did not know of any such, and if they existed probably a bishop is about the last person who would have any chance of hearing them at the cottage fireside. But if they had existed as late as the last century, I am afraid that then, at least, they must all have been swept away by the great

religious movement, which, however beneficial it may have been in other respects, was not favourable to poetry and art. I suppose there is no pious family among the lower or middle classes which would not think it a sin to repeat or listen to such stories. Your question has reminded me that I meant to have shown you a collection of Merlin's Prophecies, printed at Carmarthen in 1812. They cover the whole history of the Island, "from Brute to the reign of King Charles." Admitting it to be probable that Merlin did write such a prophetic history, one might still think it strange that he should stop at the reign of King Charles, and be led to suspect that the history was written then, and referred to Merlin as a prophecy. But, on the other hand, there is that prediction of the Lancastrian usurpation recorded by Froissart, which, though I have not recovered it, I know I read, and which proves the great antiquity of a part at least of the collection —at least of a popular belief that Merlin had predicted all the great events of English history. The prophecies are in an English metrical translation, but in the Appendix are some in Welsh, which, as they threaten destruction to the Saesqn—"gwae fydd i'r Saeson creulon eu genu i'r byd erioed"[1]—I can only read with a Paternoster, that, if not already fulfilled, they never may be. I do not mean you to suppose that this may be the collection in question, as, though it is partly legendary, by far the greater part is merely an outline of English history down to the accession of Charles I. . . . .'

[1] 'Woe to the cruel Saxons, that ever they were born into the world.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Dec.*, 1864.

'It is always a great pleasure to me to receive a letter from you. It is sure to be agreeable, and generally imparts some useful information. I have been prevented from answering your last sooner by a journey to Radnorshire, on an occasion of which you may see a report in yesterday's "Times."

'I am very much obliged to you for the extract from Froissart, with the help of which I have recovered that of Buchon's edition, though so very differently arranged. I have sent a copy, as I thought you might like to see the original, and also the editor's notes, especially that on the Lancastrian revolution of this century.

'I am sorry that I do not possess Wace's "Brut." But it seems certain that, so far from containing any prophecy of Merlin's about the houses of York and Lancaster, it omitted even that which is found in the Brut Arthur, and translated in Book VII. of Geoffrey of Monmouth. For San-Marte, in his edition of Geoffrey, gives in a note an extract from Wace, in which he assigns two reasons for so doing:—

'Dont dit Merlins les prophésies
Que vous avez souvent oies.
Des rois qui à venir estoient
Qui la tére tenir devoient.
Ne voit son livre translater
Quant jo ne l' sai entrepreter:
Nule rien dire ne volroie
Qu' issi ne fu com jo diroie.'

'This appears to me to make the passage in Froissart the more curious and interesting.

'I quite agree with you that there ought to be a collection of Welsh Legends. And I now strongly

suspect that none of the kind you speak of has ever been made. For I believe I now know something about that which you have heard of. I was led by your letter to look into Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," which, I remembered, contains a few samples of Welsh Fairy Legends; and there I found the following passage:—

'"The legends, of which we will now proceed to give a specimen, were collected and published in the latter half of the eighteenth century by a Welsh clergyman, who seems to have entertained no doubt whatever of the truth of the adventures contained in them," with a note: "A relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth (?) and (?) the Principality of Wales, by the Rev. Edward Jones of the Tiarch." Keightley himself, however, only knew the work by extracts supplied by Mr. Croker. It is probably very scarce now, but the more valuable for having been pre-Lancastrian.

'In a following page Keightley adds some legends collected in 1827, in the Vale of Neath, by a lady named Williams (no doubt of Aberpergwm), with whom he became acquainted when travelling in North Wales; and he says they were originally intended for his work, but "circumstances caused them to appear in the supplemental volume of the 'Irish Fairy Legends.'"[1] I do not think I have ever seen that supplemental volume. But, as I observed, the legends which you

[1] These legends, *Fairy Tales of Glynnedd*, were contributed by the late Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm, who, in 1844, published the *Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morganwg*, the words and music of which she had collected among the peasantry of these districts.

cite are of quite a different kind, and of far higher interest and value. Why should you not make such a collection yourself? It would be a pleasant occupation for yourself, and a gain to the public.

'You know we ought, within two days hence, to have another storm, which M. Matthieu de la Drôme has predicted as the greatest in the century. Yet to-day—being very wet and still—the glass is at Fair.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *Dec.*, 1864.

'You give me credit for much more knowledge than I possess. It is from you that I have learnt that Beaumaris had any earlier name. That of Bonover I never heard before; nor can I guess how it is derived, or to what language it belongs.[1] I thought it possible I might find something bearing on the question in Leland; but only discovered that just where he might have been expected to speak of Anglesey, two pages are missing in the MS., and he has not a word about Môn. I then looked into Pennant's "Tour in Wales" (and is it not delightful to be carried back to that age of innocent simplicity when people brought out Journeys in Wales, just as they do now a Trip to Tartary, or a Holiday in the Himalayas?), and good Pennant does contain some interesting facts about the early history of Beaumaris, but they are such as to raise a great doubt in my mind, whether before the time of Edward I. there was anything there but the marsh on which was built the castle round which the town afterwards grew. "Edward," he says "created the place;"

[1] 'The chief town *Beumaris*, formerly called *Bonover*, built by this King *Edward I.*, together with a strong castle.'—*The History of the Principality of Wales*, by R.B., 1695.

"he built this fortress in 1295, and fixed on a marshy spot, near the chapel of St. Meugan." "The marsh was in early times of a far greater extent than at present, and covered with fine bulrushes." "The lands on which Edward built the castle were private property; and it appears that he made the owners full satisfaction, and among other recompenses bestowed on Eineon ap Meredydd, Gruffydd ap Evan, and Eineon ap Tegerin, lands in the township of Earianell and Tre'r Ddol, free from rent or service; the castle itself being built on their ground." This does not sound as if there had been any dwellings there before. "Edward built the town." There can be no reason why you should not undertake a collection of Welsh legends. The main requisites for such a work are, I think, a keen enjoyment and delicate appreciation of the poetry, and the utmost simplicity in the rendering. Both I believe you possess and command.

'You never told me anything about the surviving fairies, nor about that stone (I suppose of Ancyra, which happens to be also famous for another, most celebrated and important, known as the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, containing a record of the Acts of Augustus).

'The positiveness of Matthieu de la Drôme's prediction, I have no doubt, caused the postponement of many voyages, and thus to an extent which no one can calculate, disturbed the sequence of events in the world. And what a number of incalculable causes must have conspired to possess Matthieu de la Drôme with that firm belief in his own false prophecy!'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *Dec.*, 1864.

'I hope you do not mean rigorously to execute your alarming threat, never to write to me again: but only intended to express your conviction that no letter of yours can ever "trouble" me. I should not know how to put pen to paper if I thought this was the last letter I was to write to you . . . . . there is certainly no reason for rejecting the positive statement, from whatever source it may have been derived, as to the existence of a Bonover somewhere in the neighbourhood of Beaumaris. The name might have been given—like Boscobel—to a single house, as well as to a village. That either, however, stood on the exact site of the Castle, so that Edward should have had occasion to *change* the name, seems evidently a mere guess. And the silence of Pennant—who drew his statements from ancient Welsh documents—appears to me to throw very great doubt on this point.

'The mine-fairy [1] must, I should think, be a species peculiar to Wales. In Germany, at least, the care of mines is assigned to an entirely different class of beings.

'I cannot say that I much like to hear of a clergyman coming up with a troop of fairies on the turnpike road. Ill-natured people would be apt to think that his visual organs had been recently endued with a multiplying power . . . . .'[2]

[1] Appendix A.

[2] In allusion to a statement that a clergyman had seen a troop of fairies, dressed in green, pass along a turnpike-road, and through a turnpike-gate, near which they made their way over the hedge, and disappeared into a tumulus in the neighbouring field.

1865.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, CARMARTHEN, 3 *Jan.*, 1865.

'. . . . THE history of Pio Nono is quite a tragedy. I am reading the last volume of the unhappily unfinished (and never to be finished) work of Gualterio, "Gli ultimi Rivolgimenti Italiani," which relates the opening of the present Pontificate. I had not before quite so clear an idea of the Pope's character, and of its influence on the course of events.

'He began with good intentions for a moderate reform, not one which would ever have reached to the root of the evil. He found himself placed between the expectations of the Liberals on the one hand—expectations which he had unconsciously and unwillingly raised to an extravagant height—and the stubborn opposition of the Conservatives, by whom he was surrounded on the other. He wanted strength of mind and character to control or withstand either, and yielded alternately to the one through a strong craving for popularity, to the other through good-nature and unwillingness to give offence.

'When at last the storm which he had raised through his own fluctuations of will and purpose fell upon him, he threw himself without reserve into the hands of the reactionary party, and closes his reign by a revival of

the pretensions of Boniface VIII. . . . . He seems to have been always conscious of his own weakness, and was alarmed at the expectations which he felt he had neither the energy nor the ability to fulfil. Gualterio says: "Non lasciava di dire ingenuamente agli amici: Ma si vuole da me ciò di cui non sono capace: Dio mio! mi credono un Napoleone. Ma se non ne ho nè la forza nè l'ingegno!"

'Poor man! with his Immaculate Conception, and his Peter's pence, and his Antonellis and Merodes, all conspiring to keep every breath of truth from reaching him, and lapping him in a dream of universal monarchy in the depth of his actual impotence.

'I return all the best wishes of the New Year, but feeling that no one has more need of them than myself, if they would help to make it a little more profitable than its forerunners. My unfortunate experience is, that the less time I have remaining the faster it seems to run, and the less to deposit of what is good for anything.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Jan.*, 1865.

'You are not content with making all your letters delightful, but seem bent on making each more delightful than the last. No story in Scheherazade's budget, nay, no chapter of Sir Edward himself, could be so interesting as your description of Knebworth, which not only pictures the place, but opens a view into the laboratory of the owner's mind. I am most thankful for the sight of his letter, which I return.

'It is strikingly characteristic of the writer, and a very precious memorial. There are two or three words which made me wish that his hand had been more like

yours, which is the perfection of practical caligraphy. You give me credit for much more reading than I possess. I never saw or even heard of the 'Student,'[1] and am sorry it exists, as it has deprived me of some additional pleasure which I should otherwise have enjoyed. I am rather glad to find that the stone which has been puzzling us so long, turns out after all to be no other than the famous *Monumentum Ancyranum*. But it is for —— to say what has become of those British kings, who, as I at first supposed, were the main subject of the inscription. They might have dropped through one of the many chinks in the stone, which it is to be hoped may be now filled up[2]—only I wish it had been a German or English savant who was to take the new copy. At present a good deal is said about some of the neighbouring Asiatic kingdoms, Armenia, Parthia, &c., in which Augustus achieved some military or diplomatic successes: but I find no allusion to Galatia or its tetrarchs. That may be owing to the modesty of the people of Ancyra. Only if they were silent on the subject, I do not understand how you came to hear of it.

'This reminds me to ask whether you know a Welsh artist whom I consider as one of the most ingenious and original sculptors of our day—Edward Davis. Many years ago I sat to him for a bust.[3] He afterwards executed a little memorial which I erected in Abergwili Church in honour of Bishop Richard Davis, one of the

[1] *The Student*, a series of papers, by E. L. Bulwer.

[2] Tab. vi. req]es Britann[orum] Damno Bella [unusquc] et Tim . . . [Cimbr]orum Maelo, Mar[c]omanorum . Suebo . . . .

Monvmentvm Ancyranvm, 1845.

[3] Edward Davis made a copy of the bust of Bishop Thirlwall for Westminster Abbey in 1876.

Welsh translators of the Bible—which is also enriched with a charming englyn of Tegid's. Meyer admired it, the monument, as á most beautiful composition. I have just received from him, E. Davis, an exquisite photograph of a group of "Madonna and Child," which led Bunsen also to consider him a great artist. One side of that greatness is that he has hardly an idea outside his art. This gives a unity and simplicity to his character which in our day is very rare.

'If, when you are in London, you would pay a visit to his studio, 17 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, he would be highly gratified, and you would see a number of beautiful things. . . . .

'Gualterio is very far indeed from being devoted to the Papacy: but, on the other hand, he is far too grave a historian to descend to any details—especially scandal—of private life which do not affect or illustrate the course of political events. I infer, however, from his silence that he did not believe much of what has been rumoured about Pio's juvenile gallantry and later attachments. I thought I must have seen all about it in a book which I was tempted by the title-page to purchase as a work of About's. For it is there entitled, "Préliminaires de la Question Romaine, de M. Ed. About." But when I began to read it, I found that it is the work of one F. Petrucelli della Gattina, who had obtained About's permission to send it forth with that deceptive title. It is an introduction by Gattina to About's work. He relates the antecedents of Pio Nono in great detail: painting his character in the darkest colours, but so dark that he misses his aim, and leaves the impression that the whole is a caricature by a violent partisan of Mazzini. . . . . He has not con-

vinced me that Pio is an Alexander VI. or a Louis XV. I think it most probable that there was nothing worse in any of these intimacies than there was in that of Gregory VII. with the Countess Matilda, or in that of Innocent X. with that Donna Olimpia who governed the Vatican in his name. And assuming that there was nothing but a Platonic tenderness in the case, I think the better of Pio for being susceptible of human affection. I speak disinterestedly, for I have no wish for a red hat. But do not betray me to the "Record."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Feb.*, 1865.

'I cannot receive your last communication in silence, and yet it seems almost impertinent for me to say anything on the subject, as if your sorrow could be soothed by any words of mine.

'Indeed I have a strong general distrust of the efficacy of words for such a purpose. There is a peculiar difficulty in the way of ministering comfort in such a case: that the mourner does not wish to be comforted, but on the contrary cherishes and clings to his sorrow as a sacred treasure; repels every attempt to mitigate it as a wrong both to himself and to the departed. He may be glad of sympathy, but it must be the real sympathy of an actual fellowship in the same grief; and that not because such fellowship lessens the grief, but because it increases it. Expressions of general condolence, however, believed to be sincere, may be welcome as tokens of good-will, but can hardly exert any real alleviating power. The afflicted ones stand within a circle of images and feelings of their own, which, painful as they may be, they would not part with for worlds.

Any attempt to draw them out of that circle can only inflict a useless annoyance.

'Then is there nothing that a friend outside of the circle can do for one within it, beside a more or less conventional and always ineffectual expression of sympathy? I think there is. But I believe the only attainable object must be, where it is needed, not to lessen the quantity, but to alter the quality of the sorrow.

'For the same sorrow, while it remains undiminished in amount, may be either enervating and depressing or wholesome and bracing. It will be of the former kind as long as the sufferer remains merely passive under it; it may be of the latter if he can be brought to make a mental effort, not against it, but upon it, so as to view it in its true light. Every judicious attempt at consolation must, I think, set out with a full acknowledgment of the right, the value and dignity of the sorrow, and then go on to show that it is only the shady side of a great privilege and blessing, from which it can only be separated by mental abstraction.

'Who that ever had the happiness of knowing a good amiable man could wish not to have known him, or not to have been beloved by him, or not to have loved him, or not to desire the continuance of his friendship and of communion with him? Yet, except on these conditions, it would be impossible not to mourn over his loss. I know that it is needless to remind you of this; but, in your self-depreciation, you have dropped words which would imply that a keen sensibility to the loss of departed friends is a sign of weakness of mind or imperfection of character. With due allowance for differences of sex and temperament, I should consider

the reverse of this as the truth; and therefore I hardly like to say how much on other grounds I deprecate the superiority which you attribute to me. St. Paul would not have any not to sorrow, but only not as without hope: and the Mirror of perfect holiness was moistened with tears for him whom he loved.

'It was indeed a topic of rhetorical consolation among the ancients, that the separation caused by death is only a loss to the survivor; so that the grief it causes would be a mere selfish passion. I consider this as quite untrue and unjust. Both from the heathen and the Christian point of view, the loss is common to both parties—both have like need to regard the separation as only a temporary absence, such as may take place on earth, but cheered by the prospect of a happy meeting and an abiding union.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 17 *Feb.*, 1865.

'. . . . The belief in a personal reunion of friends in a future state is, no doubt, only a belief, incapable of a strict demonstration, and not explicitly revealed. It may therefore be consistently rejected by those who withhold their assent from whatever is not so demonstrated or revealed, as of course it must be by those who altogether deny the existence of a world of spirits. But for those who admit the reality of a spiritual world, the affirmation of the negative doctrine is an utterly unwarranted dogmatism on the mere ground of ignorance. The belief in personal reunion and recognition has been held by the wisest and best religious thinkers of all ages. If it is not explicitly taught in the New Testament—that is, if passages which seem to

express it admit of a different interpretation—it is at least apparently implied and assumed throughout.

'It is, I am aware, hazardous to reason from physical to spiritual laws of being; but I am struck by an analogy which seems to favour the belief which cheers so many bereaved hearts. The great physical doctrine on which men of science appear to be either quite agreed or rapidly coming to an agreement is that of the conservation or (as it has been proposed to call it) persistency of Forces, or Force. No force is ever lost, but only passes into a new form. Motion becomes heat. When the fall of the hammer is arrested by the anvil, there is a sudden cessation of a more or less rapid motion; but it is invisibly prolonged by an inward vibration, which changes the temperature of the anvil, and which, if iron was sensitive, would be accompanied by acute pain. . . . . Then, I would ask, are not love and friendship forces? Very real, spiritual forces, which in the present state subsist (persist) through all the changes—outward and inward—of our mortal life? Is it to be thought that they are more liable to perish than those which are employed in making a horse-shoe? And if they are indestructible, can it be conceived that they are to remain for ever without an appropriate object?

'The question as to the present agency of departed spirits on their surviving friends is quite a different one, and is almost hopelessly complicated—to any one who does not believe in sensible manifestations of their presence—by the extreme difficulty of distinguishing between the effects produced by the remembrance of the past and such as can only be referred to a present external agency. The ministrations of which you

speak may, I think, be attributed to the operation of the former cause. But I should be sorry to weaken the belief of any one who clings to the other. . . . . I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of a sight of the "Student." I should like best that you should bring it with you when you next brighten Abergwili with your presence. I do not know whether you have "Le Morte Arthur," published last year from a Harleian MS., with a prefatory essay on Arthur by the late Herbert Coleridge. It is a beautiful little volume, full of manifold interest.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 27 *Feb.*, 1865.

'The "Student" has arrived quite safe; but in the short interval which remains before my return for my Ordination I shall hardly have time to look much into it. Sir Edward Lytton's way of speaking about office reminds me a little of Chateaubriand, who doted on it while he affected to disdain it. Sir E. is a great master of language, and almost unequalled in the construction of fiction. But I think there is some ground for a remark which I have seen of a foreign critic, that he stands too visibly aloof from his own creations—like a deity of Epicurus—and that there is more of his mind than of his heart in his works. Their brilliance is too much like that of ice or marble. This is, perhaps, not unconnected with his views of epic poetry, as unfolded in his preface to his "Arthur," which I cannot help thinking altogether erroneous.

'Alas! I am obliged to own that Herbert Coleridge's opinions about Arthur are far from orthodox. But the poem was probably the work of a believer, who never asked himself the question which that fatal Zulu put to

Colenso. And without pronouncing how it ought to be answered in Arthur's case, I must say that it is much better it should not be asked if you mean to enjoy his adventures. To reconcile them with his historical personality is exceedingly difficult; and if, giving them up as historical facts, you only insist on his "existence," what is left but a mere shadowy abstraction, incapable of inspiring any human being with a genuine interest? And why should not your patriotic sympathies be satisfied, if you bring yourself to think of him as the child of his country, which he certainly was, rather than as its father, which is so very doubtful?

'The revelations contained in the letter I return, as to the Protestant movement in Italy, would have been very melancholy if I had ever expected anything from it in its present shape. But I believe it to be altogether a mistake. I am persuaded that no Italian Reformation can ever be made to rest on so narrow a basis. The Papal system has no doubt made sad havoc with the Christianity of all the intelligence of the country. But yet I think it probable that there is much of it, both among clergy and laity, which may be recovered to, or preserved in, the faith of Christ. But if so, it must be by the exhibition of a church which does not break with all ecclesiastical traditions, but aims at restoring them to their original purity; which preserves all the institutions and usages that are not at variance with the fundamental truths of the gospel; one capable of comprehending in its pale large masses, not merely a few knots of "converted" men, whose only bond of union consists in their common interpretation of some questionable texts, and who treat all who do not adopt their opinions as heathens. Though I believe that the

Church of England comes nearer to such an ideal than any other body now existing, I am far from desiring, much more from expecting, that it should be transplanted as it is into Italy, where I do not imagine it could ever thrive. But I think it might suggest a framework for a practicable reformation. Only, as long as the Papal domination subsists, it is useless to speculate on such a possibility. And the Italian statesmen probably care for nothing but the independence of the civil government, and, that being secured, would be as much opposed to any religious innovation as the most bigoted priest. How good it was of you to insert such a balmy reminiscence of the country! I cherish it with all the gratitude with which I remain. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *March*, 1865.

'. . . . As to Arthur, I am afraid that I have led you into a misapprehension. Your question as to the possibility of his having been "held real" by "a race not heathen," and therefore "not in the habit of personifying wholly ideal beings," seems to imply that he has been regarded, by those who question his historical existence, as a personification like those which fill the heathen mythologies. But I am not aware that this is the case. I must frankly own that, in the abstract, I should not think it impossible, or without a parallel, that such a personification, having sprung up in a heathen period, should be transmitted, under another name and different attributes, through Christian times. The vitality of heathen traditions under the dominion of Christianity is attested by numberless instances. But I have no such hypothesis about Arthur, nor, as I said, am I aware that it has been proposed by any one.

In fact, I do not think the question is so much whether or not Arthur was a historical personage, as in what sense the proposition is to be understood. If it is only that there was a time when British princes were at war with the Saxons, and that one of those princes was named Arthur, it seems to me that nothing can be more probable. But with regard to everything but the name, this is not a distinct historical fact, but simply a general description of a state of things; and if this is the only thread of historical truth in the whole web of legend relating to Arthur, it seems hardly worth contending about. And it does not seem as if anything more was maintained by the most learned modern Welsh writers. Carnhuanawc[1] himself appears to attach no value whatever to the story of the exhumation.[2]

'But for my own part I perfectly agree with you in your yearning after reality—matter of fact—whenever it can be brought to light.

'I should be willing to exchange a great mass of fiction—perhaps all Sir Edward's poem—for a few grains of unquestionable historical truth on the subject. Only, where this is not to be had, I think it wise to be content with the creature of the imagination, which after all is a fact, and a very precious fact, though of a different kind. The more I prize historical truth the more jealous I am of all unauthenticated claims to its character.

'I do wish for leisure to read "Arthur," though I strongly suspect that the author is mistaken in his

[1] The Rev. Thomas Price, Carnhuanawc (his bardic name), Vicar of Cwmdû, county of Brecon, a learned Welsh scholar, author of the *Hanes Cymru*, a history of Wales written in Welsh, &c. Born 1787. Died 1848.

[2] Appendix B.

estimate of its comparative value. I know that everybody does not like it, which I believe could not be said of any of his greater novels.

'How happy it is for us that we are totally unable to realise (if I may speak Yankee) such a calamity as the cyclone! There was an article on it a fortnight ago in the "Spectator," from which it appears that the first accounts fell immensely short of what has since been disclosed by the official reports. The imagination is overwhelmed by its stupendous dimensions and awful effects.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *April*, 1865.

'You will have begun to think that your letter of the 22nd (now happily ended) March had either miscarried or been forgotten. It was, however, forwarded to me in London, and has never since been out of my mind; but neither there nor here have I been able to answer it sooner. You will have seen how I was engaged during part of my absence from home. My visit to Windsor was extremely pleasant and every way satisfactory, with the exception that I was suffering under a very severe cold, and was generally rather indisposed.

'The Queen sent for me soon after the service at which I preached, and honoured me with a private interview, which lasted, I think, about a quarter of an hour, leading me through a great variety of topics. One on which we dwelt longest was Wales, the people and the language. Though her sentiments on the subject may be known to you, it would have done you good to have heard the warmth with which she expressed her feeling of recoil from the idea of an old

language becoming extinct, and you would have been still less able than I was to abstain from expressing your sympathy with it, though, perhaps, hardly warranted by the laws of etiquette. Our talk was throughout easy and cheerful: she even told me about her Welsh nurses.

'In the evening I had the honour of dining with her at a small round table for eight, of whom five were of the Royal Family, and the other guests were my two friends, Lady Augusta Stanley and the Dean of Windsor. Beside the insight into the interior of their family life, I was glad to meet the King of the Belgians, who honoured me with a good deal of conversation. . . . On the whole, it will dwell with me as a sunny memory. Many thanks for your budget of news, which to me had all the freshness of perfect novelty. I have since heard that there is no doubt about the unhappy defection of Lady Herbert of Lea. I am glad to have my ideas of Miss Mulock more and more enlarged and defined. I had never known anything of her but as the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." I cannot quite make out whether she is a deaconess, or a sister of charity, or simply a good woman (by no means a contemptible thing, even without cowl, cord, or crucifix). Many thanks also for the verses, which are very pretty. I fulfilled my promise of buying her romantic tales, but have hitherto only found time to read one. From the titles and names it would seem as if they were rather classical than romantic. But I find I must shut up, unless I lose this post.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *April*, 1865.

'. . . . But, except in private houses, I am afraid one has no chance of seeing a Welsh harper in Wales, a disuse much to be regretted.[1]

'. . . . I sympathise with you in your loss of a trusty old servant. It is perfectly irreparable. Even if the thing had not unhappily become so very scarce, it could not fall to the lot of the same family twice in one generation. It is not a treasure to be found by a lucky chance, but has to be amassed by much care and pains. Shakespere, indeed, speaks of Adam's attachment as a rare sample of the "constant service of the antique world, when service sweat for duty, not for meed:" and the relation is probably now much more unstable than it was in his time. But still, as it depends mainly on certain permanent laws of human nature, it will no doubt always reward the trouble of cultivating it. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *April*, 1865.

'Again I have to thank you for a letter full of sweet, pleasant, and interesting things. Though I have not stirred from home since my return from London, the rich perfume of your violets not only regales my sense, but recalls the recollection of those which at this season, now near half a century ago, I was gathering in the delicious byways about the walls of Rome, where I used to stroll in a more intense enjoyment of the spring than I have ever tasted since: though this, from the suddenness and vigour of its outburst, re-

[1] Gruffydd, Welsh Harper Extraordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (and Domestic Harper to Lady Llanover), by Lady Llanover's permission, and desire, instructs pupils who, it is hoped, may be the means of re-establishing the general use of the Welsh harp.

sembles it more than any other I can remember. I am truly thankful for the sight of the photograph, which enables me perfectly to realise the object which presented itself to the eyes of the Prince of Wales as he listened to the sweet strains of the Cymrian harp.[1] The costume is exceedingly well adapted to the artist's function. But I do not think I should say that it was ideal. If it has a fault, it is that which is by some thought to detract from the merits of Lord Stanley. It is too sensible. Gruffydd, in his succinct garb and easy drawing-room chair, presents quite a contrast to the figure which adorns the frontispiece of a little copy of "Gray's Poems," in which "the bard" is exhibited on the extreme verge of that well-known

> "Rock, whose haughty brow
> Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,"

instead of being smooth and glossy from the brush and the razor, like those of Gruffydd—

> "Loose his beard and hoary hair,
> Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

Then, instead of the tight fit, his person is wrapped in one large mantle, the upper part of which, being filled with the wind like a sail, lays bare the whole of his bust. The harp only serves for his left arm to rest upon—and perhaps to prevent him from toppling over until it had become time for him to "plunge deep in the roaring tide to endless night"—while the right arm is uplifted to give emphasis to his denunciations of the "ruthless king:" altogether a figure as different from Gruffydd as the old "tyrant" from our Albert

[1] Gruffydd had the honour of playing at Marlborough House on March 28, 1865, upon the Prince of Wales's triple-stringed harp, made by the late Basset Jones, of Cardiff.

Edward, the real and useful clearly predominating over the ideal and picturesque in the photograph.

'I did not see that reprint from the "Orchestra." . . . . But I feel highly flattered by your determination to let me pass as a Celt. The fact is, I am a hybrid. It would be vain for me to disclaim all Saxon descent, as my name speaks of a time when some of my forefathers were thirling their way with might and main through the old "wall" which was the scene of so many hard-fought battles. But, on the female side, I have reason to believe that I share whatever Welsh blood flows in Radnorshire, where we had family connections, which, when I was a boy, were kept up by periodical visits to a house called Stapleton Castle, near pleasant Presteign, of which, though at that time I saw it not, I used to hear a great deal, as well as of the terrific mountains in the neighbourhood—among others Water-break-its-neck—which inspired me with deep longing, not to be gratified until I became a bishop, when I visited the castle, then become a mere, though very picturesque, ruin. It has now very likely disappeared, or made way for a more modern building. But the old hill, over which I rode with great interest, still continues to break the neck of the same little rill, which forms a tiny cascade, stupendous to the untravelled eyes of former generations, but not now commonly producing any very deep sense of awe.

'All the biographical and historical information of your letter is entirely new to me; but I am surprised to hear that it is still believed by those who are most likely to know, that Manning is expected to succeed to Westminster. His name has never appeared among those said to have been submitted to the Pope. The

last three were, I think, Clifford, Ullathorne, and Errington. The last, it seems, was so obnoxious at Rome, that the Pope was almost provoked to throw all three overboard; otherwise, I think Clifford was supposed to have the best chance. What (on earth) is to become of the poor Pope himself, what human being—less than a prophetic bard on the edge of a precipice—can pretend to say?

'Pray do not be too sanguine about that Breton Congress.[1] If anybody thinks it will meet in spite of Cæsar, he must be reckoning without his host—unless a part of the plan is to abolish the imperial rule in Armorica, and to proclaim some new king of Little Britain. But no doubt they may invite their Frères Gallois without anybody's leave, and with no risk but to those who accept the invitation.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 6 *May*, 1865.

'I am much obliged to you for the sample of the quality of —— ghostly friends, which I have sent back to Miss Jewsbury. In the substance of the contents I observed a strong resemblance to the spiritual communications, reported in a book entitled "Arcanes de la Vie future Dévoilés," by one Catagnet. There the invisible state is represented as one of universal and unchangeable happiness, but in its occupations and enjoyments not differing much from one of the pleasant lots in the mortal condition. It would almost seem as if the spirits were anxious to entice us to join their company as soon as possible.

[1] This refers to the introduction of a meeting in Brittany similar to the Welsh Eisteddfod, which subsequently took place at St. Brieuc, and the 'Frères Gallois' were present.

'Another point in which Catagnet's messages appear to agree with those received by —— is that both indicate that there is no limit to the knowledge which the ghosts possess of things on earth: and yet, while they are very ready to enter into the fullest description of their own state of existence, they are exceedingly chary of any facts which would enlarge our acquaintance with the world we live in, and which, beside being immediately useful, would be capable of being presently verified. . . . . I did feel the shock of Lincoln's death very deeply. Lord Derby's speech on the subject was the worst I ever heard from him. On the preceding Saturday, at the dinner of the Royal Academy, he made one of the happiest I ever listened to. But then the subject was Homer—one much more congenial to him, and which he understood better. The only one I have seen worthy of the occasion was that of the American Minister, at the meeting in London. . . . .'

'Many thanks for the —— paper. You are too kindly blind to the sad fact that the non-appearance of Merlin proves that the diocese has not yet been blest with a pious bishop.'[1]

..

'1 REGENT STREET, 29 *May*, 1865.

'I am very sorry that I have not been able to write sooner, but during the whole of last week after your, in every sense, sweet[2] letter had been forwarded to me, I was involved in a whirl of engagements which left me, I do not say no *time*, but—I beg you to mark the im-

[1] '. . . . When the diocese shall be blest with a pious Bishop . . . . no doubt Merlin himself . . . . will be disenchanted.'—*English Works of the Rev. Eliezer Williams.*

[2] Alluding to an enclosure of flowers.

portant distinction—no *leisure* for sitting down to write to *you*. This morning I take time by the forelock, and intend to finish this before I open any of the letters which are lying beside me.

'I am sorry for the delay, not because it can be of the slightest consequence in itself, but only because it may have strengthened your doubt whether I desire the continuance of our correspondence, and I wish to set your mind completely at rest once for all on this point. The doubt could not have suggested itself to any one who was not so amiably unconscious of her own attractions. You evidently take it for granted that the gain is on your side. Even if it was so, after you have told me that my letters afford you a little entertainment, I should be not only unworthy of your kindness, but a strangely selfish creature, if I grudged the time I devote to that object.

'But however natural it may be for you to fancy that anybody could grow weary of your letters, I beg you to be assured that, in the simply selfish and commercial point of view, I consider myself as the gainer by the exchange, and know that the time I invest in it could not be more profitably employed. So far, indeed, as I am a recipient, all on my side of the account is unmixed pleasure and substantial benefit. But as to my active share in the correspondence a word of farther explanation may be required. I must own that I am not fond of letter-writing in the abstract; that, on the contrary, by far the greater part of the time I spend on it is a most irksome sacrifice to duty. The case is wholly different, indeed quite the reverse, when I am writing to you. Only, that I may really enjoy what I am about, it is necessary that I should be at perfect

liberty and in the humour for writing. This is what I meant by the distinction between *time* and *leisure*. Any time that can be spared is equally good for a letter of business. But the writing to you ought never to be in the nature of a "tax" or a task, but the pleasant relaxation of a really leisure hour, when I have not only no immediately pressing work on hand, but am not distracted by any inward preoccupation. I hope you will let the correspondence proceed under these conditions, which will, I trust, relieve you from all possible misgivings about my wishes.

'I am much obliged to you for the sight of M. Martin's letter. I shall be very curious to hear the plan which you finally adopt for your summer excursion. Which of the two between which you are in suspense may be the most likely to yield the greater pleasure, I cannot pretend to say. But I think it is much more probable that the Congress will not take place than that Cæsar will take advantage of it to lay hands on the associates: He has to deal with a much more formidable conspirator in his own household. That unmanageable cousin must fill his mind with most annoying anxiety about the stability of his dynasty and the future of the Prince Imperial.

'As you take a special interest in Cornwall, there are two books, or parts of books, very lately published which you ought to read. One is a small one, entitled "Popular Romances of the West of England," by one Hunt. The other—which takes an entirely different view of the subject—an article in the collection of Herman Merivale's "Historical Studies." Both will be at your service when I return to the country.

'Alas! it saddens me to think what beautiful things

I left there growing every day more beautiful, and that before I return the loveliest will have passed away.'

'1 REGENT STREET, *Whit Monday*, 4 *June*, 1865.

'All London, with the exception of a martyr bishop or two, is gone or going out of town; not only the figures of the season, but the very cyphers, who, whether present or absent, are not considered as making a part of London at all: one-half already packed in excursion trains, and the other half, as may be gathered from the incessant rattling of wheels, on the way to join them. The time seems to invite me to add a small link to our chain. Grateful as I am for the sweets which you send, it is painful to me to be reminded of the beauties I am losing and have lost. There are none which I prize so much as the thorns. But it is a consolation to me to reflect that I lingered among them to the last possible moment—sacrificing that high day at St. Paul's when the Prince of Wales was there, and the dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall, for the sake of three days more of their development. And now I should only find them spoiled and fading away. On Saturday I refreshed myself with a walk in the Zoological Gardens, which I had not seen for two years, and found much improved by some new arrangements especially for the greater comfort of the monkeys; and there I saw a white thorn in full blossom, being, I believe, the only one now visible in the Regent's Park. The creatures themselves are an inexhaustible source of pleasure, and can only be thoroughly enjoyed in fine and what we call hot weather, though most of them would refuse it the name. That is, perhaps, the most sensible excuse that anybody can give for voluntarily

coming to town at this time of year. Whatever you do, let me conjure you not to send any books to me here. Nothing could be more unwelcome, and actually distressing, than their arrival. It would be like a fresh landing of stores amidst the confusion of Balaklava. You are evidently not aware of my ways. I always, notwithstanding the lessons of many years' experience, bring up with me, for fear of starvation, about ten times as many books as it is possible for me to read, or even dip into, during my stay; and before I go, it generally happens that I have added a good many to the number; so that when the time for repacking arrives, I find myself much embarrassed for room. This, I already foresee, will be the case on the present occasion, as there have been several novelties, besides those "Romances of the West," which I could not help ordering.

'But is not your proposal an inchoate breach of faith? I thought that you were to keep the books until you returned them in person. That is the best service they can now do to me; coming by themselves, I have no wish to see them. "Frost and Fire" I have not yet seen, even in an advertisement. I am afraid that I do not know as much as I ought of the author, as from his name I should not have been able to gather whether it was a novel or a book on chemistry. Having read Taine's work,[1] but not the review of it in the "Edinburgh," I was excessively surprised by your report of the latter, and looked at it on Saturday. The impression which the work had made on me was not only quite different, but, as to the main point, diametrically the reverse of that which it seems to have left on the

[1] *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.*

reviewer. So entire a freedom from national prejudices in an estimate of our literature I never met with before in a French author. Never before, I believe, did a Frenchman make the admission that the French genius is essentially unpoetical, and that there is no such thing as poetry proper in the language. Taine's mind, no doubt, is not free from bias; but that which affects his judgment most injuriously is not any national prejudice, but his philosophical theory. The reviewer appears to me to betray an unconsciousness of the truth of many things of which he complains, much more creditable to his patriotism than to his discernment. But to charge Taine with any ill-will towards England, any disposition to conceal the good or to bring out the bad side of the subject, is positive injustice and misrepresentation. His standard of good and evil is not ours; but according to it he seems to me always to judge fairly, and on many points corrects erroneous and unfavourable views of English society which are generally current among his countrymen. The singularly eminent qualifications which he brought to his work, in extent and accuracy of knowledge and critical tact, the reviewer himself is fain to acknowledge. But the whole article seemed to me unworthy both of the book and of the subject. You would probably hardly find leisure to read four such bulky volumes; but if you were curious about them they will be always at your service.

'That Indo-Italian novel must be a curiosity. How many things you hear and know of which otherwise would never reach me! It is not only of the history of your Enchanters that I am profoundly ignorant, but of almost everything that is going on in civilised society.

Never fear lest anything you have to tell should not be new to me,'

'1 REGENT STREET, 20 *June*, 1865.

'Finalmente—the prospect of deliverance begins to dawn upon me. A very few days more and I hope to be in the country, but, alas! not before Midsummer Eve, when the days have reached their longest, and all the glory of the spring has passed away, and even all my hayfields have been cleared. To aggravate my regret, the weather has for the last month been so splendid that I can neither expect nor even desire that it should continue much longer, as the country would suffer from drought, as it did last summer.

'The moisture of the Green Isle is less easily drained, and I hope you may see its verdure brightened by sunshine. During my stay, however, I have had one afternoon which I really enjoyed, and which has left a deep and pleasant trace in my memory. It was the Friday in Whitsun week, one of the hottest days we have had. Early in the morning the desire to escape out of London came upon me with irresistible force, and early in the afternoon, while the heat was most intense, I went to Richmond.

'I had not been there for, I believe, more than ten years, and never before in my life had seen what is best worth seeing about it; having once gone with a party up the river to it, but never having visited the upper regions. Even when I did, it was much more for the sake of the air than of the earth, and without any anticipation of the beauties which were to feast my eyes. I had no conception of the loveliness of the scenes which opened before me as I was rowed slowly

up to Teddington Locks. The north bank is entirely occupied with a continuous succession of villas, each with its green velvet lawn sloping down to the water's edge. The opposite side, being, I suppose, included in the Park, is in the state of nature. Perhaps you will be amused at my taking for granted that all this is new to you; but since I saw it I have asked several persons whether they had, and have not met with one who knew anything of it but by name; yet it is not only picturesque, but historical and classical ground.

'There are the villas of the French princes, Pope's villa—not indeed in its primitive form, but yet standing—Strawberry Hill, and several other notable though less celebrated retreats, the history and vicissitudes of which were recounted to me by an experienced boatman. The smaller "boxes," though unknown to fame, in their flowery greenness presented soothing, though possibly illusive, images of domestic happiness; and I recall with special pleasure that of a corpulent elderly gentleman sitting in his chair on his lawn angling for gudgeons, in a channel about a foot broad, which was left between the shore and his boat. There was just stir enough in the air to temper the heat, but not to ruffle the glassy smoothness of the river. I believe the whole picture to be quite unique, and it is certainly perfect in its kind.

'My only other recreation of a similar kind has been a weekly visit to the Zoological Gardens, which I repeated chiefly for the sake of your gazelle. I have no doubt that it is the same lovely creature you used to admire; but it has now a pair of strong horns, very inappropriate to the gentleness of its nature, as well as needless under its present circumstances. That it

might, though unconsciously, benefit by your recollection of it, I have fed it regularly with buns. It has always been my own favourite, but I would have done the same if it had been a toad, though to do so in the vicinity of Rotten Row certainly required an exertion of moral courage, as well as of kindness, worthy of the Duke of Wellington.[1]

'There is one painful feature in the present state of suburban vegetation. The thorns have been almost universally devoured by caterpillars, and are mostly as bare as in the depth of winter, while all the neighbouring trees are unscathed. I cannot help thinking that I saw the luminous moss when I was last at ——. My ears are wide open for the story of your enchanter. But is there any other than Merlyn?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *July*, 1865.

'. . . . Many thanks for the history of the Wizard. What strikes me most is the extraordinary good luck of the family, as it does not appear that any of its members were burnt, and it survived that danger, without losing the credit by which it would once have been exposed to it. It is not indeed quite clear whether

[1] 'In the country, one day, the Duke saw in the garden a young boy whom he recognised as belonging to the Gardens, but who was busily engaged in some inscrutable occupation on the ground. The Duke went closer and looked: but still could not solve the mystery. 'What are you about?' he asked, in his point blank way. 'It's a pet toad I'm feeding,' answered the boy; 'and they're going to send me to school, and the toad will die.' 'Never mind, go to school,' said the Great Captain; 'I will take care of the toad,' and so he did. The boy went to school, and subsequently he received a letter which reported the well-being of the toad, in the well-known autograph writing of F.M. the Duke of Wellington.'—*Wellington Anecdotes.*

Another version of this incident relates that it took place in Hyde Park, and that the Duke himself fed the toad.

its, science belonged to the head of *magic noire* or *magic blanche*. The province of the latter, you know, was properly to counteract the former, and it was therefore a source both of gain and honour when the black art was most rigorously prosecuted. There is a delightful chapter on the subject in that most entertaining and instructive of French books, Montell's "Histoire des Français des divers Etats," which you either know or ought to read. But how many are the books of which the same thing may be said . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *July*, 1865.

'. . . . I shall be called away in the course of a week to take part in the proceedings at Tenby, for the Inauguration of the Albert Memorial,[1] . . . . The Queen, however, has shown excellent judgment in selecting an Arthur to represent her on this occasion. . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *Aug.*, 1865.

'. . . . I left some things unsaid which I had meant to say. I can now only remember one. It is to beg that you will not be in a hurry in deciding on the fate of poor dear Llamrei, on the supposition—so very difficult to verify—that his life has become a burden to him. It must be remembered that though so much less happy than at the outset, it is his only one.

'The Tenby Inauguration, as you have no doubt heard, went off very successfully. . . . . I was very much pleased with the young Prince, who seemed to

[1] A statue of the Prince Consort, Albert Dda (Albert the Good), was erected on the Castle Grounds at Tenby, Dec. 14, 1864. It was the work of Evan Thomas, assisted by his brother Meredyth Thomas, both now dead.

me intelligent beyond his years, as well as quite master of his situation, without ceasing to be natural and easy in his deportment.

'You must not think me egotistical in having printed a few copies of my little speech, one of which I inclose. But I was told by Sir Charles Phipps that the Queen would be interested by it, and in all the Reports I saw in the Papers it was dreadfully mutilated and disfigured.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Aug.*, 1865.

'You have now, no doubt, all turned yourselves round, and settled at ——, with the delicious feeling of being at home again, and I hope with health thoroughly to enjoy it. . . . . I hope you found the dear Llamrei[1] not the worse for your journey. His case deserves careful consideration. I think it should be remembered, in the first place, that as to the internal condition of all the lower animals we know absolutely nothing with certainty. So utter is our ignorance, that I have heard my brother of Oxford maintain, with every appearance of earnest conviction, that they are not sensible to pain, only to fear. My own belief is that the truth is just the reverse, viz., that they feel pain just as we do, only without the aggravation of fear. Still, this is only a belief which I am unable to establish otherwise than by questionable analogy. But this ignorance seems to me a strong reason for abstaining from any proceeding grounded on a mere presumption that life has become a burden, unless in cases where, reasoning from analogy and from all visible indications, you feel sure that the creature is suffering intense and incurable

[1] A favourite horse.

pain, as under vivisection, when no doubt you long to despatch the patient almost as much as to shoot the operator. But I am not at all satisfied from your description that Llamrei does "live wearily," or that, if he had the choice given him between prolongation and termination of his present existence, he would hesitate a moment to decide for length of days. I believe that to the whole animal creation life itself is a source of pleasure. I have no doubt that a cow ruminating enjoys herself very much like a man smoking his cigar after dinner. The pleasure is of course in proportion to the state of health and spirits; but an invalid does not cease to enjoy life, and would only be induced to wish for death by acute chronic pain or mental suffering. From the latter Llamrei is happily exempt, and most probably from the former; and, if so, I cannot think that he is at all impatient to be released from his present condition. I have been honoured with the most amiable and obliging of all possible letters from the Queen, in acknowledgment of the corrected copy of my speech. If I had been an old friend she could not have written with greater *épanchement* or in a kinder tone.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *Sept.*, 1865.

'I am sorry that I parted with the penultimate instalment of your most pleasant diary[1] yesterday, though I am not sure whether I could have summoned courage to deface its fair pages with specimens of my a-caligraphy. I see that in my journeys over the same ground I had an immense advantage over you, as along the west coast from Galway to Donegal I saw everything best worth seeing in the finest weather. From

[1] A joint journal written for friends.

Westport to Londonderry you seem to have traversed the chord of my arc. Thus I saw more of the coast. On the other hand, you saw Cong, which I remember I gave up with great reluctance, finding that it would cost more time than I could spare. On a former trip I was also signally favoured by the weather, so as to have a perfect view of that sublime north-west coast from the sea.

'I took boat near Coleraine on a lovely calm morning, the sea like glass, permitting me to enter a magnificent cave of, I think, 300 feet in depth, which is only accessible in the most profound calms. We landed at Dunluce and the Causeway, rounded Bengore Head, and gazed on the stupendous cliffs on which a part of the Spanish Armada is said to have been wrecked—remarkable also for the singular alternation of black and red layers of rock—and at last stopped to refresh ourselves at Carrick-a-rede, an islet connected with the main by a hanging bridge of two ropes and some planks, and in summer occupied by fishermen. Those who were then there set before us delicious slices of boiled and broiled salmon on plates of peat, which did not prevent me from finding it the most exquisite repast I had ever enjoyed. But while we were so regaling ourselves a change was passing on the face of the sky and of the sea, and as I lingered the boatmen emphatically admonished me that it was time to think of our return. The wind was rising and the sea roughening every minute. The scene of the wreck, which, when we had passed it before, only presented the image of a great national deliverance, now, with its beach strewed with huge masses of rock, suggested the idea of imminent personal danger. Presently we were in sight of Bengore

Head, which in the morning had looked so serene and quiet; it was now wrapped in mist and spray. We were glad to be able to run our boat ashore, and to scramble for four miles over hedge and ditch to Coleraine, where we arrived drenched but thankful. . . . . I was struck by the title of one of the sculptures you saw at Dublin, the work of my friend Edward Davis. I wonder whether it can be the same on which he was at work when I last visited his studio just at the end of May. It was a "Venus and Cupid," and, as it seemed to me, a very original and ingenious composition, representing Cupid with his wings spread, lighting on the maternal shoulders, and gazing on the beautiful face of the goddess, who, I think, does hold him, but otherwise I should have thought "caught flying" an appropriate description of his case. And yet it is curious that Davis should almost simultaneously have produced two groups so very similar in subject; and if he had begun that which you saw when I was with him, I am quite sure that he would have shown it to me. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Oct.*, 1865.

'I am sure that you will not attribute my silence, though, perhaps, longer than you had expected, to any want of sympathy for that peculiarly painful situation which you described in your last. I hope that you are now able at least to bestow your undivided attention on your father, and that he is getting the better of his insidious and obstinate enemy.

'I should certainly have written as soon as the Stanleys had taken their leave, if they had not been immediately succeeded by other visitors, who have but just left me a little brief leisure. The Stanleys went

off last Monday for Scotland, having gone on Friday evening to Haverfordwest, and on Saturday made the pilgrimage to St. David's, starting at six in the morning and returning between nine and ten at night. They were delighted with everything they saw both here and at St. David's, and we enjoyed one another's company —being all the while *en quatre*—very much.

'I find that you heard from John what Stanley said about his semi-Cymric origin. I do not know whether you were also told that he attributed all the energy and vivacity of his character to his Welsh blood. I believe your theory is, that the relation between the two great divisions of mankind, the Celtic and the a-Celtic (if I may coin the word in analogy with a-Catholic), is that of mind to matter; and that whenever the two elements are combined in an individual, the only use of the grosser is to serve as ballast to moderate the buoyancy of the more spiritual. Though the theory may not have needed confirmation to yourself, you will be able to cite Stanley's spontaneous confession for the conviction of gainsayers. I have had a letter from him since their arrival at Edinburgh, in which he quite incidentally gives another proof how actively the Welsh ichor stirs in his veins. "We slept," he says, "at Builth, and explored what I had often desired to see, the scene of the death of the last Welsh Prince Llewelyn." The only question is whether there is any particle of the Cheshire sol—or stol—idity in his constitution. . . . .

'I have no doubt that you have heard of a Miss Murray, who was once a maid of honour to the Queen, and on account of her mature age was called the Mother of the Maids; and how she travelled in America,

where she fell into the hands of Southerners, who prepossessed her in favour of their domestic institution, and got her to promise that on her return to England she would publish her sentiments in its favour; and how it was thought that her advocacy of slavery was inconsistent with her position at Court. And so, preferring the redeeming of her pledge to keeping a place which she intensely enjoyed, she magnanimously resigned—herself much the worse, and the South none the better, for the sacrifice. Well, this was my visitor. Possibly you may have heard what I have just been saying about her, and may even have been in her company, without knowing that she is a daughter of my predecessor, Lord George Murray, since whose time—more than sixty years ago—she had not seen this home of her childhood. She remembered having been put into a coracle when the Tywy flowed in the bed close to the grounds, which it soon afterwards deserted. She had been staying last—as her whole life is spent in visits to her innumerable connections and friends—with Garibaldi's Englishman at his place in Cornwall, and came over in dreadful weather from Ilfracombe. It cannot be denied that she is a very remarkable person. The elastic vigour with which she carries her seventy years is something very rare. She always rises at six, and the day after her arrival she fairly knocked up John, who undertook to show her about the place. She possesses a great variety of pleasing accomplishments—sketches rapidly and well, plays the piano from memory with a free bold touch, cultivates botany to the root, and practices homœopathy with, as she reports, unfailing success. She is also a woman of very original and independent modes of thought, not always, I am afraid,

consistent with that faultless orthodoxy which one looks for in a bishop's daughter. As the circle of her acquaintance, and even of her family connections, is very large, and she has spent so much of her time in travel, she has an inexhaustible stock of reminiscences and an endless flow of talk. She is even said to have performed the almost incredible feat of keeping Macaulay in gasping speechlessness, vainly waiting, like Horace's rustic, for a pause in her fluency. And she is certainly quite capable of defraying the whole expense of conversation for an entire evening with as little dependence on any interlocutors as Coleridge himself. With my most earnest wishes for your father's recovery.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *Nov.*, 1865.

'I am quite startled—not to say shocked—to find, on looking at your last letter, that three weeks have passed since I received it. It seems as if I ought to have written sooner, if it was only for the chance of affording you a momentary distraction when you so much need it. But I am sure that you will not attribute my silence to indifference; and in fact the greater part of these last three weeks has been occupied with journeys on official business, and with making up the arrears which always accumulate during my absence from home. But I do not think there has been a day of the whole time in which my thoughts have not dwelt on your home. Reports also have reached me now and then of the state of your father, sometimes more, sometimes less cheerful. But the general impression left by all has been that you must have been continually suffering the lingering torture of deferred hope and prolonged anxiety. . . . . But at least, whatever

comfort can be derived from the universal sympathy, not only of your friends, but of all who know the object of your anxiety, that is certainly yours in the fullest measure.

'When I wrote last I believe Miss Murray had just left me. I have had very satisfactory accounts of her since: first from a canon of St. David's, to whom I gave her a letter of introduction. It appears that she made the most of her time at St. David's. Nothing could either frighten or tire her. She scaled the Head, and, like yourself at that Irish lake, enjoyed and sketched the views under her umbrella amidst a pelting rain. Afterwards I received a letter from herself, dated from Margam, expressing the gratification she had received from all that she saw both at Tenby and St. David's; and also informing me that she had been preaching, with the aid of her sketch-book, to Mr. Talbot and his son on the duty of contributing to the restoration of the greatest Welsh Cathedral. I have not yet heard the result. People are complaining that sermons are less impressive and efficacious than they used to be. So it may be with Miss M.'s. But yet I wish that we had a few more such missionaries or *quêteuses*. One of the things which raised her in my esteem was the way in which she spoke of the Queen. Under the circumstances in which she quitted the Court—where she owned she found everything exceedingly pleasant—it would not have been surprising or unnatural if her devotion to the Royal person had been somewhat cooled. But she spoke of the Queen with the strongest expressions of regard. . . . . You must excuse me for disobeying your direction, and returning Lady D.'s letter. I have a kind of Mussulman

superstition about destroying papers, though I am sometimes absolutely forced to make a holocaust to save myself from being smothered. But I could not find it in my heart to commit a letter so full of goodness, and especially of kindness to you, to the flames.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 24 *Nov.*, 1865.

'Your last, so far as it relates to the decided amendment of your father's health, has been a great relief to me. . . . . I, however, look forward with hope to your sojourn at Torquay, which I have no doubt is for a certain class of invalids as efficacious as Cannes or Mentone. Am I deceived by *esprit de corps* if I imagine that the beneficial influence of the place is increased by the example of longevity set at Bishopstowe?[1] At all events, as standing proof of the virtue of the air, it must strengthen its attraction. If it does but restore your father I shall never be weary of celebrating its praise.

'Some of the books which beguiled your prison hours I know, but by no means all. One of these I was induced to get from seeing that it was somehow of sufficient importance to occupy two or three columns in the "Times." But when it came to the reading I was disappointed and disheartened, and found myself obliged to lay it on the shelf half read. I think I was wearied by the appearance of a continual effort at drollery, which was a continual failure, as it always must be, for all true humour is grave, and seemingly unconscious. When your author slaps you on the shoulder, makes faces, and insists upon your laughing at his fun, you—or at least I for my part—resist, and

[1] In allusion to the great age of Bishop Philpotts.

find myself more inclined to yawn than to smile. . . . . I believe that there is a rather numerous tribe of writers in this style; and, if I am not mistaken, Dickens has a great deal to answer for about them. His own manner requires all his extraordinary talent to make it endurable. "Teneriffe" I have neither met with nor otherwise heard of; nor have I seen either of your two novels. Alas! what an irreparable loss have all intelligent novel-readers suffered in Mrs. Gaskell. I am trembling lest she should have left her last novel, "Wives and Daughters," which she has been writing for the "Cornhill," unfinished. I did not know who was the author until I saw the report of her death; but it appeared to me one of the most delightful specimens of the still-life novels that I have ever read. Jean Ingelow is also one of my special favourites. . . . . I do not know whether I was quite so much interested by Lyell's work as by Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times;" but I do not think Lyell has left much room for doubt as to his opinions on any point on which he must be supposed to have made up his mind, nor did his book acquaint me with any as to the main question which I had not previously heard from himself in conversation. Forty years ago I used to read La Motte Fouqué's stories with pleasure; but they belong to a period of unnatural excitement, and are not, I think, a good sample of German literature. I have not read "Mendelssohn's Letters," though I have seen the translation. The better letters are, the more they are likely to lose in a foreign language; as what would be left of "Madame de Sevigné" in an English dress? But would it not be better to learn German once for all, than to be constantly regretting that you did not do

so years ago? It would not cost you more than six months if you worked steadily, or a year if you took it easily.

'My own English reading of late has been a good deal of the epistolary kind. I am making my way through poor Lady Theresa Lewis's last editorial labour, the "Journal and Letters of Miss Berry," and find it very interesting. It reflects the image of the political and social changes that have passed on this country during about seventy of the most stirring years of its history, as viewed from the midst of the best society by a very intelligent observer. The first volume, which alone I have finished, is enriched with a long series of unpublished letters of Horace Walpole, exhibiting the usual merits of his style, and placing his character in a more favourable point of view than most of his other correspondence. Macaulay's judgment on him is certainly too severe, and less fair than that of Charles de Rémusat in his "Essays on English History," though it can hardly be denied that he was something of a coxcomb even in his best moments.

'I have also been again enjoying the society of Miss Murray, and in the most agreeable way, without any danger of weariness. In short, I have got her "Letters from America." . . . . They are in two small volumes, of which I have now read one. She went out in 1854 and came back in 1855. The entertainment of the reading is of course very much heightened by personal recollections; but independently of them the little book conveys a great deal of interesting information in a very pleasant form. She goes through the length of the land, as may be supposed, constantly botanising and sketching. The umbrella occupies a

prominent place in her narrative. On one occasion it was held over her in a pelting rain by no less a person than Longfellow. She might well feel, as she professes to have done, some remorse for having endangered the life of America's great poet for the sake of an addition to her sketch-book. But at the same time she kept her eyes always open for everything best worth seeing in society as well as in nature, and her view is that of a clear-headed and perfectly independent observer. She had the best introductions, travelling almost as in England, from one friend's house to another, and saw a good many historical persons. I was of course curious about the obnoxious opinions. I think they come out pretty fully in the first volume, which brings her as far south as Charlestown. Perhaps they may be still further developed in the second; but I think I understand them already well enough. As long as she remains in the North she is only opposed to the precipitate measures of the Abolitionists and to the suppression of the slave trade, which, by limiting the number, appeared to her to have deteriorated the condition of the slaves. As she moves South she finds herself more and more prepossessed in favour of the white population, in comparison with the manners and habits of the Yankees; and the more she sees of the "Darkies" the more she is convinced that they are incapable of civilisation, and that, if their labour is to be made really useful, it must be compulsory. It is the masters, not the slaves, whom she considers as truly worthy of pity. She does not believe in "Uncle Tom," and, if she did, it would not dispose her to abolition. In Topsy she finds a copy from nature. It is no small evidence of her sagacity that in 1854 she distinctly foresaw the outbreak of a

civil war. . . . . The insurrection in Jamaica will no doubt appear to her strongly to confirm her conclusions. It is indeed sad to see how hard, if not hopeless, it is to reclaim the savage nature so as safely to trust it to itself.

'How quietly you drop into your postscript a few words raising some of the most difficult questions in theology and moral philosophy. I must condense my answers as far as is consistent with perspicuity. I agree with your unnamed friend as to the influence of (practical) mistakes on every one's present life, and have always believed that the future state will be affected by (most divines would say it entirely depends upon) the character formed in the present. This might well be after the cause had been forgotten; but I do not understand how memory can cease without the loss of personal identity. We look forward to a new life, but of the same person, not of one with whom we have no common consciousness.

'In your queries about the effect of repentance and forgiveness of sins, you seem to me to have overlooked an ambiguity in the words "sin" and "repentance," which is such that an answer which would be true in one sense would be wrong in another. Have you considered the infinite difference between *sin* as a particular *act*, and *sin* as a *state* or *habit*, of which *the* sin is a mere sign or effect? And then what can it avail if *the* sin should be forgiven, blotted out, annihilated, and forgotten, so long as *sin*—the cause, the root, the fountain—remains? Suppose two friends really loving one another, but liable now and then to quarrel. They may easily forgive and forget the occasional offence, because their habitual disposition is one of mutual

good-will; but should the case be the reverse—hatred stifled, but occasionally venting itself by unfriendly acts—how little would it matter though they should forget the particular offence if the enmity should remain at the ground of the heart.

'Then as to *repentance*. It is often used—and I think you take it—for the compunction with which one may reflect on a particular sin. Whether such compunction procures the forgiveness of *the* sin, seems to me a question which it is rather too bold to ask, but which is quite unimportant to have answered, unless forgiveness of *sins* was the same thing as forgiveness of *sin*. We have seen what entirely different things they are; and there is an equal and exactly corresponding difference between *repentance* in the sense just mentioned, and in that signified by the word which in the New Testament expresses the condition to which forgiveness of sin is attached. The Greek word denotes a *change* of mind, heart, or disposition, which is equivalent to the cessation of *sin* as a *habit* or *state*. Sin may be *repented* of without any such annihilation of *sin*. And without such annihilation I venture to doubt whether God Himself could forgive *sin*, any more than He could make two contrary propositions identical, or the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.

'That I hope will suffice for the present.

'I suppose you will wait until this tempestuous weather ceases before you set out for Torquay. When I visited it in 1859 the railway was broken up between Exeter and Torquay by a similar storm, and the passengers had to cross the country in coaches. It has tried my trees, tearing up an elm which was unsound

at the root, and which in its fall crushed another that might else have had a long life. I hope it is only a preparation for your enjoyment of the finest weather you could wish during your stay.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Dec.*, 1865.

'It is not only natural, but perfectly right and proper, that you should dwell on the meteorology of Torquay. In a watering-place for invalids the topic of weather can never become commonplace or uninteresting. For the greater part of the visitors the state of the weather is a vital concern. A fine day means not merely the pleasure of out-of-doors exercise and amusement, but so much gained for the alleviation of suffering, the restoration of health and strength. We have had here a rather curious meteorological phenomenon, which was noticed by somebody in the "Times." A few days ago the barometer was at Set Fair. This unusual weight of the atmosphere was believed by the person who noticed it in the paper to indicate frost; but none has yet come, and the mercury is now at Fair. The odd thing is, that while during the whole interval the weather has been mild, the sun has not once pierced through the blanket of clouds which has been happily spread over us; and while the glass was at Set Fair there was a slight fall of rain. I confess to a personal dread of frost, besides sympathy with the tens of thousands whose sufferings it so dreadfully aggravates. But it is time to come down from the clouds.

'I *have* read that "Armadale," drawn on by curiosity to see how such a very complicated skein is to

be unravelled, but with very little enjoyment. Miss Gwilt is a tragic Becky Sharpe, but immensely below her prototype. On the whole, I consider this class of novels as an unhappy invention, creating an insatiable demand which must be met by less and less wholesome food, and absorbing a great deal of ability which might be much better employed. A new writer has made his appearance in "Macmillan" with a story called "Cradock Nowell,"[1] which is really remarkable, if not for the composition of the framework, of which it is too early to judge, certainly for the power of description, which is of very rare quality, and a command over the resources of the language perhaps still more uncommon. There is a little spice of sensation in it, but not enough to give a twang to any source of legitimate enjoyment. I am in the third volume of the "Berryana," and find the interest rather grow than decline. If it is sustained to the end, I shall be almost sorry when all is over, though three such thick volumes make a little hole in one's leisure hour. I think when I wrote last I had only finished my Miss Murray's first volume. The second was still stronger on the subject of slavery, and likely in every way to give still greater offence to the friends of the negro, whom she denounces as his worst enemies. The slave trade she regards as the great instrument appointed by Providence for the civilisation and evangelisation of Africa. You can easily conceive with what a frenzy of indignation and abhorrence such doctrines would be received at Exeter Hall. . . . . Without at all sharing Miss Murray's view of the slave trade or of the domestic "institution," I must own myself to be very much of her opinion as to the capacity

[1] By R. D. Blackmore.

of the negro, and do not believe that he will, or ever can be, raised to an equality with the whites.

'I believe that our experience in the West Indies will be found to confirm that opinion. Otherwise the insurrection was, no doubt, a very deplorable event in itself and in its consequences. It is a misfortune that opinions should be so evenly balanced as they are on a question which excites so much angry feeling. I have no doubt that the truth lies somewhere between those who take part with and against Governor Eyre. It seems pretty certain that excesses were committed in putting down the negro insurrection as in quelling the Sepoy Mutiny. But how far the Governor is answerable for them is another matter. I am inclined to believe the best of a man who was capable of such an almost superhuman achievement as his Australian exploration, and feel sure that if he erred in the measures taken for suppressing the insurrection it was not for want of humanity. But whatever may have been his fault, his misfortune has evidently been, not that he authorised the shooting of so many negroes, but that he provoked the hostility of a powerful denomination, which could enlist on its side the whole Dissenting interest, and could force the hand of the Government. There is something almost irresistibly ludicrous in the arrival of those two Colonels, who, after receiving the highest honours in Jamaica for their conduct in the insurrection, land at Southampton, flushed with the consciousness of merit, and looking for a similar acknowledgment of it here—to find that the great question which divides opinion in England is whether they do or do not deserve the gallows, and that they are to go back immediately to be put upon their trial.

The Ministry, I should think, would not wish Sir Henry Storks to be in any hurry with his Report. If the Commission sit until the heat of party spirit is cooled, they will have done more good than is to be expected from any other result of their inquiry. Pray assure me that your father is rapidly gaining strength. With a thousand thanks and returns for your kind wishes.'

1866.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *Jan.*, 1866.

'YOUR last has afforded me very great pleasure. . . . . I rejoice that your father is able to resume his functions at the Quarter Sessions, and hope that he will not suffer for his virtue. But I am not surprised at your uneasiness in this shifting weather . . . . I am also very glad that you have fallen in with Mrs. Bayne. She is a very warm-hearted as well as intellectual person, a cousin of Thackeray, and with a good deal of his humour in her. I also hope that you will see and like her daughter, who is all goodness—good heart, good sense, and thoroughly true and trustworthy. From the sight of her you would hardly guess that she made quite a furore in London, by her performance in some private theatricals which poor Thackeray gave for the house-warming of his villa at Kensington.

'I have now finished the "Berryana," and with some regret, for the interest rather grew as the journal came down to my own time. There are several points in Miss Berry's character with which you will sympathise. When one considers her prodigious success and universal popularity, one is led to consider with some curiosity to what cause it was due. And it is instructive to find—as is evident from her letters, and is expressly remarked by Lady Theresa—that there was nothing brilliant or salient in her conversation, though she was

certainly above the average standard of intellect, and capable of studies which to most women appear severe and repulsive. This, however, was clearly not what constituted the peculiar charm of her society. It seems to have consisted in a singular felicity of manners, at once highly polished and perfectly easy and unaffected, by which she made all who approached her pleased first with themselves, and then—the inevitable consequence—with her. I remember with regret that about two or three and twenty years ago I was taken by Monckton Milnes into her house in Curzon Street, and introduced to her. Unhappily I did not then know anything about her, except that she was a contemporary and a sort of flame of Horace Walpole. If I could only have read her first two volumes beforehand! How much I should have noted that is now for ever lost to me! I retain nothing but a faint recollection of two old ladies sitting at a table in a crowded room.

'The "Life of Robertson" is out of print, and I am waiting for the second edition, though without any very painful impatience, for my last parcel of new books will keep me abundantly supplied for a good while to come. I have certainly neither mind nor right to quarrel with your admiration for his "Sermons" on the score of orthodoxy. I was introduced to him by my friend Archdeacon Hare, than whom I have no ambition to be more orthodox, and who was his warm friend and admirer. Then he is strongly recommended to me by the hostility of the "Record," which I consider is a proof of some excellence in every one who is its object. He was certainly not orthodox after the "Record" standard, but might very well be so after another. For our Church has the advantage—such I deem it—

of more than one type of orthodoxy: that of the High Church, grounded on one aspect of its formularies; that of the Low Church, grounded on another aspect; and that of the Broad Church, striving to take in both, but in its own way. Each has a right to a standing-place; none to exclusive possession of the field. Of course this is very unsatisfactory to the bigots of each party—at the two extremes. Some would be glad to cast the others out; and some yearn after a Living Source of Orthodoxy, of course on the condition that it sanctions their own views. To have escaped that worst of all evils ought, I think, to console every rational Churchman for whatever he finds amiss at home. Robertson's "Sermons" have the merit of being very thoughtful and suggestive, but appear to me, both as to form and substance, to have been given to the world too much in the state of raw material. Perhaps you see more of the process of thought, which is no doubt interesting, but you miss the finished results. . . . . I have just begun another book, which I am sure you will enjoy very much: "Le Grand Mystère de Jésus Passion et Résurrection, Drame Breton du Moyen Age, avec une étude sur le théatre chez les nations Celtiques, par le Vicomte de la Villemarqué." The introductory Étude is exceedingly interesting. The drama is given in a French translation as close as the idiom of the language will permit, with the Breton text at the bottom of the page. I hope that when you return home I may have the pleasure of making you better acquainted with it. I think I heard a rumour some time ago about an occupation of Llantony Abbey, meditated by Father Ignatius. But if the Roman Catholics think it worth their while, they will, no doubt, easily get the start

of him. From what I remember of the situation, I am surprised that either he or they should covet it. It is excellently fitted for monastic seclusion, but I should have imagined altogether unsuited to the purposes of proselytism. And though for these, 30,000*l.* might be a trifle to the Romish Propaganda, it would be more than I should expect them to be willing to lay out on a mere luxury of piety. That Father Ignatius is a curious phenomenon: his idea of making himself a Benedictine is so delightful that it makes one hope that one of these days he will create himself a cardinal. . . . .

'I mourn deeply over the loss of Mrs. Gaskell. To "Wives and Daughters" it is irreparable. I am not in the least comforted by anything that the editor of the "Cornhill" has said. The few things which he has disclosed as to the sequel of the story, if indeed it is anything more than a guess, instead of allaying, excite one's curiosity. There was matter left for another volume. I return the anecdote of Sir C. Napier, with many thanks. The melting of the soldier under the touch of a purely human feeling is always beautiful.'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 26 *Jan.*, 1866.

'In one respect we have certainly reason to trust that the worst of the winter is past, for a much longer continuance of stormy weather would be something I suppose almost unexampled. But if we are to have

[1] Extract from a letter of Mr. Maunsell:—

'In walking through the pleasure-ground at Oakley Park, Celbridge, we showed him the tree which is called Miss Emily's Oak. "Ah," he said, "we all planted oaks the same day, but she only attended to hers, and we boys, as usual, neglected ours, and hers alone survives;" and he then put his arms round it, and embraced it and kissed it, and we saw the tears spring into his eyes. Miss Emily was his sister, and at the time was married to Sir C. Bunbury.'

no harder weather on shore, this will—here at least—have been one of the mildest winters ever known, and I hardly venture to flatter myself with the hope that we are to see no more frost and snow. When you return to —— you will find it carpeted with snow-drops, violets, and cowslips. I do not at all wonder that you should easily persuade yourself that home is the best place for you at this season. I can judge of the pleasure you must feel at the thought of returning to yours, by the repugnance with which I look forward to leaving mine, as I am obliged to do in the middle of next week, though only for a fortnight. The longer I have been settled the more I dread a change of place, especially as it involves a most disagreeable process of preparation, and futile attempts to introduce a little order into the book-chaos which is my natural, or at least most congenial, element. Then the journey is a most grievous interruption of all rational pursuits, and a cruel consumption of precious time. Here I am generally reading and consulting some two or three dozen of books simultaneously. I cannot well take them all with me, and, if I could, I should hardly be able to make any use of them in London, where there is always some other subject to demand my attention. . . . . The death of Mrs. Newton[1] is very sad, but unhappily raises no new difficulty as to the course of Providence. The

[1] 'The short muster-roll of English female artists has lost a name of high distinction and still higher promise in Mrs. Charles Newton, who died prematurely at thirty-three of brain fever, following on measles, just after the dawn of the new year. Mrs. Newton came of a family of artists. Her father, Mr. Severn, our present Consul at Rome, is known both by his pictures in oil and fresco, and as the friend of Keats, whose deathbed he soothed by his devoted care.'—*Times* article, Jan. 23, 1866, by Mr. Tom Taylor.

ancients considered it almost as a divine law that the most gifted and promising were carried away earliest. A friend tried to console Cicero for the loss of his daughter by reminding him of the once great and flourishing cities which had fallen to ruin. That sounds to us as rather cold comfort. But a catastrophe like that of the *London*, or even the Brixham fleet, must silence all questionings about an individual loss, in the deeper mystery of such a termination to so many lives, each of which had a more or less hopeful career before it. . . . . The most entertaining part of the first volume of "Berryana" consists of Horace Walpole's letters; afterwards the chief interest lies in the journal, which is a diorama of the history of half a century. I doubt very much whether I should enjoy Miss B.'s works. Her taste in literature was that of the last century, as embodied in Walpole. He himself believed, and made her believe, that Darwin was in the first rank of poets. Your last novels are all unknown to me, except the "Feats on a Fiord," which is one of my old and great favourites: among Miss Martineau's stories without a rival. She possesses very remarkable talents for fiction; but her stories are almost all spoilt by the protrusion of a didactic vein, and the disclosure of a practical design which she has upon the reader, who, if his own object was simply to be amused, hates the lesson, and is indignant at having been entrapped into school. The Norwegian tale is one of the rare exceptions. At least, I am not aware that it is made to insinuate any doctrine of political economy, for which the only appropriate poetical form is that of Mrs. Marcet's "Dialogues," which never deceive or disappoint anybody.

'I was aware of the Spanish profuseness of verbal

liberality. It has been generally considered as simply a trait of the national character, and is no doubt connected with the chivalrous spirit which breathes in the old Spanish romances; but I am inclined to think that it may have been partly of Eastern origin, as it is quite in accordance with the lavishness of Eastern hospitality and munificence. We read that the Caliph Mamoun was an ideal of this character. Once, when his treasury had been completely exhausted by his largesses, he heard that a large sum was on its way to him, the tribute of one of his provinces, and immediately set out with his son to take possession of the welcome supply. On their way home he said to his son, "If our friends were to go back empty-handed and disappointed, and we to take all this money with us, we should pass for sordid churls." So he distributed part among his courtiers, and the rest among his soldiers. But, perhaps, the most characteristic story is one related by one of his friends, the historian Wakedi, of himself. W. had two friends: they were all three as one soul. Once, when he was reduced to the extreme of destitution, being implored by his wife to provide her with the means of dressing their children decently, being also in expectation of having to entertain visitors, he wrote to one of the three (say H.), stating his wants and asking for help. H. immediately sent a purse sealed, with 1,000 direms in it. But before W. had broken the seal he receives a letter from his other friend (say C.), complaining of distress. W. forthwith delivers the purse to C.'s messenger. The next day, who should call on him but H., with the identical purse in his hand, and begging W. to say what he had done with it. W. informed him, adding that, after he had sent the purse to C., he spent the night in the temple

in prayer, fearing to face his wife, but on going home found her quite satisfied with the use he had made of the money. It was then the turn of H. to explain that, when he received W.'s letter, he had nothing in the world but that purse, and, having sent it to W., wrote to C. for money, when the purse was brought to him by his messenger. The state of the case being then clear, it was agreed that 100 direms should be set apart for clothing W.'s children, and the rest equally divided among the three friends. When the story came to the ears of Mamoun, he of course ordered 100,000 direms to be distributed in like proportion among the three.

'Perhaps there was a time when the Spaniards came nearer to the Moors in this respect. I do not know that there is any book professing to be a collection of legends relating to Scripture history, but a great many are to be found in Herbelot's "Bibliothèque Orientale," chiefly drawn from the commentators on the Koran. There you find a great many things about Abraham on which the Bible preserves a profound silence, particularly the steps by which he arrived at the conviction of the unity of God, and the courageous testimony which he bore to this truth at the idolatrous court of Nimrod, by whom he was thrown into a fiery furnace, from which he came out unscathed. But let me give you a different sample, which represents Abraham according to the Eastern ideal of beneficence. He was in the habit of feeding the poor, as their "father," like Job, from his well-stored granary. But in a year of famine his stock was exhausted, and he sent his servants with camels to a friend in Egypt to purchase a fresh supply of corn. Egypt had none to spare, and as Abraham wanted it, not for his own household, but only for the poor, his

friend refused to part with any. So his people were fain to return with empty sacks. But fearing that the sight of these would expose them to ridicule, they filled the sacks with fine sand. On their arrival they whispered the sad truth to their master, who went into his oratory to pray. Sarah happened to be asleep; but when she awoke and saw the sacks, she immediately opened one, and took out—not sand, but flour, with which she began making and baking cakes for the poor. The grateful odour met the patriarch as he came in from his prayers, and he eagerly inquired where she had found meal. "It is that," she replied, "which your friend has sent you from Egypt." "Say, rather," said Abraham, "that sent by the true friend, which is God." So Abraham was called the friend of God.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Feb.*, 1866.

'. . . . A great book has lately come out under the title of "Ecce Homo," which has created quite a sensation in London in the circles which take an interest in religious philosophy, and everybody wants to know the author, who conceals his name. Even Lord Houghton was baffled in his attempts to penetrate the mystery. It is very original, suggestive, and, in the best sense, edifying, though theologians are in doubt about the orthodoxy, which, as the work is unfinished, is not patent, though possible. At all events I read it with the deepest interest and pleasure. I also found Stanley's second volume on the "Jewish Church" even more delightful than the first. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *March*, 1866.

'It is a pleasure to me to think that this will come to your hands on its arrival at your home. I do not

wonder that Torquay grew cold after your departure. I feel sure that —— has been warmed by your return. As an example of the difference which is made in a place by your presence or absence, I may remind you of the joyous celebration of St. David's Day at the College, when you graced it with your presence and cheered it with your voice. My nephew was there at the last festival, and the contrast seems to have been most striking. As you were not to be there, the College Board had resolved that there should be no speeches. Each of the guests talked *sotto voce* with his neighbour, and my nephew does not remember to have ever before passed so tedious, cold, and dreary an evening. I am much obliged to you for M. Martin's letter. . . . . The contents are, in part, of European interest. Every lover of literature must wish that he had done with his pamphlet on Russia. Whether I read it or not I shall be glad when it appears, as the precursor of his abridged "Histoire de France," which I have no doubt will be a very pleasant and useful book. The great history—in sixteen volumes of between 600 and 700 closely printed pages each—is not at all too long, but requires more time for a complete perusal than I have hitherto been able to spare; for, unluckily, I did not order it until it was more than half finished, and so could not devour the volumes as they came out, which enabled me to read through Thiers, who is quite as long, with the greatest ease just as if it had been a feuilleton. I am not sure that I could have done it if I had waited for the appearance of Vol. XX.[1] . . . .

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Dec.*, 1866.

[1] ". . . . I will try to arrange a little bouquet—not of *bouquetins*, but of samples for your approval—by the beginning of the new year.

As to Mr. Savage, I have the advantage over you, inasmuch as I possess the "Bachelor of the Albany" and "The Falcon Family," and found them very sprightly and entertaining; but I never saw or heard of "My Uncle the Curate," and must look out for it on my next railway journey. We seem to be nearing land in "Armadale." Is it not marvellous that anybody could have conceived it possible for Miss Gwilt to write such a journal? It is a comfort to think that she cannot go on much longer, and that almost the only doubt remaining is whether she is to poison or drown herself. In the same number of the "Cornhill" you will not overlook Matthew Arnold's paper on "Celtic Literature." You will admit it to be very clever—as everything he writes—and will only lament that it is not quite orthodox, but, perhaps, will condone his errors in consideration of his good intentions, and of his promise to make some amends in the second article. I overlooked the employment which still separates M. Martin from more congenial studies. Bunsen's work certainly deserves his labour upon it, though it is not one which I should have expected to interest him so much.[1] The translation will introduce it to many readers in England

H. Martin's volumes are, as you will see, each a *pièce de résistance*, and there are many of them. I think of beginning with one of the earlier, which contains some things relating to Celtic literature, which will be specially interesting to you, and which you certainly will not find in Lacretelle. I think his book is at present the best history of France down to the Revolution. . . . .'

[1] 'J'ai appris avec beaucoup de regrets la mort de Mademoiselle Mathilde de Bunsen, que j'avais vue autrefois à Cannes, en Provence. Dans quelques mois, je publierai un monument à la mémoire de son père, une traduction abrégée du grand ouvrage de Monsieur de Bunsen, *Gott in der Geschichte*, faite par un professeur allemand (M. Dietz) et remaniée par moi.' Letter of M. Henri Martin to a friend, 1867.

as well as France, whose minds will be enriched with many new ideas. I have just received the new edition of Robertson's "Life and Letters," two very substantial volumes, but I hope the reading may prove light. There is an article upon it in the "Contemporary Review," which leads me to expect more pleasure from the Letters than from the Life. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *March*, 1866.

'First of all, beginning with the solemnity due to the occasion, let me congratulate you and your home, you on your home and your home on you, and both that you are again at one. I should have been glad if I had been able to say, without a figure, that you have brought spring with you; but it is enough for the present to have brought what is better than spring, and until there is something much nearer to the prosaic reality, I would advise you to divide your time between your fireside and your conservatory. I make it a rule never to pledge my vote to a candidate for a Charity before I have inspected the polling paper. It seems to me that the vote ought to be given not to merely positive, but to relative merit or need, and that it is a wrong to all the other candidates to set their claims aside without inquiry or comparison for the sake of one who may turn out to be not the most deserving object. I wish that everybody acted on the same principle, which would put an end to the wasteful and annoying system of canvassing. The best plan, I believe, would be that the election should be entrusted to a select committee. But perhaps most people subscribe to charitable institutions for the very purpose of obliging their friends by their votes. . . . .

'I wait, curious, though not impatient, for the copy of the "Sligo Cross." You give me more credit for memory, as for other things, than I deserve. I probably saw the original, but not a trace of it remains in my mind. All my recollections of Sligo are confined to its beautiful lakes, which I can never forget. I cannot conceive what use you can make of a better pen than you have hitherto written with; but ever since I went up to college I have used Bramah's, and find that they combine all the qualities you describe better than any I have yet tried. No doubt they partake of the liability to decay common to all things earthly, but they hold out longer than any others of their kind. If you already know them, I can only repeat that of all persons of my acquaintance you have least need of a choice pen for any purpose but your own comfort: for penmanship you might challenge any correspondent with a skewer. I must now acknowledge a debt which I owe you, but of which you would not otherwise be aware. It was from you that I heard of Robertson's "Life and Letters," and but for the way in which you spoke of them I believe I should not have thought of ordering them, for I had been rather disappointed by the "Sermons" which I had happened to open. They gave me the idea of something crude and unfinished, which rather repelled me. And then I knew nothing whatever of the man. Only conceive that when I was introduced to him by Archdeacon Hare I fancied that he was a Dissenting minister. But the "Letters" are among the most interesting I have ever read, and the insight which they open into so fine and powerful a mind and so noble a character is what no sermon could give. That which I felt as an imperfection in the form

of the "Sermons"—a necessary consequence of the way in which they were dictated from memory—is just what gives the highest charm, of perfect freedom and natural effusion, to the "Letters." How different a kind of interest is that with which one reads them from that of Miss Berry's Journal. In this the events of the day pass before you with the impression which they made on a certain circle of society; but there is an almost total absence of any purely intellectual, much more of any moral or spiritual, subject of interest. In the "Letters" hardly any really important question of such a nature which agitated the public mind escapes notice and discussion. . . . . It is altogether a melancholy and really tragic history; for one cannot help seeing that the very same elements in his constitution, mental and physical, which gave his mind its peculiar strength, and his character its peculiar energy, also created the moodiness which embittered, darkened, and shortened his life. The sphere in which he moved was really one in which he was at least as useful, and might have been as happy, as in any other, if he could only have seen it in its true light. I must close for the post, but will add a postscript to-morrow.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *March*, 1866.

'. . . . Do you know the Erckmann-Chatrian story-books—"Le Conscrit," "Waterloo," and others? If not, you ought. I have several, one of which I am reading, and another is still to be read. Erckmann-Chatrian is a pair of single-bodied Alsatian twins. How they contrive to tell the same story, I cannot guess. But the result is something quite new and perfect in its kind. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 29 *March*, 1866.

'I must first, as bound by promise, address myself to your first letter of the two unanswered ones now before me, and, indeed, I do not think I can give any definite answer to the second immediately. But that of the 23rd contains some interesting questions. First, about Lord Russell. I should be sorry to doubt that he has, on the whole, throughout his public life, acted on his genuine convictions—strengthened by his illustrious hereditary associations—of what was, as you say, "right for his country." Nor do I consider the purity of his motives at all sullied by his honourable ambition of taking a part in the government of his country. But I am afraid that this ambition has sometimes degenerated into a love of office for its own sake, and I must own that I have never been able to get over the unfavourable impression which he made on me by his desertion of his colleagues in the crisis of the Crimean War. I did read Bright's speech, and thought it among the most telling he has made in the House of Commons. But being an admirer of Gladstone, I am sorry to see Bright supporting the Ministry. Nothing in my opinion can be more absurd and odious than the maxim that "ladies should not meddle with politics," as if they were either less interested than men in all that concerns the common weal, or were naturally less able to form a sound judgment on political questions. And yet, in point of fact, I believe that very few of them are able to do so; and this is no discredit to them, for in the first place it is equally true of men. Mr. Charles Buxton has published a little book, entitled "The Ideas of the Day on Policy." The second

chapter opens with the startling statement, "Parliament may be divided into three portions. Most of its members *care little for its politics.*" Only think. "But of those who do, few take any interest in politics until the principles are embodied in party questions." And the peculiarity of women is that they mostly can take no interest even in party politics until they have become personal questions. They need not be ashamed of the fact, for it is the consequence of that which is most amiable in them—the predominance of the emotional element in their constitution. And for the same sweet reason it is hardly possible for them to have a political opinion which is really their own, and not made for them by their fathers, brothers, or husbands. And where is the man who can honestly say that he wishes it were otherwise, or does not love them all the better for it?

'Pray remember that there is only one report of proceedings in Convocation that can be at all depended on—that of the "Guardian." None but what are copied from that are of the slightest value.

'I have read the sermon on Elijah.[1] I do not think it equal to that on the kindred subject of "The Loneliness of Christ." Both, no doubt, reflect his own experience, and make one lament that he did not apply his medicine to heal himself. Why it should have been censured I do not see any more than you. It seems to me to contain nothing but what was a perfectly legitimate, though not the only possible, application and "improvement" of the facts. But of course, unless I knew what was his censor's idea of the character of Elijah, I could not judge which of the two

[1] By F. W. Robertson.

understood it best. There are persons who are afflicted with a morbid sensitiveness which leads them to place the worst construction on words and acts. I remember that I entirely forfeited the confidence of an excellent person—an assiduous and admiring reader of the "Record"—in my orthodoxy, by using the word chalice in speaking of the sacramental cup. But Robertson's censor seems at least to have had a positive theory of his own, which is always respectable. Yes, I did know that Madame de Bunsen was engaged upon a life of the Baron. She informed me of it herself, and I remember it was one of the topics of my conversation with the Queen. I long exceedingly to see it. I have not read Dickens's last ghost story. Your promise to send me one reminded me of a story which I thought you would like, and which I now *actually* enclose. It is from an Indian story-book, and I think even more interesting and remarkable than those I sent some time ago from Persian and Arabic sources. It is wonderful to find so much of the purest Christianity in the midst of the grossest heathenism. . . . .

'Prince Viravara came to the court of Sudraka, the Maharajah of the Carnatic, and, having been admitted into the royal presence, proposed to enter the Rajah's service as body-guard for proper pay. "How much?" asked Sudraka. "Five hundred gold pieces a day," answered Viravara. The Rajah was startled at the demand, and asked, "Why, what retinue bringest thou with thee?" "My two arms and my sword," replied Viravara.

'On this Sudraka flatly refused, and Viravara with-

drew. But presently the Rajah was advised by his ministers to make a trial of the stranger for four days, in which it might be ascertained whether he was worth so high a salary. So Viravara was recalled, and solemnly installed in office with the betel nut, and received the first payment of the five hundred gold pieces, and stationed himself, sword in hand, at the Rajah's door, remaining there day and night, until sent home by the Rajah himself.

'In the meanwhile strict inquiry was privately made by the Rajah's order as to the way in which Viravara spent his pay; and it was found that one-half was given to the gods and the Brahmins, and of the remainder one-half to the poor, a quarter only being applied to his own maintenance.

'One very dark night the Rajah, being in his room, heard a strange sound, as of a woman sobbing aloud. "Who is in waiting?" he called out. "I, sire," said Viravara. "Go and search out the cause of this sobbing," said the Rajah. "I go, sire," said Viravara, and set off. But the next moment the Rajah bethought himself. "It was wrong," he said to himself, "to send this royal youth alone in such a night, of darkness thick enough to be run through with a needle. I must go after him." So, taking his sword, he followed Viravara, who, led by the sound, went out of the town.

'In a lone spot Viravara found the weeper, a beautiful woman richly attired, and asked her who she was, and why she wept so bitterly. "I," said she, "am the Rajah's Lakshmi" (his Fortune, or good Genius). "Long have I reposed happily in the shade of his arm; but now I am going to leave him to his ruin." "Is there no way of keeping you here?" asked Viravara.

The Lakshmi replied, "If thou wilt make a sacrifice of thy son Saktidhira, who is gifted with the thirty-two auspicious tokens of excellence, to the goddess Sarvamangala, I will prolong my stay. Not else;" and, so saying, disappeared.

'Viravara then went home, roused his wife and son from their sleep, and related what he had seen and heard. Saktidhira exclaimed with joy, "Oh, happy I, that such noble use can be made of me to preserve our master's throne! Why delay? A praiseworthy employment of the body this. For, as the saying is, a wise man will give up riches and life itself for the sake of his neighbour: death being inevitable, he will prefer to devote himself for a good end." The mother said, "How else can we make due return for the extraordinary salary we enjoy?"

'So all proceeded to the temple of Sarvamangala, where, after prayer for the prosperity of Sudraka, Viravara besought the goddess to accept his offering, and cut off his son's head. He then reflected that he had now earned the Rajah's gold, and that after the loss of his son life was worthless to him, and cut off his own head. His wife, seeing herself so bereaved, followed his example.

'All this was seen by Sudraka with astonishment and admiration. "Little creatures," he cried, "such as I, live and die; but a man like this there never was before in the world, and never will be. What is my kingdom worth without him?" So saying, he raised his sword to kill himself, but his arm was stayed by Sarvamangala: "Enough, my son. I take thee into my favour. Thy kingdom is safe to the end of thy life." "Goddess," said Sudraka, "if thou pitiest me,

let Viravara, with his wife and son, live with me for the rest of my days, or I follow them in death." "I am well pleased, my son," said the goddess, "with thy magnanimity and tenderness. Go and prosper. The prince and his family shall live." So saying, she disappeared.

'Viravara went home with his wife and son, and Sudraka returned to his palace unobserved. Next morning, seeing Viravara at his post, he questioned him as to what he had found. "Sire," said Viravara, "the weeping woman at the sight of me disappeared, and I have no other tidings to relate." Then the Rajah thought, "What heroism and what modesty! How complete is this man in every virtue." And forthwith he assembled all his nobles, and, having recounted the whole history, resigned the throne of the Carnatic to Viravara.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *April*, 1866.

'. . . . The extract you give relating to Victor Hugo's last is far below the reality, in which there is a much more curious complication of absurd blunders. The whole passage runs thus: "Un coup d'équinoxe vient de démolir, sur la frontière d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse, la falaise Première des Quatre, First of the Fourth." This is certainly the richest thing I have yet met with, but I have only got a little more than half way through the second volume. The Scotch national instrument he calls the bug pipe. In the extravagance of the story he has surpassed himself: but he has raked together such heaps of sea-words, not to be found in any dictionary, that the title of the book would be not inappropriately applied to the readers.'[1]

[1] *Travailleurs de la Mer.*

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *April*, 1866.

'This is the first time a letter from you ever came to me too soon. It has robbed me of a delightful illusion, which would have enabled me to enjoy the journey to Lampeter, notwithstanding the dismal weather. Alas! Alas!

'The fact that I am on the point of setting out is a sufficient answer to your question about myself. I am not sure that there are no remains of my cold left, but I think I am now entirely free from hoarseness, which was the only thing of any importance. You have an exaggerated notion of the general helplessness of men. I have been doctoring myself successfully. I imbibed a mixture of lemon juice and honey, to which I attribute the relief of my throat. I shall travel with my own horses—partly to exercise them for the journey to Brecon: and I shall be more sheltered from adverse winds than I might be in the railway. Remember that when you have finished "Waterloo" I have more from the same forge.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *April*, 1866.

'Spring seems now to have fairly set in, and my only annoyance is, that just when it is opening in all the beauty of the "dolce stagione fra 'l fin d'Aprile, e 'l cominciar di Maggio," I am obliged to go up to the hateful town. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kind proposal. I am insatiably ravenous of all that relates to the "bel paese, che 'l mar circonda e l'Alpi," and its people; and it is indeed very rarely that one has an opportunity of reading anything about it that has not been dressed up for publication.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *May*, 1866.

'I do not know how to find proper language to thank you for No. 1 of the Italian Tour. Do not suppose that this is a mere rhetorical phrase: it is the simple expression of a matter of fact. I do not know how I shall ever convince you that you not only have never written, but can never write, anything which it does not give me pleasure to read. I should also wish if it was possible to remove the delusion under which you labour as to the extent of my knowledge. I am sure it has deprived me of numbers of good things which I should have heard but for that unfortunate hallucination. I always read the chapter on crossing the channel with unabated interest. I will only remark on No. 1 that, though I visited Amiens in November 1861, I do not recollect the scaffolding, and did not see the relic—on which there is an amusing Paper by Cardinal Wiseman in the Collection edited by Manning.[1] . . . . I have read the two Papers in the "Fortnightly" on the shocking question as to the ancient Britons.[2]

Deplorable as it is that such a question should be

[1] 'I will proceed to a second popular charge, and it is one the opportunity of easily verifying which may never occur again. It refers to the head of S. John the Baptist, or shall I say, to the three heads of S. John the Baptist? Because, if you read English travellers of the old stamp, like Forsyth, you will find that they make coarse jokes about it. Forsyth, I think, says something about Cerberus; but more gravely, it has been said that S. John must have had three heads—one being at Amiens, one at Genoa, and another at Rome; that at each place they are equally positive in their claims; and that there is no way of explaining this but by supposing that S. John was a triceps.'—*Essays on Religion and Literature*, by Various Writers; edited by H. E. Manning, D.D.

[2] *Were the Ancient Britons Savages?* by W. W. Wilkins.

asked in the nineteenth century, it is at least a comfort that the answer is irreproachably orthodox. I, however, quite agree with you in lamenting the constant extension of periodical literature. And that which aggravates the calamity is that there is so much of it that is so good that if you take it in you cannot help reading it: and yet there is more than enough to absorb the whole of everyone's available time. I have found myself obliged to add the "Fortnightly" and the "Contemporary" to my previous list: the latter by way of a corrective, though I must say that considering that Lewes is an avowed atheist . . . . his management of the "Review" does him credit, as it contains some very good articles on the religious side. How can you suppose that I ever heard the legend of the Tolls of Oomraj? Pray send it. In the way of sights I have only seen the exhibition of the Academy—which is generally good—and a collection of French and Flemish pictures, which also contains a great deal that is very interesting. I am now meditating an excursion to the South Kensington Museum to see the collection of portraits, and for that purpose, as I may not have another opportunity, conclude, in earnest longing for No. II., though the day is so dismal that I hardly expect to find light enough for my purpose. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *May*, 1866.

'. . . . I am just now reading Louis Blanc's "Lettres sur l'Angleterre," which appeared first in the French "Temps," and are now collected in two volumes. They discuss every question which excited any interest in England in 1861-62. It is to me very interesting to learn the views of such a man on so many important

subjects. He is generally well-informed, and always candid and friendly. . . . . It is possible I may have done injustice to George Eliot . . . . I only expressed the impression that had been made on me by her review of Lecky's "History of Rationalism," in the first number of the "Fortnightly." But her capacity for sympathy with religious feeling, and her power of exhibiting it, would not lead me to a different conclusion. In her stories she writes as an artist: in the "Review" she more or less plainly discloses her opinions. I can quite believe the story about Lewes, which does him great honour.[1] I spent two afternoons among the portraits at Kensington, and the time ran like a rapid. There were three good Olivers. I find that it is intended to take photographs of the more remarkable, under the auspices of the Arundel Society, and so I hope to preserve my recollection of some which I marked in my catalogue . . . . Your legend could only have sprung from an Oriental imagination. No European mind—especially since Rebecca—could have conceived the idea of people going out of their way for the sake of paying toll.'[2]

[1] Mrs. S. C. Hall asked Lewes' opinion as to the publication of a MS. He read it and said that it would be a clear loss to the publisher, if one could be found to print it. Then Mrs. S. C. Hall replied, 'I do not know what will become of the wretched authoress. She is a widow, very poor, and depends on the success of the book for bread for her children and herself.' Lewes' eyes filled with tears, and he took out a little worn shabby purse, and gave her all it contained, which he, poor as he himself then was, could ill afford. 'Give them this,' he said, 'I wish I had more, but it may help them.'

[2] In the days of the Mahomedan kings, there was a covetous king who had a very beautiful wife, the only thing he loved except money. She always used her influence on the part of the poor and oppressed, and was the only source of mercy or justice in the kingdom. One day the king told her to ask of him whatever she wished for, and promised

'ABERGWILI PALACE, *May* 26, 1866.

'I see that you consider me as not less difficult of access than the Lama of Thibet or the Mikado of Japan. In one respect my habits do resemble those of these great recluses: that, as long as I am in the country, whoever calls is pretty sure to find me at home. So far at least the chances are in your favour. All I can now say to you is, "Come." It will be time enough when you are here to consider when you shall go. . . . . This is certainly not weather for leaving off anything intended for winter wear. The face indeed has been the face of May, but the breath has been the rudest air of March. I am glad to see clouds gathering. I hope the rain is coming to lay the wind.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *June*, 1866.

'. . . . The "Italian Refugee," Gabriele Rossetti. He, as you truly say, "wrote also," though, I believe,

to give it to her. She prayed him to give her one day's transit duties at the toll-gate of Oomraj. He was comforted by thinking that she had asked for the tolls of a wretched village in the mountain, when she might have begged for the customs of Surat or Lahore. So he gave the order. Though not one in five millions of the people knew where Oomraj was when the edict was proclaimed, all had inquired and discovered long before the day came that it was among the hills near Poonah, and with one accord it was agreed in every village throughout the land that every man should go with his cart or his bullocks, and pay toll to the queen on that day. So to Oomraj they went, and from sunrise to sunset filed through the village by thousands, and when the wearied toll-keeper counted the heaps of money after the day was done, the total was 900,000 rupees (90,000*l.*), and the village has been called Oomraj of the 900,000 ever since. The king was so struck by this practical recognition of his queen's justice and mercy, that he reformed his administration, and the good queen had the pleasure of seeing his people happy and prosperous ever after.—Abridged from the version of the Legend in *Chow Chow*, by Viscountess Falkland.'

only in Italian. But he was a much more voluminous writer, and of much higher literary distinction, than I should expect Christina, however gifted she may be, will ever become. He was profoundly versed in the oldest Italian and Provençal literature, and had a peculiar theory about the hidden meaning of the poetry of Dante and the Troubadours, which he believed to have a purely political drift, directed against the Papacy. He developed this theory in a number of works. He began an edition of Dante with a commentary illustrative of his views, but it did not go beyond the second volume, and only included the "Inferno." With this was coupled a separate volume, "Sullo Spirito antipapale che produsse la Riforma," dedicated to Sir Charles Lyell. He also published with the same object five volumes, "Sull' amor Platonico." You may conceive what scandal he caused by denying the existence of Dante's Beatrice, and even of Petrarch's Laura. With regard to the former, I confess that I have myself been unable to resist the mass of evidence which he brought to prove that she existed only in Dante's mind, and was one of a large class of what he calls "Mistiche donne." He may have over-ridden his hobby, but it is all very curious and interesting. I have also four small volumes of his lyrical poetry, all religious and patriotic, which I believe had some popularity in Italy. But of him enough for an *àpropos*. Did you ever hear music sweeter than the thunder? ever feel anything more refreshing than the shower?—feel I mean without a sense of moisture, which I hope you have escaped, however it may have surprised the sons of Mars.'[1]

[1] In allusion to the Militia training at Caermarthen.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 26 *June*, 1866.

'Your last despatch, prematurely directed to me in London, has reached me this morning. I do not leave for town until to-morrow. My stay will certainly be short, and I may return this week, but I must make allowance for contingencies. I grudge the journey excessively and all the time I shall be detained in London, not merely on account of the beauty of the country, but because the house is just now enlivened by a parcel of merry children enjoying their Midsummer holidays. It was on the 20th, the date of your letter, that I set out, not for London, but for Aberayron. You write as if you supposed that I had gone and returned the same day. But the distance is thirty-five miles, and I travelled with my own horses. The rain was incessant until midnight. I did not take any luncheon on the road. The next day, the 21st, was the opening of Henfynyw Church. After the service there was luncheon in a tent, and I ate a small piece of dry bread, purposing to dine at Aberayron; but as I returned from the church, the prospect of the weather looked so fair, that I determined on getting home that evening. After a rather pleasant drive I arrived between ten and eleven, and, as there was no cold meat in the house, dined or supped upon eggs and bacon.

'You are quite right in thinking that Rossetti's process of evaporation into a mystic ideal is attended with much greater difficulties in the case of Laura than of Beatrice. In the latter I believe he has often won a strong conviction, in the former he has probably seldom done more than shake the reader's faith.

'The war cuts me in half. I wish success to Austria in Germany, that is defeat and humiliation to

Prussia and Bismark, but I wish victory to the Italians. And it is painful to me to think how nearly hopeless it is that both these wishes should be gratified. Yet I could hardly say which I should be willing to sacrifice to the other.

'The defeat of the Ministry is, I believe, owing to Gladstone's misplaced confidence in human nature. He fancied that the Liberals who had hoisted the banner of Reform on the hustings were mostly in earnest, and meant what they said. To Lowe belongs the merit of having put an end to this delusion, though I hope it will render it impossible for him to find a place anywhere out of his cave.

"It is a party trick with the Tories to treat John Stuart Mill as a bore. I heard him deliver a most interesting and instructive speech on the Irish landlord and tenant question, during which every seat on the front bench of the Opposition was emptied. They are not able to see that this affectation of stupidity only injures themselves. By this time, perhaps, they have ceased to be an Opposition. If so I warrant that they are serious enough. . . . . But I am grieved to see that the war seems to be running counter to my wishes on both sides. At present the Prussians have it all their own way in Germany, while it looks as if the Italians had already suffered a serious reverse in an imprudent attack on Venetia. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 6 *July*, 1866.

'I write, not to thank you for the continuation of the "Italian Tour," nor even for the kindest of letters, which I might have done a little later, but to wish you joy. I hardly know any one else in these parts who is

worthy of such good news. I could hardly believe my eyes this morning when, languidly opening yesterday's "Times," I saw in large type "*Austrian Cession of Venetia.*" It seems still almost a dream and too good to be true; but coupled with the decisive defeat in Bohemia—though it does not yet appear whether the two events are connected as cause and effect—it may, I suppose, be taken as certain. That defeat in itself does not by any means give me so much pleasure, and nothing but the independence of Italy could reconcile me to the triumph of Bismark and Prussia. But it will be attended with other results which are by no means so agreeable. All has turned out after the wishes, and probably the plans, of the great conjurer at Paris, and he will realise a handsome profit. It is not a coalfield, you may rely upon it, that will content him. He will make at once for the Rhine; and it will be a mercy if he does not absorb Belgium as well as the Prussian Rhenish provinces. The worst of all is, that he will almost beyond a doubt lay hands on Antwerp. We shall growl thereat. It will be a serious evil to us—a standing menace, which will cost us a great deal of money and keep us in perpetual uneasiness, and may, at critical junctures, place us in real danger. But yet it will not be a case of war. So much it will have cost to found the Italian nation. "Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem." But the Italian unity is worth the price; nor, if only Bismark was out of the way . . . . should I consider the German unity as other than a good; but for the present it will be only a stronger despotism. . . . . My hay is down; but even yesterday some was housed; and to-day, which is, I hope, the beginning of a longer spell of fair weather, it

is going on briskly and prosperously. You have before you a pleasure which I think will be among the highest of the season if you have not read "Felix Holt" and "Baker's Travels."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *Aug.*, 1866.

'I must count it a rare piece of good fortune to have lost my good looks without any suffering, when it procures me the pleasure of such kind expressions of your anxiety for my health, which, if anything was really the matter with me, would act as an anodyne if not as a panacea. For the same reason I can hardly wish that you should be more open to conviction than I am myself on the question of luncheon. I know that to whatever age my life may be protracted, you would be equally sure to say that I fell a victim to my obstinacy in the matter of luncheon. I am very much obliged to you for the sight of the three letters, which I return. I am delighted with Miss Jewsbury's story of the tailor's daughter and Carlyle.[1] I do not know whether people in general have a notion that he is deficient in feeling. I was always sure of the reverse. I also believed what the late Lord Ashburton used to say of him—that he is a profoundly religious man. (You know he passes for an atheist with some people.) Mr. S—— writes as if he supposed that I have some personal interest in the study of Xanthippe's method of scolding. You should let him know that happily (I ought to have said unhappily) I have no opportunity of testing its merits by comparison with any other in my domestic experience. Can he have had access to any MS. of Xenophon's "Memorabilia," containing speci-

[1] Appendix C.

mens of her curtain lectures, as overheard by some Athenian "Punch"? Though I have no doubt that Socrates often had a very bad time with her, I can also easily conceive that he was not seldom very aggravating to her. What must she have gone through when he stood like a post for twenty-four hours together musing, and only came home when all she had prepared for his day's meals was spoilt. Then at the end of his life he treated her in a way which would have been shameful if it had not been after the fashion of all Athenian husbands. I do not remember that you said anything about the Basques that was not quite consistent with what I found in M. Martin's letter. I do not know whether he is acquainted with an essay on the subject by W. v. Humboldt, which is generally considered a classical work, though much has been done since in the same field. I hardly think he will be prepared for all that he will find in Matthew Arnold's "Essays on the Study of Celtic Literature," and rather doubt whether he will fully appreciate the exquisitely fine and subtle analysis or the force of all the illustrations. Yet in many respects they are better suited to a French taste —as they constantly remind me of Sainte-Beuve—than to that of us wretched Philistines.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Aug.*, 1866.

'. . . Does not this crisis of the war drama almost take away your breath, when you think that we may be on the eve of a far greater and more perilous struggle than that which seemed so near to its close? I observe that a leading German journal treats Louis Napoleon's demand as "absurd." That seems to indicate that Prussia will not comply with it; and it would probably

be as much as his crown is worth to recede from it, at least when it becomes known what it is.

'I have read the two numbers of the "Village on the Cliff," and found it very pleasant. It is Miss Thackeray's, and at present I like it much better than her "Elizabeth;" but I wish she had continued those modernised Fairy Tales, of which "Cinderella" was such a happy specimen. I used often to meet Sydney Smith, but never, I believe, saw his brother Bobus, as his friends always called him. He was in many respects, certainly as a writer of Latin verse, superior to Sydney, but not, I should think, quite equal to him in wit or humour. If he was, and all record of it has been lost, he and all of us are very unfortunate. . . . .

'Do you know the Indian version of the story of "Bedd Gellert"? Let me take for granted that you do not, and would like to have it. The Brahmin's wife had gone out to perform her ablutions, leaving him at home in charge of their infant. Presently arrives the King's messenger, summoning the Brahmin to the Shraddha—the monthly offering to the departed, at which the officiating Brahmins receive handsome presents. This Brahmin was poor, and could not afford to lose the fee, but was afraid to leave the child alone. Suddenly the thought struck him, "Here's my faithful ichneumon, who has always been to me as a son. I can leave him to take care of baby." So off he went. Soon after the ichneumon sees a black serpent approaching the cradle, and kills it, and, less from appetite than from anger, devours a part of it. The Brahmin, on his return, meets the ichneumon coming affectionately to meet him with his mouth smeared with blood, and hastily kills him: then comes in and finds his child

safe and sound near the remains of the black serpent, and "goes to extreme grief." Whether he erected a monument to the ichneumon does not appear.

'I must thank you for the last number of the "Tour." It made me feel as if I was inhaling the mountain air.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 24 *Aug.*, 1866.

'. . . . I have not yet got quite to the bottom of my budget of stories. As you had not heard the last, I feel the liveliest hope that the two I have now to send will be new to you. But to-day I only send the Indian one, which you must read first. The European version shall follow to-morrow. . . .

'THE MAXIM,

'*A base person should not be raised to high estate,*

is illustrated by the story of the Muni and the Mouse, which runs thus:—

'In a forest of the south once lived a very holy Muni, who by extraordinary austerities had gained almost unlimited powers over nature. He was also a kind-hearted man. One day he saw a crow carrying off a little mouse. He bade the crow give it up, and reared it with grains of rice till it had grown up to full mousehood. One day, as the mouse was playing near him, it saw a cat, and in terror ran up the Muni's leg to take shelter in his bosom. "Poor mouse," said the Muni, "be thou a cat." And so it was. Puss now inspired terror, but felt none; until one day a big dog came up. Puss put up her back in horror. "Poor pussy," said the Muni, "be thou a dog." And so it was. "Who is afraid now?" thought the dog. But

one day, having seen a tiger prowling about, he came to the Muni with his tail between his legs. "Poor dog," said the Muni, "be thou a tiger." And so it was. The tiger stayed with the Muni, who thought of him only as of a pet mouse. Seeing them together, people said, "Ah! there is the saint and the tiger that was once a little mouse." Upon this the tiger began to reflect within himself: "As long as this Muni lives everybody will know from what a low condition I sprang. Therefore I must get rid of him." But the Muni seeing the tiger ready to spring, said, "Wicked tiger, be thou a mouse again." And so it was; and the mouse was presently picked up by a bird, and never came down again.'

'In a small house in a retired part of Seville lived Don Manuel Fulano, with his elderly housekeeper Jacinta. Don Manuel seldom stirred out, but was all day in his study. He had the reputation of being a wonderfully learned man, indeed of knowing more than he ought. For as he had several Hebrew and Arabic books, the characters of which looked very much like gramarye, he was believed to be versed in magic, the white kind at least, if not the black.

'One day Jacinta told him there was a young man at the door, who had a letter for him. He ordered him to be shown in. The youth, quite a stripling, whose name was Diego Perez, had brought a letter of recommendation from a friend of Don Manuel.

'Don Manuel received him courteously, and asked what he could do for him. Diego then stated that he was going to the university of Salamanca to pursue his

studies with a view of entering Holy Orders; but he admitted that he was not free from ambition, and desired very much to rise in the world. But, having no friends to back him with their interest, he had come to Don Manuel in hopes of getting some little charm, or spell, or amulet, or any of those things which he knew so well, to bring him good luck.

'On hearing this Don Manuel went to the door of his study, and, opening it, called out, "Jacinta, roast the partridges. Don Diego will stay to dinner." Diego, however, thanking him for his hospitality, was obliged to decline it, as the muleteer with whom he was to travel was waiting for him, and he again preferred his request.

'Don Manuel then said, "My young friend, the best thing I can give you is a piece of advice. Work hard; do your duty; say your prayers; and leave the rest to Providence. However," he added, seeing that Diego seemed disappointed, "I shall be ready to help you with all the good offices in my power." On this Diego took his leave, rather vexed than edified by the advice, and only a little comforted by the promise.

'At Salamanca his career was very brilliant. He took first the bachelor's and then the doctor's degree with extraordinary *éclat*.

'The fame of his exercises in the schools reached the Bishop of Burgos, who promoted him to a stall in his cathedral, and not long after, on the death of the dean, he was elected by the chapter to fill his place. His name even reached the court, and the king nominated him to the bishopric of Avila. The new prelate himself was amazed at the rapidity of his elevation, and, though he was fully conscious of his own

merits, there were moments when he suspected that he must have owed a part of his good fortune to the good offices of Don Manuel.

'But all this was nothing compared to what lay in store for him. He was raised to the Archbishopric of Toledo, and received the ordinary adjunct of a cardinal's hat. Soon after, the Pope died, and Diego went to Rome for the Conclave. Through some singular combination (like that which produced the election of Pio Nono) a majority of votes fell to him. He almost fainted when it was announced to him. Canon, Dean, Bishop, Archbishop, Cardinal, and—now not much turned of forty—Pope!

'One morning the cardinal in waiting announced to the Pope that there was an old Spaniard, named Don Manuel Fulano, who solicited an audience of His Holiness, whom he pretended to have known in his youth. The Pope was dreadfully annoyed by this reminiscence of his low beginnings, but ordered Don Manuel to be admitted. Don Manuel came in with a cheerful and confident air, which provoked the Pope still more. Assuming a look of the sternest displeasure, he said, "Don Manuel, we are surprised that you should presume to venture into our presence. We know that you were commonly reported to be given to forbidden arts. Think yourself well off that you are permitted to leave Rome. If you stay a day longer in our capital you will be lodged in the prisons of the Holy Office."

'Don Manuel made no answer, but, going to the door, called out, "Jacinta, you need not put down the partridges. Don Diego will not stay to dinner." And, lo! Diego found himself at Don Manuel's door—with his way yet to make in the world.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *Sept.*, 1866.

'I am very much afraid that your remark on my last couple of twin stories, innocent as it looks, was meant to express the opinion that their likeness may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that both east and west there have been ungrateful upstarts. I do not think that is at all a satisfactory explanation. The resemblance appears to me to be such that it would be myriads of chances to one that two such illustrations of the truth should have occurred independently to two different minds. I have no more doubt of the identity between Diego and the mouse than of that between Gellert and the ichneumon, and the Indian Muni no less strikingly corresponds with Don Manuel the Magician. The retribution of ingratitude might have been exhibited in an infinite variety of other ways. I am not aware that the two stories were ever placed in juxtaposition before; it was but very recently that I met with the Indian parable. The other I have not seen for some sixty years, when I read it in a magazine the name of which I have now forgotten, but it so printed itself in my memory that I have a perfectly distinct recollection of the whole framework, including the first and second call to Jacinta about the partridges, and the student's intermediate career. All the rest of course is mere embroidery. Only the shame of the low origin, which is common to Diego and the mouse, is an original feature of both stories. When the transmigration of fictions is so well established a fact, it would be capricious to be sceptical about a particular instance, even if it should be necessary to suppose that some link between the two existing forms had been lost. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Sept.*, 1866.

'I snatch a few moments in the very brief lull between the departure of my candidates and the arrival of a host of Education Boardmen to answer your question as to the Grammar which I spoke of to Mr. Perowne. It is Gambold's; he was a very meritorious person. Through the kindness of the late Mr. Traherne I possess three of his works in MS., the Grammar, and a Welsh-English and English-Welsh Dictionary. All are written in a small and exquisitely neat hand, and the Grammar is, as I said, the most useful I know for the initial mutations. For a more advanced student, as a guide to the etymology and syntax, I should recommend Rowland's, of which I lately received a copy of the third edition from the author.

'How good it is of you to express satisfaction with your visit! Though I know it is the effect of your good nature, it mitigates the regret with which I look back upon all the untoward incidents which accompanied it—the dreadful weather, my repeated absences, and my deafness, which makes me a nuisance while it deprives me of more than half the pleasure of society. . . . . The weather has shown some signs of relenting, but how treacherous and fickle! Last night, as I looked out on that glorious moon and that bank of clouds (which I hope you saw and were reminded by it of the Jungfrau), I actually fancied that the change had come. I was even confirmed in the hope by to-day's sunshine, but to be how soon undeceived. I will give up all hope until we have three fine days, and then most likely the fourth will be rainy. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *Oct.*, 1866.

'I should have accepted your kind offer with pleasure and gratitude if I had been catless, especially as I am particularly fond of *good* tortoiseshell cats, which are very rare. I once had one which was a perfect beauty, and no less amiable than beautiful. The lovely creature came to an untimely end, killed by a horrid big black dog (abetted, I am afraid, by one of my own, who should have known better) who came into the house one Sunday while we were all at church. But I do not venture to introduce a second cat into the family without the express consent of the one now reigning, which I do not expect him to give; and I remember many years ago receiving a kitten from Aberglasney, which was destroyed by an elder cat of that day; and, as a general rule, I believe that cats do not get on well together unless they are members of the same family. You seem to have intended some good thing for me; which I have not received. Your letter was full of sweet words, and contained other fragrant things: but no rules.[1] I am actually meditating to take a little drive this afternoon simply to celebrate the fineness of the day, which has been hitherto without rain. It will be the first I have taken for the sake of an airing for about five weeks. The glass also has risen—if that signifies anything—and the whole season has been so anomalous that it would not surprise me if it was to continue fine till sunset.'

[1] *Rules of the Welsh Initial Changes*, by the late Dr. Charles Williams, D.D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Privately printed.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Oct.*, 1866.

'. . . . Mrs. Austin had the kindness to send me Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt." As it is the third edition I suppose you have read them. I am pecking at them by snatches and find them delicious, not so much for the descriptions as for the record of the impression she made on the natives, which was evidently that of an angel, and yet was produced simply by the exhibition of human kindness which any traveller might show, but it seems none, not one, had ever been moved to show before; and I am afraid that the impression was deepened by contrast with the ordinary behaviour of Europeans, but especially of her own countrymen. I am afraid that we may come to learn what that means when it is too late. That cry in the streets of Meerut is not the less ominous because it is the effect of a delusion. What is, I fear, no delusion, is the feeling with which the English are viewed in India by Hindus and Mussulmans, and, perhaps, by all but a few Parsee Rothschilds. While they confer material benefits on the country, and endeavour to govern it justly, they make themselves detested individually, and expose their empire to danger for want of a little civility which would cost them nothing. I do not take in "All the Year Round." I stopped it, I now forget why, when the title was changed; and as my space and time are both limited, and I take in the "Cornhill," "Macmillan," "Good Words," the "Fortnightly," and the "Contemporary," to say nothing of the "Spectator" and the "Saturday," and four or five German periodicals, I feel that I am sufficiently provided with this branch of literature, which would be

capable, if one were to let it, of absorbing every hour of a hard-reading man.

'. . . . Novel writers are, as I understand, subject to such strange fluctuations that it is quite possible for one to bring out an excellent story after heaps of trash. What makes me particularly shy of one whose character I have to learn for myself is an idiosyncrasy which makes it hard for me to give up a book which I have begun though I find it bad. It has happened to me but very rarely indeed—once was with that American story, which some people thought delightful, "The Wide, Wide World." I struggled through about half of it, but at last . . . . I could hold up no longer. What is the practical conclusion of all this? It is just to ask whether you would like to make this venture on ——'s book, and let me know how much of it you were able to read. I must close hastily for the post.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Nov.*, 1866.

'It will be of no use whatever for you to pretend that as the days have rolled by without bringing any sign of life from me you have not been growing fidgety and curious, and more and more at a loss to think what can have become of me. My only reason for writing now is to relieve you from that uncertainty: for as I have to set off to-morrow morning to open a church in a remote corner of Radnorshire, I do not know when I may be able to do even so much again. My history is simply that, ever since the end of my visitation, engagements, some in and some out of doors, have been conspiring to deprive me of every moment of leisure for ordinary purposes. The correction of the

proofs of that charge has swallowed a great deal of time. As you have probably not had much experience of the same kind you cannot know, either, how many times it is necessary to read every sheet with all the attention you can command, or the anguish which a sensitive author feels at the sight of a misprint which he has overlooked. Then just at the same time comes a MS. essay written for a prize as a memorial of Hare, which on that account—as about the greatest sacrifice I could offer to his manes—I had consented to adjudicate. It is to me one of the most laborious and irksome of all tasks. . . . . I did not mean to be sentimental in speaking of the likelihood that my charge of this year might be my last. I simply stated a good deal less strongly than I feel it what had been present to my mind. The thought was not simply suggested by the fact of my having already occupied my seat so much beyond the usual and reasonable term—longer, I believe, than any of my predecessors, though this has great weight with me. But I cannot and ought not to speak of manifold warnings which I receive to the same effect. The thing which I dread most of all is to survive my faculties and capacity for work. . . . . One of the last things I noticed in the way of discoveries was an advertisement of an "Art of Cookery," which Lady Llanover is about to publish from the MSS. of some hermit. It sounds odd, whether the treatise relates to the various ways in which he dressed his herbs and roots, or he was favoured with a special revelation on the subject of *Vol-au-vents* and *Pâtés aux Truffes*, which of course could not have been known to him from his own experience, and one would not have

expected that he should have devoted his leisure to either subject. . . . .'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 30 *Nov.*, 1866.

'You must be a witch. But all very amiable and kind-hearted women are. They have a peculiar gift of divination, by which they read thoughts and anticipate wishes. When I was at Hafodneddyn I saw and—not I hope sinfully—coveted a reading-desk like that which I found in your box. In fact, I think I asked Mrs. Philipps to order one for me. You may therefore judge of the pleasure which it gives me to possess it as a gift from you, and how the enjoyment of every book that rests upon it will be enhanced by the remembrance which it will always call up of the giver. Yet there is a part of the machinery which I do not quite understand, and therefore I am perhaps not fully aware of the extent of my happiness. There is one piece which detaches itself from the rest, without being available for any use that I have hitherto been able to discover.

'I inclose a prospectus which Mr. Furnivall requested me to circulate, and I know of nobody but you that would be able to give it currency among people who would sympathise with the object, which appears to me to deserve all encouragement. He himself is a highly meritorious person, and you will own that his labours to spread the fame of Arthur have been very praiseworthy. The Early English Text Society con-

[1] Lady Llanover had then written and published a work which 'she entitled *The Welsh Hermit of the Cell of S. Gover*, containing lessons on practical cookery, to prove that the strictest economy was consistent with the best cookery.'

tinues to work upon the same subject. The last of their publications is "Merlin, or the Early History of King Arthur, a Prose Romance of the Fifteenth Century, Part II." It is curious to see how strong a hold the story took on the Saxon mind.'

1867.

'ABERGWILI, *New Year's Day*, 1867.

'I HAD fully intended to gild and sweeten the close of the old year for myself by a letter which you should receive this day; but wishing first to be at liberty from official business, I had to plunge into a thicket of correspondence, from which, as it turned out, I could not extricate myself until it was too near post time to begin the only letter which I really desire to write. I have now the advantage of being able to send you the wishes of the New Year without forestalling the future. But words cannot convey the feeling with which they spring from my heart, so as to distinguish them from conventional complimentary phrases.

'You must give me credit for a great deal more than language can express. Though not in accordance with common practice, it will be a surer proof of my regard for you if I take you to task, and scold you a little this New Year's Day, in the hope that you will now turn over a new leaf, and break yourself of the only fault that I have hitherto been able to perceive in you.

'It is not that which you lay to your own charge, but rather just the reverse. You talk of *distrusting* yourself, and this is evidently a cause of real unhappiness to you. But the fact is that you trust yourself a

great deal too much, while exactly in the same degree you distrust all your best friends. Will you never be persuaded to rely a little less upon your own judgment and to place a little more confidence in theirs? Is it not presumptuous to set up your own opinion against one in which they are unanimously opposed to it?

'Why will you think so lightly of them as not to give them credit for being able to discern your character better than you can yourself? Is it not universally admitted that to know one's self is the most difficult of all things, and that if we differ in our appreciation from those who have the best opportunities of knowing what we really are, it is quite certain that they are in the right and we in the wrong? Why will you insist on making yourself out to be an exception to the general rule, and keep on suspecting and accusing yourself, when all your friends are thoroughly agreed that they know of no one more deserving of their love and honour? . . . . Now do listen to my paternal admonitions; correct this fault, be a little more humble and modest, think better of your friends, and submit to their judgment—trust your own only so far as it agrees with theirs. You will certainly be rewarded for this improvement in your conduct by a notable increase of tranquillity and cheerfulness in your view both of the past and of the future; and in the hope that you will be buxom and good, I conclude my New Year's Lecture. . . . .

'I have now again the pleasure of seeing youthful faces about me, there being eight of John's children in the house. Unhappily my deafness prevents me from enjoying much of their prattle. Just now we had a band of singers, who always come to regale my ears on

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New Year's morning; but, though they were within a few yards of the window, I could not catch the faintest sound, and if I had not seen them should have had no suspicion of their presence. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Jan.*, 1867.

'I send this to introduce some of the passengers who are to travel by the box. The one that I wish to commend to your earliest notice is Eugénie de Guerin. The journal passed through twelve editions in a very short time. It was described by the "Edinburgh Review" as "the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth." It, or at least Eugénie, is the subject of one of Matthew Arnold's "Essays," in which he expresses the warmest admiration for her genius as well as her character. It is therefore absolutely necessary that you should form her acquaintance. I think you will share this feeling, though it cannot be either expected or desired that you should sympathise with all the expressions of her piety. If you feel sufficient interest in the journal to wish to know more of her and hers, I have a volume of her letters, and the "Remains" of her brother Maurice.

'You ought also to know Sainte-Beuve. Matthew Arnold—no mean judge—looks up to him as "the prince of critics." I have always found his "Causeries" (of which there are many volumes) perfectly delicious sketches of men and books.

'You will probably find Dumas' "Impressions de Voyages," which is part of a voluminous series, amusing enough to carry you through both the volumes; but if you should read no other part, you must not fail to look

for a sermon about St. Joseph, which you will find near the end of the second volume.

'I send the first volume of Mignet's "Notices Historiques," because while there is a good deal of interesting biography, they are, perhaps, the most finished specimen of highly polished French prose. I had been long in possession of them, but had not opened them until Mrs. Austin happened to speak of them as perfect models of style, and I have read them with a very lively relish. Vol. II. contains a "Life of Franklin."

'This reminds me of Jesse, whose first volume I send, having read it, on the whole, with great pleasure. I think I observe a little improvement in the style, or else the interest of the narrative makes one overlook its defects. It supplies the flesh and blood to the dry skeleton of the merely political history, and at the same time often reveals the hidden springs of great events as it unfolds the personal character of the actors. I think it gives a fairer estimate of the character of George III. than I have seen elsewhere. But that fatal folly of the American war casts a deep gloom over the whole period.

'The "Colonna Infame" is a supplemental episode of the "Promessi Sposi." It is a tragical and most sad history, but exceedingly interesting and instructive. It is a signal illustration of three distinct stages in the progress of human folly: 1, the beginning, an utterly false impression passively received from some accidental association; 2, the harbouring of the delusion without any attempt at investigation, and adopting it as if it had the certainty of a mathematical proof; 3, the climax and consummation, in which the idle fancy

becomes a ground for the perpetration of the most enormous crimes.

'The "Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères" have all the air of reality. It was only after I had read them, with much interest, and without any misgiving, that I had a doubt of their genuineness. But I believe it is still only a doubt, and does not affect the reality of the condition described. You will also, I think, be interested in the "Mémoires de Madame de Noailles," which are of unquestionable reality. In the conversation in the shades between Machiavel and Montesquieu you will find a satire on the Second Empire which has not often been equalled for keenness and polish.

'I do not know whether you have read About's "Maître Pierre," or the "Légende Celtique," or "Récits Bretons," or Souvestre's "Chroniques de la Mer," or "Romans de la Table Ronde." If you have, stop it, and I will try something else in its stead, or at least lighten the box of it.

'In the third volume of Henri Martin, you will find, beside the part relating to Celtic literature, many very romantic passages of mediæval history. It is one of sixteen volumes of about the same bulk.

'Finally, I insert two books which I wish you to keep for my sake. The "Guesses at Truth" will tell their own story in the fly-leaf and the Memoir, which is written by Professor Plumptre. The "Antiquities of Llandegai" I only send because, through some hallucination, I subscribed for two copies, and I do not see your name in the list of subscribers. Remember that I do not want you to read all this boxful, but only to sip and taste, and lay aside whatever you do not relish, and, where you like the sample, call for more.

'Pray keep yourself warm. I cannot. This frost is too sharp to be enjoyable by me. I hope you will thaw it at home.

'. . . . The box is to go to-day by train to ——. I send the key in another envelope. You will find at the top a copy of my Swansea address, which I received after my last letter. I return that of the Bishop of ——. It would have been quite safe with me if it had contained the gravest secrets of state, for I cannot decipher a single entire sentence, not even the verses with the help of the metre and the rhyme. What wisdom Lord Palmerston showed in attaching so much importance to a legible hand! How much precious time it spares! How much painful fretting it prevents! . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Jan.*, 1867.

'. . . . Within the last thirty or forty hours our weather has passed through three or four changes: from temperate cold to severe frost, from frost to pretty heavy snow, but with great mitigation of the cold. Now the sun seems to have half a mind to come out, and help the earth off with her white sheet. But when I recollect my sufferings of last week and that you shared them, I do not feel easy about the issue.

'I am cradling myself—according to the happy French phrase—in the hope of seeing you. I long for your next, and yet shall open it with trembling, lest it should dissolve my enchanting view into thin cold air, and leave me in the state of a traveller whose mirage has turned out to be a parched waste.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Jan.*, 1867.

'How very lucky it is that you discovered your mistake, which I had not perceived. If you had come the wrong day you would have afforded great pleasure to me, but would not have received so much yourself. I was well aware of the approaching festivities at A——. That was just the cause of my asking you for the week after. I hope it will be all the better for being late, and that both you and your father will be all the fitter for travelling. The weather, however, though piercingly cold, is not I think unhealthy for travelling with good wraps in the middle of the day. When once you have crossed my threshold it will be my business to watch over you and your father, to prevent, if possible, a breath of cold air from reaching you, if any should then be blowing. I rather rejoice in the present frost, bitter as it is, because it is so much the less likely to last to the end of the month. I feel it now for you more than for myself. I think I am getting inured to it. The icy plunging-bath which I take every morning is, I believe, the best safeguard from cold. At least, what used at one time to befall me regularly every year is now a thing of very rare occurrence and very short continuance. . . . . Still I must own that at this moment my fingers are complaining of the cold. I bid them consider who it is they are writing to, and that they ought to be all of a glow. They reply that I give them nothing to say. I tell them that you have the art of reading the writer's mind out of nothing. . . . .

'I know you are on an angel's errand at ——,

pouring balm into an afflicted soul. What a privilege to be sure that you bring joy or comfort wherever you go.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 16 *Jan.*, 1867.

'I am by no means a rigid Sabbatarian, or in any way a Judaiser. On the contrary, I believe that infinite mischief has been and is done by the Puritanical observance of the Sabbath enforced on the unwilling, especially the young, whom I believe it has often entirely alienated from religion, and driven by the recoil into evil courses. At the same time, personally, I enjoy the Sabbatical stillness and rest, which I value specially as a holiday from letter-writing. If letter-writing is a breach of the Sabbath, I can take no credit to myself for eschewing the offence, as it is one I am not at all "inclined to," and therefore could not honestly condemn others who have a mind to it. . . . .

'But how is it that your conscience does not smite you for the breach of another commandment, quite as sacred, when you wantonly charge me, at least by designing insinuation, with want of *prudence*—and that only because you are sure that I have taken cold? You really ought to beware of abusing your gift of second sight; you do not know how dangerous it may be. Before I read your letter, I was quite unconscious of having taken any cold; but, seeing the confidence with which you affirmed the fact, I began to feel a superstitious doubt whether I had, or had not, a cold upon me. Considering the state of the weather, one may easily mistake cold for a cold. I claim no merit for taking care of myself in this weather, as it is the

simple effect of my love of warmth, which I am glad you share with me.

'I am so glad that you like what you have seen of Eugénie. Her letters, which I am still reading, are, perhaps, even more delightful than the journal, though that, as you see, is in fact a series of letters to a single correspondent. One thing that is very pleasing is the view they give of French country life in an old manor-house in Languedoc, inhabited by an old family in reduced circumstances, which oblige the daughters to take part in the homeliest details of housekeeping, while yet they cultivate and intensely enjoy the most delicate pleasures of the mind and the heart. Eugénie is a truly heavenly-minded person, whose religion is of the kind described by St. James, manifesting itself in the continual exercise of the tenderest affections towards all around her, and in incessant labours of love. *You* will also sympathise, as few can do, with her love of nature, and her keen perception and enjoyment of all its beauties. Do not omit to send me bulletins of your father's health. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 26 *Jan.*, 1867.

'. . . . I am glad that you were able to take part in the festivities of A—— without being knocked up by them. Sometimes I believe an extraordinary exertion is a cure for weakness. Some years ago I had a cat who was reduced to the very last stage of inanition and debility. As a last chance I sent her into Carmarthen in a basket for medical advice. On the way she took fright at something or other, jumped out of the basket, and scampered some distance before she was caught. That effort and shock saved her life. From

that moment, without any other perceptible cause, she began to recover, and lived many years after.

'I hope that on your return home you will find your father quite restored, and continue to receive good accounts of poor ——. I have myself a dread of surgical operations like Sir Robert Peel's, so that I cannot bear to think of them, and cases which I sometimes hear of, of cruelty to animals, haunt me and disturb my rest. Good-bye.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 28 *Jan.*, 1867.

'. . . . Mr. Vaux is the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, of which I have for many years had the honour to be President. His title of Secretary, however, can give but a very faint idea of the services he renders to that Society. He is its very life and soul. It was at and through its meetings that I formed his acquaintance, which is now of long standing, and has ripened into great familiarity, not to say friendship.

'It was at a meeting of the Council of that Society, now, I think, about two years ago. . . . . I happened, *à propos* of some Italian MSS. which had been laid on the table, to say that I had two or three. Mr. Vaux pricked up his ears, and expressed curiosity to know more about them, which was increased when I informed him that two of them related to the Levant. . . . . I promised to give him a further account of them; and I did so in a letter, in which I described their general contents and condition, which I will now repeat, that it may be kept on record. One, which was in perfect condition, and had been somewhat richly bound, was a small quarto or large octavo, entitled "Il Sacco di

Roma," and contained a description of that event by an eye-witness, together with some later portions of Florentine history, in a very fair clear hand. The second was a small folio in vellum, containing an account of the island of Cerigo, anciently Cythera (at the southern point of the Morea), compiled by an officer of the Venetian Government when Venice was mistress of the Morea, partly from the Greek topographer Pausanias, but with observations of his own. The third was by far the most valuable, being a large and thick folio, containing a very elaborate description and history of Scio (the isle of Chios) by a member of the great family of the Giustiniani—the same which sent one of its number in command of the Genoese auxiliaries to the siege of Constantinople, where he was mortally wounded; and, as you may see in Gibbon, thereby occasioned or hastened the fall of the city. This MS. is not in so fair a hand as the others. Some of the pages also have been stained, and towards the end there is a hiatus of several pages. The binding was in a wretched pickle. But the contents were extremely curious and interesting, comprising minute descriptions of buildings and objects which have long disappeared; and, among other things, settling a doubt which Gibbon had no means of clearing up, as to the place where the old Giustiniani died—not at Galata, but at Scio, then and long after a Genoese possession. I was in hopes that there might be a copy of this work in the Library of the British Museum, and that with its aid I might be able to have the hiatus filled up. I learnt, however, from Mr. Vaux, that there was none. I have reason to believe that it must be a very scarce book, for it is mentioned in the Appendix to Daru's

"Histoire de Venise" that there is a French translation of it only in the Royal Library at Turin.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 31 *Jan.*, 1867.

'. . . . Did you know that my birthday was to be solemnised in London by a great Reform demonstration? You are one of the very few who have a right to be in that secret, as I am sure that you will think of me on that day. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Feb.*, 1867.

'. . . . I dare say you will not have failed to observe exultingly the Sabbatical date of this letter. But do not suppose that I am authorising any breach of any commandment. I am doing nothing that I could not defend against the sternest Puritanical casuist. When I am writing to you I am no more doing any "manner of work" than he is when he raises a wine-glass to his lips, and he would hardly have the face to say that the end of his action was a more spiritual kind of enjoyment. . . . . I hope, however, this time to be able to tell you how the Queen looks, and if she should read her Speech that will be the best chance I can have of hearing it. I received an invitation to a grand banquet to be given by the Salters' Company on a rather singular occasion—viz. the admission of the Archbishop of Armagh to the freedom of the Company—by what merits earned I have not the remotest idea. But I felt that I had no right to inflict my deafness on others, and that to sit four or five hours, trying to catch sounds which I could not hear, would be a very unpleasant waste of time. My only comfort is the dumb companion which speaks to the eye. Your

journal brings me back to scenes which once delighted me. I remember the magnificent road from Turin to Torea, and from Aosta to Courmayeur. But surely the trees were walnuts? I have still in my mind the contrast between their greenness and the snowy peaks which ever and anon one saw through them.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 7 *Feb.*, 1867.

'. . . . In the evening I went to hear what I could of the Debate on the Address: and little enough it was, though I sat very near to the Lord Chancellor when he read the Speech. I could not even make out the topics. Still less could I follow Lord Russell or even Lord Derby. But yesterday, after a long spell of rain and close weather, we had a high and dry wind, and this morning I hear sounds which before that change would have been quite inaudible: and I thus have hopes that I may derive some at least temporary benefit from my emersion out of the damp heavy atmosphere of Abergwili, which I know contributes to make my hearing duller than it would be elsewhere, so that I have a chance of gaining by every change of place; and yet, on the other hand, it is a great sacrifice to me to leave home for any other.

'How shall I thank you for your sweet letter? I feel all your kindness at the core of my heart. I shall read the letters with interest, though slowly, as always with MSS. as coming from one who loved you: though this is a privilege which he shared with all who ever had the happiness of knowing you. . . . I am rather in luck in one respect. I see by the paper that Beales's people are to meet on Monday at the Duke of York's column. It happens that from my

balcony I command the whole area where they are to "treat the members of the different clubs with such demonstrations as may be fitting," and may witness them without the slightest trouble or risk. Till the next, all blessings be with you. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 19 *Feb.*, 1867.

'. . . . When I was writing yesterday I forgot what I had said about the birthday procession. I had no need to go on to the balcony or to open my window, for one branch of the procession defiled immediately under it, down Regent Street, on its way to Trafalgar Square, while from another window I could see the main body as it issued from Pall Mall East on its march westward. That which I saw nearest was probably a fair sample of the whole, and, having been an eye-witness, I was amused with the different accounts of the thing which were given by persons who viewed it with different feelings. Some were impressed with the "determined look" of the men, while to the "Saturday Review" it presented the aspect of a "shabby, dispirited, and silent procession." In those that I saw there was as little token of "determination" as of low spirits, and it struck me that they were, in general, dressed rather above than below their condition. But the "silence" was, indeed, only broken by instrumental music. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 23 *Feb.*, 1867.

'I deeply feel the sweet sentiment which disposes you to be "almost satisfied" with such a page as you describe;[1] but I could not, and I think ought not, to

[1] A suggestion that the Bishop should not trouble himself by writing a long letter.

bring myself to write such a nominal letter. . . . . Your suggestion reminds me of the last picture in "Fun." A number of M.P.s, with Bright and Russell at their head, are thronging with eager curiosity to look at a large picture of Reform in a magnificent frame. Disraeli is standing on the other side, and, with great solemnity and earnestness, is drawing aside a curtain, which reveals a perfectly blank canvas, which he invites them to fill up as they think best. (Here I am forced to go out. On my return.) But was I forced? That is a knotty metaphysical question. I was only forced so far as I had previously made up my mind to go and see the designs for the new Law Courts at Lincoln's Inn, and this was the last day and the last hour for seeing them. That was the motive, and it prevailed, with the less reluctance as I thought you might like to hear a little about them. They are all gigantic, and I suppose the plainest would cost three or four times the two-thirds of a million now allotted to them. Scott's were, perhaps, the most sumptuous, but the least practical, not only on account of the enormous expense of the execution, but also on account of the exceeding richness and delicacy of the ornaments, all of which would be inevitably effaced by the soot of a single winter. I think, on the whole, I was rather inclined in favour of Street's, which had been evidently, and I think happily, affected by his study of the Spanish architecture, manifesting itself in a plain and massive style which I thought well suited to the purpose of the building. . . . .

'The moment before I sallied out arrived a parcel which I hastily opened and found the—I was going to say—inclosed letter from Mrs. Austin. For I found

one from her of which I only read the first sentence, which announced that the parcel was for the "charming ——." Now will you believe such a misery? but I have been hunting in vain for the letter, and cannot inclose it. The parcel is a Welsh Bible, "which was found on the beach at Boulogne a few days after the wreck of the *Amphitrite* convict ship, in which more than a hundred women under sentence of transportation perished."'

'*St. David's Day*, 1 REGENT STREET, 1867.

'I was not able yesterday even to open your letter —which I reserved to refresh me after the morning's work—before post time, as I lost the whole forenoon for practical purposes, though otherwise by no means unpleasantly, and what remained was barely sufficient for the most indispensable despatches. Did you ever breakfast in London? or, in other words, go out to a London breakfast? Very few ladies do, and therefore it is not unlikely that you never did. In fact, the number of people who give them is very small, and has in my own time been sadly reduced by the departure of Rogers, Hallam, and Macaulay. But Milnes still continues to give breakfasts, and his were always among the pleasantest, partly from his knowing everybody, and partly from his fancy for bringing the apparently most incongruous people together—as I once met an officer in the Egyptian service who was a French renegade. It was with him I spent my forenoon. The party consisted entirely of men, all more or less of mark. I am grieved to find that the shock from the fire at Crewe has permanently affected Lady Houghton's health, so as to cause the greatest uneasiness. Among

the party were two Americans, both agreeable, and one, whose name you may have heard—Bayard Taylor—of some distinction as a traveller and a poet. There was also a young peer, Lord Wentworth, who possesses the interest of being Lord Byron's grandson. . . . . I had seen very little of him before, and I did not hear him say anything at breakfast; but, as we were leaving the house at the same time and going the same way, we walked together as far as my hotel, engaged in the most earnest conversation on the subject of Ritualism, which he opened almost the moment we set out, and pursued with great eagerness, not without ability, though many of his notions needed correction. I wonder what his grandfather would have thought if he could have heard it! . . . .

'I am perplexed by a mystery in which I suspect you to have had some part. What other good fairy could have sent me the present which I received yesterday afternoon, of a long, low, light box, which, on opening it, I found to contain—a splendid leek. I shall certainly wear it this evening, and hope I shall not be singular, but hardly think many others will be able to show anything so handsome. . . . .[1]

[1] 'The Britains on this day (St. David's Day) constantly wear a leek, in memory of a famous and notable victory obtained by them over the *Saxons*; they during the battel, having leeks in their hats for their military colours and distinction of themselves, by the persuasion of the said Prelate, St. David.'—*Ecclesia Gemans*, 1677.

In 1346, the battle of Cressy was fought, where the Welsh acquired great fame for their brave achievements in support of Edward, the Black Prince. It was at this time that Captain Cadwgan Voel called to the Welsh, desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle there being in a field of leeks; and when they looked about, they were all Welshmen in that locality except 130; and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks.—*Ancient Welsh*

'. . . . To-morrow I go by appointment with Mr. Vaux to the British Museum, to see the Blacas collection of gems—one of the very few subjects on which Gladstone and Disraeli were unanimous. That reminds me that on the 25th ult. I worked my way through the most fearful crush, perhaps, ever known in the lobby of the House of Commons, to a seat under the gallery, and heard Disraeli, Lowe, Bright, and Gladstone. Disraeli spoke as from an uneasy consciousness, and received no encouragement from his friends. Lowe's speech was sparkling with no doubt carefully prepared but happy points, which provoked much laughter; but he certainly did not sit down, as the "Times" reported, amid loud cheers. They were few and faint, and, I imagine, presented a strong contrast to the enthusiasm with which he was greeted last year. Bright's voice appeared to be out of order, but his speech was a fair sample of his style of eloquence. I was struck by one thing: that during Lowe's speech, and before, when Disraeli said several things with which the House was much amused, Bright never for a moment relaxed his severe features into a smile. . . . . There is an evident beginning of divergence between him and Gladstone, which must go on widening. . . . .

'Landseer's lions are very splendid creatures—real, not conventional. They improve the whole aspect of the square immensely. It is said there is to be another Reform gathering there to-morrow. I hope no damage will be done to the lions. They are too good

Manuscripts, collected by the late Edward Williams Iolo Morganwg (translation).

not to provoke attacks, and hardly seem to be sufficiently protected.

'One of the persons I met last night was the poet Browning. I was amused to find that he has a pet owl who is inseparable from him. He gave a very entertaining description of his struggles to reach his own house after dining out on the night when every street in London was a sheet of the smoothest ice, and only four cabs, as the drivers asserted, in circulation. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *March*, 1867.

'. . . . I am *de retour* from the Museum, where Vaux showed me the Blacas collection. But I have not carried away much that could be interesting or useful to you, unless it be a warning not to invest large sums of money in the purchase of ancient gems. It seems there are two or three places in Germany where they are manufactured in great numbers, so skilfully as to deceive the most experienced connoisseurs. One main element in the value of the Blacas collection is its unquestionable genuineness. Most of the objects have been long known and described. The largest and most precious are few in number. Their beauty must strike every eye, but of course cannot be conveyed by any description. The finest of all is a cameo, a head of Augustus. It was encircled in the Byzantine period with a diadem of gems, which, to the taste of the original artist, would no doubt have seemed to disfigure it, as the metal crowns, which you know the Jesuits are in the habit of fixing on painted heads of the Madonna. The smaller pieces are at present so placed that they cannot be clearly seen without being taken out and brought near to the eye.

'There are also some curious silver vessels adorned with groups of figures, of late workmanship, supposed to be nuptial presents. There was also one case of gold articles of dress.' [1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 18 *March*, 1867.

'I now breathe again a little, the white-robed ones having taken flight. I now want very much to hear that you have returned home safe and sound, though it will be little short of a miracle if you have escaped through such a week . . . . without catching cold. I have not escaped myself, and the only wonder is that any one not made of cast iron, should. As I stood in front of the east window of the church I felt a torrent of cold air rushing in, and thought that some pane must have been broken. I afterwards felt the severity of the blast as I was feeding my geese—a duty which is most indispensable when the state of the weather renders it most unpleasant; but as my head was covered I do not attribute the result to this, but rather, if it was of any use to guess, to the blow in church. The cold declared itself only as I was sitting down to dinner. My chaplain exhibited five homœopathic globules to me before bedtime. Possibly they have done me some good,

[1] 'The Blacas Museum, purchased at Paris in the month of November 1866, was principally formed by the father of the late Duke de Blacas, who was French Ambassador at Rome, and at Naples for many years, and who was distinguished for his knowledge of ancient art . . . . gems. This cabinet has been known to connoisseurs for many years as one of the finest private collections in Europe. It was principally formed by the purchase of the chief part of the Strozzi cabinet, and of the collections of Dr. Bartle, physician to the Emperor Joseph II., and of Baron della Turbie. Nearly all the most valuable gems in the Blacas Museum come from the Strozzi cabinet, which was formed at Rome more than a century ago.'—*A Guide to the Blacas Collection of Antiquities.*' C. T. Newton.

though I have not got rid of the cold. My hope is that it may serve for both of us.

'During these dreadful bitter gales I cannot help thinking of poor souls who are struggling with them at sea, in terror for their lives, which alone diverts the sense of intense bodily suffering.

'I also return the "Tichbourne Dole."[1] It need not be the less historically exact, because there are, I believe, a good many such stories illustrating the peril of sacrilegious confiscation of Church property. A person of a sceptical turn might odiously suspect that, though the main facts are true, the "prophecy" may have been ante-dated. And I suppose there are nowadays people who would go the length of raising the question whether Lady Mabel's genuvagations gave the land its name, or the name—perhaps through a false spelling—suggested the legend. Let us, my dearest, beware of so picking such tender flowers to pieces as to lose all their beauty and fragrance, and keep nothing but a handful of dry yellow leaves. Your ghost story is very good, and I would swear to it. . . . . I have been reading over your letters of the last fortnight again. They are so full of pleasant things that I can hardly touch on all of them. I never saw that daughter of Lord Lovelace, nor, as far as I know, himself. Many years ago I was on a visit at Ockham to the old Lord King, who was a very agreeable, and, I believe, a kind-hearted man. Lord Lovelace was at that time in Greece, taking part, I believe, in the War of Independence; and I remember he had sent several Greek newspapers home. But his father did not at all sympathise with his Philhellenic enthusiasm, and thought

[1] Appendix D.

it was thrown away.' . . . . You probably know that Lady Lovelace for a long while enjoyed the credit of being the author of "Vestiges of Creation."

'May not the crow who was the object of that combined attack from his fellows have been previously hurt and helpless?—a condition which is supposed to provoke hostility among several of the lower tribes of animals, if not sometimes among certain classes of the human race. I remembered "Clear and Cool," though I could not have said where I had read it. I am quite as curious as —— to know what songs you actually sang after all. . . . .

'I wish with all my heart that I had a British coin which would confute that abominable theory[1] which excites your just indignation. One could almost find in one's heart to manufacture one for the purpose. But the fact is, that I am in a state of shameful ignorance with regard to coins, especially those of Britain.

'Yes. I saw the eclipse very well, though not better than the preceding one, which was rather more striking as to the chiaro-oscuro. What a long time has gone by since I saw an annular eclipse—I believe a very rare phenomenon—at Strasburg! I think it was in 1822 or 1823.

'As you expressed a wish to know what I had said on St. David's Day, I send a report which has come this morning. I do it partly for my own sake, because you might have received it from some other quarter, and I should have been sorry that you should have supposed I had uttered the nonsense of the concluding

[1] The theory that no British coins have been found west of the Severn.

sentences. But thereby hangs a tale, which I must not suppress, though it is not flattering to my self-love. The part relating to the Church was listened to patiently and with some appearance of interest; but when I entered on the topic of the Church in Wales, cries arose from the farther part of the room of "Time! Time!" meaning that I was taking up too much. You will of course believe that they were the effect of impatience, not on the part of those who heard, but of those who could not hear. You may also attribute it to the general eagerness for the procession of the children, which was to begin next. I know that your hypothesis, whatever it may be, will be that which will most soothe my self-complacency. The effect, however, was that the first part of the speech, which could not altogether have taken up more than three minutes, is reported correctly enough, with the exception of two absurd epithets, while the end is a mass of nonsense. . . . .

'Yesterday there was an evident struggle between Wind and Snow—Wind acting as policeman, and saying in a very gruff voice, "Snow, you must keep off." One therefore supposed that when notwithstanding Snow came down it would bring Wind down with it. But lo! Snow has come down with Wind on its back. How am I to get to my geese? I know what you think of my going to them on such a day. But when, if not now, can they be glad to see me and miss my coming more?

'I am reading two books which you must read some time or other—Massimo d'Azeglio's autobiography, "I miei Ricordi," and Dixon's "New America," which is intensely interesting and quite admirably written.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *March*, 1867.

'. . . . I am glad that I wrote to you yesterday, for the object of this note is really nothing better than an apology in anticipation. Is it not very provoking, but it is the fact, that before I have received the proofs of my pamphlet in defence of my charge, I have been obliged to put another on the stocks, on a different though kindred subject. I hope it may prove very short, but when once one begins such a thing, there is no saying to what length it may run, as I am so constituted that, until it is finished, I can turn my mind to nothing else except absolutely necessary business. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *March*, 1867.

'You will have been reassured by the report I sent as to the last instance of my supposed imprudence. But for your further comfort let me remind you that it was nothing new, but that I have been addicted to the same habit for many years, and doing the same thing for many winters, and in more severe weather than that of this March, and not only without any harm, but with great benefit, of which I am sure you would not wish to deprive me by inducing me to take any rash vow. There have been days out of number when, if it had not been for the sake of my geese, I should not have stirred out of doors, and should have lost the exercise which has no doubt contributed to my health and vigour, and has lengthened my life. When you think of my geese as creatures to which I am indebted for such benefits, you will feel that I cannot do too much for them. Fresh snow is beginning to fall, though the old is lying in large patches. Addio, Carissima!'

'*Lady Day*, ABERGWILI PALACE.

'I have, thank God, got rid of my second pamphlet, and so feel as if I was enjoying a holiday, though in fact it is only the difference between one kind of work and another; only I always find that anything I am preparing for the press unfits me for any other kind of work. I had no right to complain of attacks on my Charge, as I could not but be conscious that it contained things which must be very disagreeable to a great number of people; and, in fact, I find that I have put my foot into a nest of hornets.

'Pray do not abuse the people who cried "Time." It was a voice of nature which they could not suppress; and they no doubt believed that they were promoting the interest of all present, and, perhaps, were doing so. I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my reception, but, on the contrary, as I followed in the wake of the royalties down the hall, was surprised to find myself very warmly cheered by a number of persons whose friendly faces were unknown to me, though they were lighted up with manifest enthusiasm at the sight of mine. Also in the crush-room some one equally unknown to me thanked me for my speech, and expressed a hope that it would be reported. That was surely balm enough to heal the wound inflicted on my self-love if I had been more sensitive to such hurts than I am. But the fact is, that the form which my self-love takes is that of pride much more than of vanity. But of this more than enough.

'How many escapes you have had for which I ought to be—and am—deeply thankful. I believe your greatest dangers were not in the snowdrifts nor in the inn at ——, but in the Hall of Æolus. I re-

member the last time I was there—now several years ago . . . . I suffered great misery from cold, even while standing by a blazing fire, and you must have found it in the lowest temperature. From your silence as to this misery I would hope that some means have been found of effectually warming the Hall.

'I was very glad indeed to see that account of the Princess of Wales. I had begun to suspect she was worse than it was thought proper to admit. The loss of her would be an irreparable misfortune. How delightful is this foretaste of spring. I have often thought of making an excursion to you, but there has always been some reason or other for putting it off to a more convenient season. . . . . '

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *April*, 1867.

' . . . . I am much obliged for the sight of that pleasant letter from Henri Martin. I am not yet *au courant* of the discoveries to which he alludes in Cambodge. What are they, and where is there an account of them to be found?[1]

'I rejoice that you are perpetuating some of your choicest Italian recollections. I retain a rather livelier image of Lugano than of most parts of the Lake region, having visited it twice: once, when with a party of friends I crossed over to it from the Lake of Como; and again, when having walked through Switzerland from Schaffhausen, crossing the St. Gothard on the 2nd November, and having paced the dreary monotonous valley which ends at Bellinzona with a friend (and

[1] In reference to the discovery of the great city of Angkor, the ancient capital of Cambodia, in what is now the Siamese territory north of the Great Lake.

servant who acted as pack-horse), our patience, though not our strength, gave way, and at Bellinzona we took a carriage to Lugano, having originally intended to walk to Milan.

'I do remember having seen marvellous Luinis at Lugano, but that is the only fact I can recall. We did not scale San Salvatore. That Lago di Piano I do not remember to have seen.

'I am waiting for the account of your visit to Varese, where the panorama of the Alps, visible from the Monte, impressed me more deeply than any I have ever seen. I saw it both morning and evening, and I do not know which view more took away one's breath. I hope you did not miss it. I cannot give you a stronger proof of my affection than that hope—if it is sincere; because I dare say you know that, when travellers interchange their experience, nothing delights them so much as to find that they have seen something interesting which others lost. It is not amiable, but it is human nature.

'——. Why should you suppose that I think you *superficial*, because I consider your reading of my Charge as an act of heroic sacrifice to friendship? Surely you do not pretend to the privilege of an appetite for reading so indiscriminately ravenous, that you never find any dry. I must own that though my own book-hunger is very keen, I cannot say that nothing comes amiss to me, but must own that there are some kinds of books which I find it very hard to read; and I remember seeing it observed, I think in the "Times," that my Charge was "very hard reading." If you insist upon it that you are equal to any, pray ask your father to let you have Fearne's "Treatise on Contingent Remainders," and shut yourself up with it (alone) between

breakfast and luncheon. It is considered quite a classical work—the most eloquent piece of law in our language. Or ask for "Saunders on Uses," or for the volume of "Comyn's Digest" containing the Law of Real Property. In fact, I would almost consent to test your universality by the second book of Blackstone, though lawyers, I believe, count that almost frivolous reading. Whenever you are able to lay your hand on your heart and declare that you have spent a pleasant morning over any of these productions—I will not even ask you to read through the Church Building Acts, but will admit that I have done you a wrong, and throw myself on your mercy.

'As there is evidently nothing of mine which you cannot read, I send you a sermon.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *April*, 1867.

'. . . . I forgot the other day to ask what was the book which you heard at —— I had recommended. I like to know what you are doing—at this moment, I hope and trust, taking a drive to enjoy the opening spring; but particularly what you are reading, and most particularly when it is a book which I may be said indirectly to have put into your hands. Adieu, dearest ——.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *April*, 1867.

'. . . . With this you will receive my second pamphlet, which I hope will be the last I shall have occasion to write for a long time to come. I send it to your father that he may report upon it, and enable you to judge at what time of the day it is likely to agree with you best. I am glad that my little godson[1] has

[1] Connop Fitzroy Stewart Perowne.

the good sense to take after me in any point in which I appear to advantage. But I should have been quite at a loss to account for the peculiar quality you attribute to my smile if my portrait had not cleared up the mystery. . . . . In the last volume of the Camden Society there is a portrait of Christina, Queen of Sweden. Is it not odd that it represents her in a regular Welshwoman's hat with a very broad brim?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *April*, 1867.

'. . . . I really cannot approve of your making yourself a martyr by reading or attempting to read that history, which is generally admitted to be excessively dry and hard—worse, if possible, than a Charge. But I am particularly anxious to know whether you have been reading the first edition, as it appeared in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," or that in eight vols. octavo, which was published afterwards. If it is the former, let me adjure you to lay it aside, and return to the much more pleasant as well as profitable reading of M. Martin's excellent work. If you insisted that you could not be happy without a farther sacrifice to mine, some opportunity may be found, or made, of supplying you with the Library edition, which, especially in some of the later volumes, contains very important additions and corrections, and is the only one I recognise as my work, though God knows I have little reason to be proud of it.

'You have so often, in spite of my protestations—which you choose to treat as modesty, when they are simple truth—talked of my memory as superlatively strong, that I must tell you a fact which will dumbfound you on that head. Know, then, that I read that letter

from Boulak in "Macmillan"[1] without the slightest suspicion that I had ever seen it before, though I felt the like pang for the poor black lamb and its separation from the little white pussy. Go to. I think you will not easily find a "good memory" to match that. But you will be the better prepared for another atrocious blunder which I have just found out. I had intended to send you the number of "Macmillan" containing Max Müller's paper, which I wished you to read, as you are one of the very few ladies who could read it with interest and pleasure. But when you told me you had received the one containing the Boulak letter, I fancied it was the April number, and was going to ask what you thought of its contents. Now, however, I send it by this post. I think it is in other respects a good number. . . . . I return Mr. ——'s letter. I wonder whether you are more annoyed or flattered by his mistake. The surprising thing to me is, not that he should have thought that yours could not be a lady's hand, but that he should have fancied it might be Sir ——.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *April*, 1867.

'I do not know how much I shall be able to say, or shall be forced to leave unsaid, before post time, and therefore begin at the latest and most practical question as to my future. Yes! I do intend to preach at St.

[1] 'The Nile is rising fast. We shall kill the poor little Luxor black lamb on the day of the opening of the Canal, and have a fantasia at night; only I grieve for my little white pussy, who sleeps every night on Ablook's (the lamb) woolly neck and loves him dearly. Pussy (biss is Arabic for puss) was the gift of a Coptic boy at Luxor, and is wondrous funny, and as much more active and lissom than an European cat, as an Arab is than an Englishman.'—'Longshore Life at Boulak' (a letter), by Lady Duff Gordon. *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1867.

Peter's next Sunday; but I strongly advise you to adhere to the path of duty, as you may rest assured you will gain nothing by departing from it. And I, who am to supply the motive, ought to know. Next, I must try to take off the edge of your curiosity by a little account of the past.

'On the whole, my second visit was quite as satisfactory, in some respects even more pleasant, than the first, though singularly different in its circumstances. I arrived at six, when the Queen was out for a drive, and expected as usual to dine with the household, the preacher being always invited to the royal table, if at all, for the Sunday. I was therefore much surprised by receiving a message that I was to dine with the Queen that evening. We were nine at table: five of the Royal Family, including the Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Arthur, and Princess Louise, and four guests, Lady Churchill, Countess Blücher, the Dean of Windsor, and myself. The conversation at dinner was entirely sustained between the Queen and the guests. When the Queen rose she came directly to me, and we had a very long chat, beginning with my Charge, which she had been reading. She then passed to Celtic matters —the visit to Tenby—making me observe how "Arthur" had grown since, and the appropriateness of his name. Then we interchanged information about Celtic dialects; she was not aware of the exact relation between them; but in return for the Welsh for Queen was able to tell me the Gaelic, *ban-ri*, which I did not know, and which she not only knew, but perfectly understood in its etymology. She had not been aware that I was able to preach, &c., in Welsh. The first thing I heard at breakfast next morning (after a loud peal in honour

of the Princess Beatrice's birthday, which Lord J. Manners took for an alarm of fire) was that the Princess C. had been taken ill that night at three, within six hours after I had been at table with her! And we were kept in suspense until five P.M., when it ended happily, as you will have seen.

'After breakfast she sent me a message by the Dean of Windsor, that she was very sorry she should not be able to attend the twelve o'clock service, and asking me to send her the MS. of my sermon, which of course I did as soon as it was discharged. The afternoon was very pleasantly divided between the library—magnificent oriental MSS. and rare miniatures—St. George's Chapel and a wonderful dramatic anthem—which, though arranged by Dr. Elvey, I believe to be of mediæval origin, being a musical picture of the Crucifixion—a stroll on the terrace, and, finally, the household dinner, where all the people were very pleasant, and among the ladies was a sister of Lady Cawdor. We drank the healths of the aunt and nephew. I do not know whether the latter is destined to produce any great convulsions of 'society; but it is a fact that his birth was preceded and accompanied by a tempest which forced everybody to walk in the figure of P to prevent the severance of the hat from the head.

'I must now break off this very rough sketch, and return afterwards to your letters.'

'18 *April*, 1867.

'. . . . Grote's great work is not less distinguished by extensive and accurate *learning*, than by depth and originality of thought, and it is very *popular* with readers who are able to appreciate these qualities. . . . .

Mr. —— does not seem to be aware that we have a book on Mahomet and Islam far superior to that of Barthélemy St. Hilaire—Col. Muir's "Life of Mahomet," drawn with great accuracy and judgment from the original sources, to which, I believe, the Frenchman had not access. I think that opinion has veered round from an unjust depreciation to an extravagant and unfounded admiration of the Prophet, who was not a Mahometan any more than Wilkes was a Wilkite.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 24 *April*, 1867.

'Pity me, and do not wonder if I am silent for a space. Another attack on poor Charge—this time from the Bishop of Capetown—and requiring a speedy reply. And I engaged to go out to-morrow to preach and sleep in Pembrokeshire, with destruction of two days.

'Chaos smiles grimly under your compassionate eye, rejoicing not to be thought utterly odious and frightful. Yet the sight of it makes the Anarch groan, and wish that the beams of that eye could have transformed it into a Kosmos.[1] Adieu ——. . . . .'

[1] 'Who that has seen it will not remember Chaos? (as he playfully called the library in which he used to sit). Its quiet light, its dim recesses, the cat purring on the hearth, the chairs all unavailable until cleared of the books and pamphlets with which, like the tables, they were crowded, the drawers full of unarranged letters, papers, MSS., into which the Bishop, opening them, looked with pitiful and perplexed eyes, yet when offered help would invariably answer, "I can seldom find anything in them now, but if they were set to rights for me I should certainly find nothing then." And, over all, the presence that made peace and pleasantness, the life in its outward seeming eventless, within how eventful?'—Preface to the Volume of Letters edited by the Dean of Peterborough and Mr. Louis Stokes.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 29 *April*, 1867.

'Can you set the C. bells a-ringing? At least wish me joy. I have sent the "Reply" to press. I hope my last pamphlet of this year.

'I will say that you are a brave one to stand up for your friends. But you had no doubt forgotten the part of my "Charge" in which I animadverted severely on Capetown's proceedings. It was unavoidable that he should answer me, and equally so that I should reply to him.

'The rest hereafter, as I have now no time for more. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *May*, 1867.

'You have now fairly earned a full account of all that I did;[1] and, indeed, it is full time that I should send it, for, with your opinion of my memory, you will hardly believe that I have already forgotten a part of it. I must, however, tell you not only what I did, but what I thought. I was under an impression—which is, perhaps, quite erroneous—that a Welsh nurse, though she might have more relish for poetry than an English one, still would not be likely to enjoy any other than of the plainest kind, such as the "Canwyll Cymru" or hymns. . . . . The reading which is most universally enjoyed is I believe prose narrative; and so it occurred to me that I possessed a story which I had read many years ago with some pleasure, entitled, "Y Bardd, neu y Meudwy Cymreig," by W. E. Jones (Cawrdaf). This was afterwards inserted in a posthumous edition of his works, which was dedicated to me, with a very hyper-

[1] The Queen desired the Bishop to select and send Welsh books for Princess Christian's Welsh nurse.

bolical ode, by the editor, and of which I had more than one copy. . . . . The story I thought she would like. I therefore at once sent it off to Windsor by book post, and with it another volume of miscellaneous prose and verse, chiefly because it was dedicated to the Queen and contained a poem on the Princess Victoria. I believed that I had a duplicate of this also, but now I cannot find it; and I have forgotten the title (a fancy one), and am not sure about the author's name, though I think it was Edwardes, and I know he is a clergyman. At the same time I directed Spurrell to make up a parcel containing "Drych y Prif Oesoedd," "Hanes y Ffydd," "Y Bardd Cwsg," and one of the rival translations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." . . . . I am rather sorry that I did not add the "Canwyll." . . . . A native work which was not thoroughly serious, in the sense of having a decided religious tendency, it would, I believe, be very difficult to find. The "Bardd Cwsg" is very racy Welsh, with very lively descriptions —the idea probably suggested by Quevedo. . . . .

'I am drawing near the end of "I miei Ricordi." For a picture of Italian life, and a portrait of a noble Italian mind and character, I know nothing that equals it. I have also a fresh batch of delicious Erckmann-Chatrians, which you must read some of these days.

'This morning was so glorious that I actually thought of going out for a drive. It has now clouded over, so that I do not know whether I shall not want an umbrella to visit my geese. Adieu ——.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 9 *May*, 1867.

'This is mainly a despatch on matters of business. First, I have to announce the safe arrival of the "Mac-

millan," and the departure of a copy of my "Reply to the Bishop of Capetown." This is for your father, and it is more in his way than any of the preceding pamphlets, as it has more to do with law than divinity. You are only to read it if he thinks it will do you good. And *then*, mind, only on condition that you begin with reading the Bishop of Capetown's letter. Next, pull up your fancy, which is running away with you into all kinds of sinister passages, in search of some disorder to explain my supposed want of spirits at my great military banquet. I was quite in my best health all the time, and have been ever since. But there were several causes to prevent me from showing any exuberant flow of spirits. First, I do not know how it may be with others, but for myself a large party, consisting in great part of persons whom I never saw before, is not one at which—when I am the host, or even if only one of the guests—my spirits are apt to be most buoyant. Still I was really very much pleased with my company. But, secondly, there was the drawback that on this occasion, when I had need of my best hearing, I happened to have a deaf fit upon me, and was painfully conscious of the annoyance I was inflicting on Mrs. F. Lloyd Philipps, with whom I chiefly attempted conversation. Then, thirdly, during the whole evening, from the time of going up to the drawing-room after dinner until the departure I was immersed in a brown study, trying first to learn, and then to remember, the names of my guests, especially the ladies, and becoming more and more conscious that it was in vain, and that I must give it up in despair. . . . . A brown study, I believe, does not make anyone look lively. But, fourthly and lastly, but not

leastly, the playing and singing we had only made me think what a different thing it would have been if you had been there. Any one of these causes would have been sufficient to account for my heaviness. The effect when all were combined must have been overwhelming. . . . .

'Of politics and all other things at a future time.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *May*, 1867.

'. . . . I have not yet heard sweet cuckoo this year. Indeed, though it would have been late enough in the month, it would have been too early in the weather. But it has now cleared up, and I am going out to try whether I can catch the delightful sound, which, however, one ought never to hear but in sunshine.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *May*, 1867.

'I am quite perplexed as well as dejected by the weather. I cannot carry my memory or even my imagination back to that fine evening you speak of. The general impression which the month has hitherto made on my mind is that of extreme unnatural inclemency; and then how puzzling it is to find that in London they have had tropical heat, and that people have been killed by sunstrokes. In winter I rather enjoy howling wind and pelting rain, but to have lowering skies, wet, and cold, while the most beautiful blossoms of the spring only want a gleam of sunshine to light them up, is to me quite afflicting. It seemed this morning as if there must be some iceberg sailing through the Irish Channel. You ask about my Sunday letters. Yes, I receive them, but as, with one exception, I hate the sight of them, I seldom open them

before Black Monday. How can I be otherwise than delighted with your sweet partiality for everything belonging to me, which finds *my* deafness harmless and *my* chaos agreeable? No doubt the deaf man himself is the chief sufferer, as he loses nine-tenths of what is said around him, and only saves the remainder by bothering his neighbour. But I know from experience the inconvenience of intercourse with deaf people when you can never be sure that they have heard what you say, and that you and they are not at cross purposes.

'As your study of the history of ancient Greece ought to quicken your interest in her present fortunes, I hope you observed that the King of Greece is travelling *incog.* under the title of Marquis of Sparta. How difficult it would have been for Tiresias to have explained that to Menelaus. There is only one point in which my recollection of things at Milan does not agree with your description. When I was there I was told that after the first night of a new opera or ballet, and one commonly lasted a whole season, people never went to their boxes to hear or see anything on the stage, but to play cards, sip ices, gossip, &c. Can there have been a change since? Your remarks on the position of the royal box are quite just. At the San Carlo, at Naples, the royal box was over the stage; and the more effectually to guard majesty from scenic illusion, when the King was there a sentinel was always opposite him on the stage.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 16 *May*, 1867.

'I return the ghost story and M. Martin's letter, with many thanks. The story is a very good one. In common with others of the same class it suggests a

question which I have never seen satisfactorily answered, "What do you mean by a ghost?" That I think is a fair question, because it does not require you to account for anything, but only to say what is passing in your own mind. The information given by M. Martin does not quite satisfy my curiosity on either point. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 18 *May*, 1867.

'. . . . The tenants of the boxes at the Scala were certainly Italian families. I doubt whether Austrians —who were all either military or civil officers—ever appeared anywhere but in the pit, and I think the military at least had there *libero ingresso*. I believe the finances of the theatre could not afford more than one opera and one ballet for a season. But I remember there was a small theatre—the name of which I forget —near the Piazza del Duomo, devoted I think to comic operas, *e.g.* Cinderella, which were pleasanter than the performances of the Scala . . . . Perhaps the *incog.* of the Marquis of Sparta would have been less striking but that he was travelling with the Duke of (Modern) Athens. Addio Carissima!'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *May*, 1867.

'I am forced to send a most hurried scrawl, and am not sure that I shall be able to do even so much again before I leave for London next Friday, as the agonies of preparation for that journey always grow more and more intense and absorbing every day. But I must answer two of your questions before I forget them. Let it then sink into your mind that the last time I saw Milan was in 1819—interval, I think, long enough for a picture or two to slip out of a memory much more

tenacious than mine. In the year following I was again in Italy, but only in the north-west corner, for the Cornice, Genoa, Turin, Ivrea, Aosta, my walk of fifteen hours from Courmayeur to Contamines, &c., &c.

Your *tu quoque* is delicious. To ask me what *I* mean by a ghost? Dearest of all ghost story-tellers, the very gist—as your father would say—of the difficulty I find in following my inclination to believe all that you relate, is just that to my mind the word has no meaning at all that I am able to grasp. When I hear it I do not know whether I am thinking of body or spirit, and the acts attributed to it seem to belong to neither.

'I am really saddened by this mysterious preternatural weather—like a long-protracted semi-eclipse accompanied by a strange ominous stillness. I am sure that the birds all feel the depressing influence. You hardly see, still less hear any. If a rook is to be seen it is evidently only some very pressing business that has brought him out of doors. I could fancy anything ready to come, an earthquake, or a collision with some strange body crossing our path. We have had a little rain, but not followed by any sunshine, and I am sure that the clouds mean something more than that; the air, however, is warm enough to enable me to feed my geese in perfect safety.

'Did you know that the iceberg hypothesis has been recently superseded by another? That it is supposed there have been shoals of meteoroliths a few millions of miles off revolving round the sun and intercepting its beams? Certainly this morning the state of the sky quite corresponded with that hypothesis, the appearance being very like that of a partial eclipse. Only it strikes me that there is one objection to the

hypothesis, which I do not know how to meet. One would suppose that the effect of such a screen comparatively near the sun must be felt alike in all parts of the globe, at least in the same continent; but it seems from your friend's description that it has not affected the climate of Italy. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 28 *May*, 1867.

'I accomplished my journey to town in great safety, without any incident more interesting to me than the finishing of one book and the beginning of another; and as often as I took any notice of the outer world it was to enjoy some pleasant picture lighted up by a bright sun, and as I viewed it in a temperature much higher than that of the outer air there was nothing to mar my enjoyment. I am thankful for your tender anxiety, but pray bear in mind that I am not a hot-house plant, not peculiarly susceptible of colds, but quite the reverse—unapt to catch one, and apt to get rid of it very easily. Saturday was one of Kingsley's iron-grey days. I devoted a good part of the morning—not knowing when I might have another opportunity—to an attempt to see the Exhibition. It succeeded but imperfectly, for as most of the more remarkable pictures were on a level with the spectators, who formed a screen close to them, I could only catch glimpses of them, and never saw more than about half a one at a time. I hope to be able to go again when the crowd is ebbing. I was well pleased with Millais' "Jephtha," and inclined to prefer it to any of his former doings.

'To return to the weather, the most engrossing of all topics next to the compound householder. A night's rain brought a sweet relenting of the season on Sunday,

which has lasted until now, with frequent alternations of shower and sunshine. . . . .

'You profess to want to know "exactly" what I think of Stuart Mill's speech on Female Suffrage. I cannot help suspecting that what you are really curious to know, is not so much what I think of the speech, as how I should have voted on the motion. With regard to the speech, I believe it is generally admitted by Stuart Mill's friends and admirers that it was not, on the whole, one of his happiest, and that as an argument it was only partially successful. It succeeded as a proof that there are many things amiss in the condition of the better half of mankind which urgently call for amendment, but it failed to make out a clear connection between this object and that of his motion; and I cannot help doubting very much whether any such connection really exists, except so far as the motion itself, being placed on this as its main ground, serves to draw more of public attention to the evil which is to be remedied. It seems to me that for any other purpose the motion was premature, and that the state of society is not yet ripe for it. It seems reasonable to expect that whatever any Parliament would be willing to do for bettering the condition of women will have been done long before women, if they had the suffrage, would be able to return a majority. All those who voted with Stuart Mill must be supposed to be willing to promote any of the reforms which were the professed object of the motion. But of those who voted against it, the majority at least may have been quite as much in favour of such reforms. Why should the advocates of the rights of women wait until it has become a Cabinet question before they introduce a series of

measures for the redress of their wrongs? They would probably find that they were quite as effectually supported by their fair clients without as with the suffrage. This will, perhaps, suffice to give you an inkling of my mind. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 7 *June*, 1867.

'Even if I had known sooner where a letter would find you I should have been a very, not unwilling, but sorry correspondent, from two causes not depending on myself—first, scarcity of time for writing amidst the distractions of Convocation, Parliament, and other engagements; and next, want of something to write about, as nothing has happened to me that could be of the slightest interest to you, unless it was something you might learn from the newspapers. When I look back I can remember nothing to tell you of a specific kind, except that in the evening of the day I wrote last I had again the pleasure of meeting M. Ernest de Bunsen, and witnessing the display of his vocal powers, which I enjoy. He gave Beethoven's "Adelaide" most admirably. I had never heard it before but once, at a concert, sung by a very famous German, whose name I forget, but I think he could hardly have surpassed M. E. de Bunsen in the delicacy of the execution. After this comes a blank, and the general impression it has left on my mind is rather dreary. I cannot say that I have much enjoyed town, and yet have had less than usual longing for the country, as there has been, on the whole, very little seasonable weather. Last Sunday was rather too hot, and since then we have had almost constantly wet or cloudy days.

'I managed to give two pretty long visits to the

Exhibition. Millais' three pictures ("Jephtha" and *two* children, one at night and the other in the morning) deserve all the praise you have heard of them. I am glad that you have enjoyed your visit to Oxford. How good it was of you to go and see Saturn; he must be now of a great age. I hope you found him pretty well for his years.[1]

'I dare say you remember the statue of Edward III. in the Great Court of Trinity, under which you may have noticed an arch and a staircase. That staircase led up to the last set of rooms I occupied. Directly opposite, you may remember, is a tower over a gateway. In the upper floor of that tower is the set I occupied first. In Neville's Court, on the right, you passed by two staircases which led up, to rooms [2] where I passed the intermediate period. I hope you will be able to give a satisfactory account of your visit to Cambridge. . . . . On Monday I am going on an excursion to Canterbury, on a visit to Canon Blakesley.[3] I had expected to return to Abergwili next week; but my name has been placed on the Rubric Commission, and I find there will be two meetings which I shall be able to attend, and must therefore remain in town for the purpose. The second will be on Monday, the 17th, and I intend to return the next day.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 17 *June*, 1867.

'. . . . On Whit Monday I took a holiday, and made an excursion to pay a visit to my friend, Canon Blakesley, at Canterbury. I had not been there for

[1] Alluding to a visit to the Observatory.

[2] These rooms are now occupied by Mr. Aldis Wright, Fellow and Bursar of Trinity College.

[3] The present Dean of Lincoln.

some thirty years, and on Tuesday spent a laborious but very delightful day in the inspection of the cathedral and St. Augustine's College. You have probably seen them much more recently, and know that the cathedral has been long under a process of judicious restoration, which is not yet completed, and is from time to time bringing interesting objects to light. I was agreeably surprised by the college, over which we were shown by the warden. I was not prepared for its extent or its architectural beauties, which are quite in harmony with the cathedral, and really admired its perfect adaptation to its object—the preparation for missionary life. Do you know that it occupies the site at once of the old abbey—especially of a part which had been turned into a tavern and a cockpit, but is now reclaimed to uses more in accordance with the original purpose—and of a palace, in which Charles I., having been married in the cathedral, spent his honeymoon? . . . . My day at Canterbury was the last summer day we have had. Every one since has been, if not wet, gloomy and chilly—generally partaking of all three characters, and indicating that the two hundred mile long iceberg is still afloat, and probably nearing us. Still, yesterday afternoon I again went out pleasuring. I was told by Lord John Manners at Windsor that I ought to take the very earliest opportunity of seeing the Tower—in which he is concerned as Commissioner of Woods and Forests. So I made the trip partly by water (in two penny steamers between Hungerford and London Bridge) and partly by land (the whole costing me 1*s.* 2*d.*), and was fully repaid. I did not go into any room of armoury, jewels, or anything else, but simply walked through it, glad to see that everything had

been put into good condition, with every vestige of antiquity carefully preserved. I also deeply enjoyed the approaches through the Billingsgate district. The river itself was spoiled by the Arctic fog which hung over it; but I could see that the Embankment is beginning to give it a little the appearance of the Seine at Paris. The penny boats attracted many sons and daughters of Israel, who could lengthen their Sabbath journey with the less scruple as no beasts—only two or three heathens—had to work for them. I hope you have seen the picture of Disraeli's triumph in "Punch." It will immortalise the work which it parodies, being what that (though a performance of considerable merit) is not—a real stroke of genius.'[1]

'CARDIGAN, 15 *August*, 1867.

'. . . . But this reminds me of something very sad and serious, it is through the association of Lady Duff Gordon's[2] letter from Thebes, which I only saw last night in the "Pall Mall Gazette," that we have lost our friend Mrs. Austin. I did not know before what was the malady—become of late more common than heretofore—under which she had been suffering. Her Bible will be now more precious to you than ever.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Sept.*, 1867.

'. . . . I am very sorry that you are not going to the Breton Congress: first, on your account, as you would certainly have enjoyed it very much; and next on my own, as, next to the pleasure of being there myself,

[1] 'The Derby, 1867. Dizzy wins with "Reform Bill." The first division on the Reform Bill in Committee resulted in a majority of twenty-one for the Government in a full House.'

[2] Mrs. Austin's daughter.

would have been that of seeing an account of it—illustrated perhaps by sketches—from you. . . . . How inscrutable are the ways of cats! Within a very short time after your departure, the creature made its appearance—too late for the Fair.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *Oct.*, 1867.

'. . . . You had reason to expect that I should have returned the enclosed papers before now, and I meant to have done so yesterday, but found it impossible, unless I had sent them quite by themselves. I only returned on Saturday night.

'During the Pan-Anglican I was a guest at Fulham, and the time was so completely filled up that I could not even open a letter before Thursday, or begin answering any until within an hour of post time on Friday. Hence an arrear which I am labouring to despatch. I am glad on the whole that I went to the meeting. In the first place, because I found all my forebodings exactly fulfilled (which always gratifies one's self-love even when they are forebodings of evil); and next, because I was enabled to contribute a little to prevent mischief. I must add that the discussions were at all events lively, and the time never seemed long. I had also the pleasure of meeting several persons whom I was glad to see; among them the amiable Bishop of Jamaica,[1] who begged to be kindly remembered to you. Do not believe a single word that you see in the papers about anything that passed at the meeting, except the documents which are to be published *verbatim*.'

[1] Aubrey Spencer.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *Oct.*, 1867.

'. . . . I wish very much to see you while your woods retain the first beauty of autumn, and to make a holiday of my visit without a sense of remorse. I know you have an idea that it is possible to combine work and play elsewhere than at home. It may be so, indeed I have no doubt is so, with you; for me it is absolutely impossible, and I have long ceased to reckon upon it. . . . . I am much obliged for the sample of Ruskin's writing, which is very characteristic. It is a pity that he thinks so meanly of botany, when he believes himself capable of rendering so great a service to it. Poor Linnæus! to be found out for a fool and a blockhead. Though I am no botanist, having no time to spare for the pursuit, and being occupied with things leading me far away from it, I could not admit that the science is "altogether trivial," and hardly understand how any one who has a taste for zoology should not take a lively interest, though not one equally absorbing, in the vegetable world. The turn of mind which attracts towards the one study seems to me essentially identical with that which tends to the other. This would seem clear if it was only from the fact that on the confines the two realms have no line of demarcation. I shall keep your riddle till I know whether you have another copy. If not, I will take one before I return it. It is a great deal too good for me to guess, let alone to write. I suppose the appearance of talking nonsense about religion was thought to mark it as the production of a bishop.'[1]

[1] A riddle which was supposed to be written by Bishop Thirlwall or Bishop Wilberforce.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Oct.*, 1867.

'. . . . What is the standard by which you measure usefulness? How many persons of your acquaintance do you know who contribute more than you do to the happiness of others, and who, if they were taken away, would leave a more sensible void in a larger circle? If that is not being useful, it is only because it is something still better. What should you think of a rose which fretted itself with thinking, "Oh, dear! what a poor useless creature am I, stuck in the ground, with nothing to do but to bloom and scent the air, and wasting much of my bloom and fragrance unperceived?" Would it not be something worse than unjust to itself —unthankful to the fatherly goodness which had endowed it with such delightful qualities? You wonder whether you will ever be more useful hereafter. I do not know that you need. But the law of God's kingdom is, "He that is faithful in a few things, shall be made ruler over many things." But how little it matters whether they are many or few, so long as there is the faithfulness which makes the most of the few, and can do no more with the many. There, pray be edified with my little sermon, and for once reduce it to practice. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *Oct.*, 1867.

'. . . . By the dream I suppose you mean that about Tiberius. I do not know whether I can tell it before the post goes. . . . . I dream—

'I am in a gallery of the imperial palace. A door opens into it, through which I pass into a room. There is Tiberius on a low seat, looking eagerly and sternly at a culprit in front of him, who stands between two live

lions. As the cause seems to be going against him, he rushes forward with a sword, which he plunges into the side of Tiberius. I retreat into the corridor; but presently hear a cry, "He is dead." The gallery echoes, "Dead." I rejoice—but awake.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 28 *Oct.*, 1867.

'. . . . I must now also trouble you with a little message to Dr. D. about that word *gosse*, which I first told him was German, and then made him (perhaps) believe to be Danish. On searching, I could not find it in either of my Danish dictionaries, and began to think that I had been the dupe of a strange hallucination, and had invented the word and its signification. And it seemed so unlikely that, if not Danish, it should be a Scandinavian word at all, that it was quite as a forlorn hope that I consulted my Swedish dictionary. There, however, I found it, and its meaning exactly defined—a boy between seven and fourteen. As I wished to trace it a little farther, I looked for it in Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, where, indeed, I found the word *goss*, but in an irrelevant sense, with the addition, however, of a note containing the valuable information, "Isl. *gose*, signifies a little servant, *servulus*." This Dr. D. will remember is the exact sense I attributed to *gosse*, though, oddly enough, it does not appear to carry this in Swedish. I cannot doubt the correctness of Dr. Jamieson's statement. Yet I was unable to find the word in either of my Icelandic dictionaries, one of which is a lexicon of the poetical language—thus proving that *gosse* does not belong to that. The other is Danish-Icelandic, and there, of course, it could not be found under the word *gosse*, which the Danish has not. But

as *dreng* is the exact Danish equivalent of *gosse*—signifying "a boy," specially "an apprentice"—I looked out that, but in vain. And this is all I now know about it.

'If I was asked what is the English of your home, I should say, "earthly paradise." I do not know when or where I ever spent such delightful days. And I believe it was the last opportunity I should have had this year, as I have since received a seventh call to an opening, and fully expect that the journeys I shall have to make on these errands will consume three-fourths of the time between this and Christmas. Pray remember me to all the links of your happy circle.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *Nov.*, 1867.

'The evil time is beginning, when correspondence becomes more and more difficult. If I wait until post time, I must now go out when it would be time to come in, after all the beauty of the day—if it be such as this—is gone, the sun near setting, the geese gone to bed, and hardly light enough left for a book except in large print. And I feel it almost a sin not to enjoy what remains of this season of warmth and light. . . . .

'You seem not to have suspected how much uncertainty there is about the root of *vassalus*. It is no doubt—rather most probably—a diminutive of *vassus*, and this, indeed, looks very much like the same word as *gwas* with a Latin termination. I am myself on the whole inclined to think it is so. But Ducange gives a great many other derivations of *vassus* beside this—which appears to have been first proposed by one Boxhorn in a "Dictionarium Cambro-Britannicum." Schwenck says that no probable derivation of *vassus*

has yet been proposed. That which raises the chief difficulty seems to me to be that the senses of the two words do not agree in every point. The meaning of *gwas* (Breton *goas*) is, as you may see in Pugh and Lhuid, that of a servant-*boy*—exactly like the Swedish and Icelandic *gosse*. But no idea of *youth* appears ever to have been associated with the word *vassus*, which expresses merely the feudal dependence, and thus gives some colour to the derivation from the German *fassen*, "to bind," especially as it is so often connected as equivalent with *drudus*, "faithful (true)." But more than enough. Post time is come.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Nov.*, 1867 (*after post*).

'"Oh, but it is a blessed doctrine," said a pious Scotch lady, speaking of the dogma of the total depravity of mankind, "if folk wad only live up til it!" What, you will ask, could put that anecdote into your head? and to what is it *à-propos?* Well, it is *à-propos* to your vexation at having your rest broken and missing the sight of the fiery shower which may have been so glorious to behold, after all. But what has the meteoric shower to do with human depravity? and how did it put the Scotchwoman's remark into your head? Alas! it was my own evil conscience that formed the associating link. You who would make me believe that I am very nearly perfect, will be astonished to hear how I have been illustrating the "blessed doctrine." I ought, of course, to have felt nothing but concern for your disappointment. Instead of this it occurred to me that I had also wished very much to see the meteors, and had intended to watch for them, but entirely forgot them until I received your letter, and then, instead of sym-

pathising with your annoyance—will you believe it possible?—I actually caught myself pleased with the thought that, if I had watched, it would have been to no purpose, and that I lost no spectacle which in these parts was visible to anybody. Is it easily possible for human depravity to go beyond that? On the other hand, I remember that I was very much amazed by the descriptions I heard of the magnificent spectacle which I missed through my stupid thoughtlessness last August. You may pass these things over lightly, but I am sure that the Scotchwoman would have considered them as striking examples of her doctrine. Poor Lonsdale[1] seems to have been one of the meteors which were hidden from common view in their rapid passage. I never heard of him before. "Ruby" is very pretty and seems to show a germ which might have ripened into great beauty, if it had not been prematurely nipped. I am not able to furnish a list of books proper to be consulted about Spenser. But I think it might be worth while for any one about to write on the subject to look into Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," and at the Introduction to the first volume of Morley's "English Writers." I do not know whether he reaches Spenser in the second.'

'1 REGENT STREET (JERUSALEM CHAMBER), 28 *Nov.*, 1867.

'. . . . You see where I am now. I was much more pleasantly engaged yesterday evening, when I dined with Dean Milman, and among other agreeable people met Matthew Arnold. He expressed great

[1] Author of a volume of miscellaneous poems. Some of his songs were set to music—at his request—by Mrs. March (Virginia Gabriel) who, although they never met in this life, took an interest in his writings, and befriended him.

regret that he had not been able to be present either at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod or the Congress of St. Brieuc. He also lamented that Lady Charlotte Schreiber would not consent to publish a cheap edition of the "Mabinogion." He was not aware that even to Welshmen the original presented at least as many difficulties as Chaucer to Englishmen of this day.

'Conceive that the Dean was not aware that the Romans had left any traces of their presence in South Wales.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *Dec.*, 1867.

'I should scold you, if I could do it without incurring the suspicion of hypocrisy, for exerting yourself to continue your journal when you so much need rest. My present letter will not cost much exertion, either to write or to read, on account of short time and scant materials, for your letter only suggests a single topic, the condition of John's little girl. She is said to be gaining strength, but it must be very slowly, for it appears that she suffered much pain when she had to be carried in a blanket to a new house which John has taken at Oxford. It will be long, I am afraid, before she will be able to bear a longer journey.[1] The consequence is, that I find myself here in sole charge of a party of young folks, with the duty of making them a merry Christmas. I do what I can by supplying them with books and pictures, but if it was not for their inexhaustible resources of self-amusement I am afraid I should fail miserably.

'The worst thing is that I shall be obliged to leave

[1] 'JERUSALEM CHAMBER, 28 *Nov.*, 1867.

'. . . . She was—I hope I may say still is—a most delightful little creature and the joy of her father's heart.'

them before the end of their holidays to attend the resumed meetings of that Ritual Commission, and I do not know what demands I may not expect it to make on my time.

'This season is the gloomiest we have had since the winter of the Crimean War. My spirits are depressed when I think of the misery poor people are suffering in the East of London, of the general insecurity, of the conflagrations threatened and partly carried into effect, of that Abyssinian expedition from which I augur nothing but evil. The only comfort is to escape from the outer world into the region of thought.

'I mean to supplement this very poor letter with something which I hope may be more amusing. I do not think you take in or often see the "Spectator." I therefore send three numbers, in which you must look for the articles relating to Cats, in which, perhaps, for the first time, some degree of justice has been done to the moral qualities of those much-traduced and often-persecuted creatures. I trust that you will be able to read them with some interest and enjoyment.'

1868.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *Jan.*, 1868.'

'PERHAPS our letters ought to have crossed one another, so that each of us might have received the other's good wishes at the same moment. Or, again, perhaps it may be best that the old and the new year should have each its share. I have nothing to say, but "many happy returns," and God bless you. If you are "unintelligible" to me, what must be the state of my understanding? I fully understand how much reason I have to be ashamed of having so much said of me that I do not deserve; and yet how glad I am that you should take such a view of me, and how little I can wish that you should estimate me less partially.

'Here you are comparing my reading with your own, never reflecting that the time which you might, but do not, give to books is a sacrifice which you make to your friends, and that if I was only as self-denying I should not have more leisure. Among other things, I have been lately reading two novels, one Dutch and the other German, each of great celebrity in its own reading circle, and have been much amused by the contrast they exhibit between the Dutch and the German character, which shows itself in their novels just as it does in their paintings—the Dutch work ingenious in

its structure and elaborate in its details, but utterly destitute of poetry and what the Germans call *Gemüth*, which pervades the other.

'As I have nothing to say, I must report a little anecdote which John told me of his little girl. When her state appeared to be almost hopeless, and she was only kept alive by the most violent stimulants, she woke one night in a kind of dream, and asked for a paint-brush and red paint. She so insisted upon it that it was brought to her, and being asked what she wanted to do with it, she said, "Dolly ought to have the measles, too," and proceeded to exhibit most glaring symptoms of the disorder on Dolly's face.

'Is not that almost as good as anything in Andersen?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *Jan.*, 1868.

'Cats have come safe. I hope you enjoy and are the better for this delightful foretaste of spring, the more welcome to me as the days are lengthening, and I gain a little more time from the twilight, in which chaos is only discernible in the faint rays of my reading-lamp, when, if I happen to want anything in the remote regions, I miss the daylight most painfully. We may be thankful that our frost, odious as it was, seems to have been nothing like so severe as it has been in France and Italy, though Mrs. B——, in her last letter, which I received on New Year's Day, continued to rave about scorching suns, cactuses, palms, oranges, and everything she could think of to make me envious. . . . . I am now just breathing again after some very disagreeable occupation, which consumed a great deal of precious time which I wanted sadly for other pur-

poses. The Ritual plague has broken out at Tenby, imported by a new rector, in a mild form indeed, but yet accompanied by fever, restlessness, ill blood, and other bad symptoms. The parties, unfortunately, appealed to me, and I had to write endless letters to both. The worst was, that I was obliged to tell both *leurs vérités*, which I have no doubt has put both in a worse humour with me than they were before with one another. And I am not at all sure that I have either read or written the last of it yet.

'I think it is since I wrote last that I have finished both my German and my Dutch novel. The contrast between the two continued growing stronger and stronger to the end. The German story moves in the highest and the lowest regions of society, the Dutch in that of the middle class. It strongly confirms the impression I received from my visit to Holland, that there is probably no country in Europe where the despotism of etiquette, conventionality, ceremoniousness, and the forms of provincial society prevails to the same extent. It comes nearer to the Chinese laws of politeness than anything else European. When I was set free from this I opened the "Cornhill." The last seemed to me a generally good number, and I enjoyed the chapters on Talk exceedingly. The idea was original and happy, and they showed great fineness of observation and much quiet humour, with a style perfectly fitted to the subject. The principal novel is the first I ever read of Lever's, though I believe he is a voluminous author, and this is a very attractive specimen. I hope you have read Matthew Arnold's "Anarchy and Authority" in the same number; it is in his very happiest style.

'I heard in London that the great demand for the "Quarterly" article on the Talmud,[1] which mainly helped to carry it through a sixth edition, came from the ladies. Have you read it? If so, I hope it will not have inspired you with an ardour for reading the Talmud itself. The article which has been mentioned to you in the "Revue des deux Mondes" is the work of no doubt a less learned author, but appeared to me more moderate and sensible. There is a third article on the subject in the last number of the "Contemporary Review," by a great Biblical scholar, Mr. Poole, who is as warm an admirer of the Talmud as the "Quarterly Review;" but, while he seems to me enormously to exaggerate the value of its good things, incautiously lets out that you must "wade through a very sea of nonsense" to get at them. Let him who likes. I do not.

'I am very glad to observe that Gladstone has taken up the pen in defence of "Ecce Homo," in an article, which is to be the first of a series, in "Good Words." After the invectives of Lord Shaftesbury and the public censure of a bishop, I think this a very manly act, though only a tribute of justice to a much-wronged book. It is also pleasant to see that the defence appears in a very orthodox Presbyterian magazine. . . . . Our Christmas party of five juveniles has been reinforced by the arrival of their mother and the little invalid, who I hope is gaining strength every day. Dolly is quite recovered, and her cheeks have regained their natural hue.

'Alas! only six days remain before I must go up to

[1] By Emanuel Oscar Menahem Deutsch.

London to be plunged again in the depths of Ritualism, and there are so many things which I wanted and meant to have done first, and which now, chiefly in consequence of that disastrous interruption from Tenby, I shall have, I am afraid, to postpone for an indefinite time.

'Then I am going into the jaws of the Fenian Conspiracy.[1] The inspection of the vaults under the House of Lords, which has long been considered as a mere formality, will no doubt now be made with earnest scrutiny. But is it possible to say where the gunpowder or other explosive substance may not be hidden to hoist the collected aristocracy into the air? Convocation will probably be safer from any such plot. But, apart from any personal danger, I quite agree with what has been said to you as to the aspect of the times, though you thought my view of it was the morbid fancy of an overworked brain. . . . .'

1 REGENT STREET, 25 *Jan.*, 1868 (*too late for post*).

'. . . . I wonder who is that ——. His contribution to the huge and ever-growing mass of Ritualistic controversy might, perhaps, have been as well or better spared. But at least it has the merit of being small; and if it is really the voice of a dying swan—however little sweetness there is in it, so that it might easily be mistaken for the note of a goose—it is a great comfort to think that we shall not hear it again.

'I grumbled a good deal at having to go up to London. But I am now thankful to have come. I had a treat last night, which I would not have missed for any

[1] This alludes to the late Fenian attempt to explode the Clerkenwell prison.

price. Tyndall delivered the second (the first, unhappily, was the Friday before) of two lectures at the Royal Institution, "On Faraday as a Discoverer."

'The first part consisted of an analysis of Faraday's scientific writings, chiefly interesting of course to men of science, but yet enabling every one to understand the peculiar combination of unlimited boldness of speculation with the strictest caution in verifying every step by experiment, which seems to have been the distinguishing mark of Faraday's genius. He then proceeded to a sketch of Faraday's character in all its aspects and relations; and I never heard anything more beautiful or affecting. The simplicity, modesty, and kindliness which were coupled with such greatness of mind and soul were brought out by several interesting anecdotes which were new to me. It appeared from a comparison of his account-books in Tyndall's possession (all kept like everything else about him in the most lucid order—no chaos there) that, if he had chosen to apply his scientific acquirements to commercial purposes he would have died *worth* (?) 150,000*l*. He died poor, having deliberately made his choice between wealth and science. While Sir Robert Peel was in office, he conceived the idea of instituting an honorary pension for men of science, which they might accept without any sacrifice of independence, like a cross or a riband. When the nature of the thing was explained to Faraday, after some hesitation, he consented to accept it; but before the office forms were completed Peel went out and was succeeded by Lord Melbourne, and it became necessary for Faraday to have an interview on the subject with that excellent man, who, you know, made game of everything, and while quite willing

to confirm his predecessor's grant, dropped an observation upon it, in which Faraday's susceptible ear was struck by the word "humbug." At a sound so jarring with his whole nature, he took his leave, and presently despatched a note to Lord M. declining the pension. Happily there were mutual friends to mediate between the parties; but Faraday insisted on a written apology from the Prime Minister, and that most good-natured of men, who no doubt thought the whole affair a capital joke, sent a written apology, which reconciled Faraday to the modest pension.

'The last thing he declined was the highest of scientific honours, the Presidency of the Royal Society. This he would have liked, and it was urgently pressed upon him, but he finally refused it, because it would have imposed upon him what he regarded as duties which would either have diverted him from purely scientific pursuits, or have required a strain which his mind was unable to bear.

'Towards the end Tyndall said many fine things—not flowers of rhetoric, but springing out of the depths of their long intimate friendship. "He prized the honour of being Faraday's successor less than the happiness of having been his friend. The one was a mantle almost too heavy to bear, the other a memory full of the purest delight." He closed with the words, "Let me die the death of the noble, and let my last end be like his," and then rushed out of the room amidst a storm of applause.

'The attendance was just the largest that the room, with the addition of extra chairs, would hold. It was curious to see how, after it was over, people gave vent to their feelings by shaking hands, as if to congratulate

one another on having been present on such an occasion. It was, indeed, something to remember to the end of one's life. . . . . Faraday was a whole man, with heart, mind, and soul equally and healthily developed.

'I am reading the life of another great man, but whose greatness was exclusively that of the mind, while heart and soul were shrivelled up. It is "Histoire de Napoléon 1er, par P. Lanfrey." I believe it to be the first trustworthy history of Napoleon that has yet appeared. It has not, indeed, altered my opinion of him, which had been formed before, particularly by Consalvi's "Mémoires" and the articles in the "Revue des deux Mondes" on "L'Église et l'Empire;" but it illustrates the growth of the character, while placing its quality beyond a doubt. Some of these days I must get your father to read it. At present the great conqueror is serving as a foil to the true hero of last night's lecture.'

'1 Regent Street, 7 *Feb.*, 1868.

'I am not at all an iconoclast. I would break no idol, however vain and worthless in my own opinion, so long as it is an object of sincere devotion or veneration to the worshipper. As long as you believe the old Napoleon to be worthy of honour and admiration, it is quite right that you should honour and admire him, and, if your belief goes far enough, worship him as a "hero." But at present the language in which you allude to what you evidently consider as the only blemishes in his character, proves that, with regard to the means of forming an estimate of the man, you are in pretty much the same condition as nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand, or a still larger propor-

tion, throughout this country and, perhaps, the world. It is but very lately that it has become possible to write a trustworthy history of Napoleon, and people in general are now only just beginning to cool down into a state of mind which enables them to take an impartial view of the subject. With us that was every way impossible during our great struggle with him, and for a generation afterwards his name continued to be a shibboleth of party. In France itself during his reign the voice of history was silenced by the police. Afterwards the unpopularity of the two succeeding dynasties created a strong reaction in his favour, and the public greedily accepted such "histories" as that of the unscrupulous sophist, Thiers; and the unquenched though somewhat moderated passion for military "glory" still operates to the same result. But the reign of the nephew has, I believe, disposed people to review that of the uncle more soberly; and it has happened that at the same time many most important sources of information (divers memoirs and his own correspondence) have been brought to light. This was the more indispensable as he himself employed his forced leisure at St. Helena in falsifying his own history, and doing what he could to avert the righteous judgment of posterity on himself—an attempt which has been happily defeated, partly by the self-contradictions which are almost inevitable in a great complication of falsehood, and partly by subsequent discoveries which he could not foresee. Lanfrey has availed himself of these resources for a great rectification of the history, which, though as yet going no further than the peace of Amiens, has, I believe, already made a deep impression both in France and England. Whenever you shall have read it,

if you are still able to think of him as before, by all means do so. But at least you will find that it is wholly beside the question to speak of his "ambitious faults and reckless sacrifice of life" (meaning, no doubt, by the last expression nothing worse than his undertaking destructive wars for no end but the satisfaction of his ambition—not such things as the almost wanton butcheries of Jaffa and Austerlitz, or the quite wanton recklessness of ordering a little attack of a post which cost a few lives simply for the amusement of his mistress). You will find that the real question is, whether he ever shrunk from any crime or from any baseness which he thought likely to serve his ends. If, after what is now known of him, his name is still to be coupled with such words as "glory," "fame," "heroism," it will become necessary to inquire in what sense those words are to be understood. There is a sense in which I, with my opinion of Napoleon, could well adopt that saying of Lord Dudley: "I quite see that in the light of our present knowledge Napoleon's past 'glory' is even more than 'doubtful,' and his 'future fame impossible.'"

'But what Lord D. meant I do not pretend to understand. Perhaps it was only an emphatic way of saying that Napoleon was incomparably the greatest, not only of all past, but of all possible captains. But this might (for the sake of argument) be granted, and we should still have to ask, What is glory? and, What is fame? A great Greek defined "glory" to be that which waits on virtue as its shadow. According to that definition, Napoleon's glory would, as his claim to virtue was tried, shrink into nothing. But if, when we speak of "glory" and "fame," we abstract entirely

from all moral considerations, and mean by "glory" something which makes a great glare and dazzles mankind with its brilliancy, and by "fame" something that makes a great noise in history, then no doubt both glory and fame must be attributed to Napoleon in the very highest degree; and if that is enough to make a "hero," then he is among the greatest. But this is really to abstract from all difference between fame and infamy. For both make a great noise, and Domitian is likely to be remembered as long as Titus, Nero as Trajan. After all, use what words we may, I believe it is impossible to admire any one without respect to his moral qualities. *There* is the difference between *admiration* and *wonder*. Did you ever feel yourself moved to honour a man for being immensely rich, or prodigiously strong, or because he could cross Niagara on the tight rope, or play a dozen games of chess at the same time without looking at a board? The talent for military combinations may be one of a higher order, and it is certainly much more conspicuous, but it is of the same kind and equally consistent with the utter absence of every title to respect. Napoleon as a captain probably stood above the Duke of Wellington, did things which the Duke could not have done. But it is at least equally certain that he owed his elevation in a great measure to his doing things which the Duke, as a man of honour, could not have done, and by which he would have felt himself degraded in his own eyes. Bonaparte had an almost superstitious confidence in his "star," but no self-respect. His ambition was not only the cause of "faults," but was itself the worst of all, being not only insatiably greedy, reckless, and remorseless, but essentially low and vulgar; and this while he had

the true glory of Washington before his eyes, and (after the 18th Brumaire) the most absolute freedom to play a like part on a far greater and more conspicuous stage. No Hercules ever more deliberately chose the path of evil.

'I flatter myself that I can sympathise with your enjoyment of a quiet day. A life of constant society would to me be absolutely intolerable, while I was never yet tired of what is called solitude (being indeed some of the choicest society to one who likes a book). I am afraid you will not find quite so much as you expect in Müller's "Chips." It is all in vol. ii., but occupies no great space there. In other ways all is excellent.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 15 *Feb.*, 1868.

'Your sweet congratulations came to cheer a very lonely birthday, which was chiefly occupied with reading the shorthand writers' reports of the great Mackonochie case. As it occupied twelve days, and every syllable uttered was taken down, you may conceive what a mass of print I had to wade through, and I was obliged to do so as it was furnished for the special use of the Ritual Commission.

'Everything you say about Napoleon is perfectly natural, right, amiable—in a word womanly. His marvellous fortune could not but captivate your imagination, and his fall, from such a height to such a depth, move your pity. I begin to feel a misgiving whether it was right in me to shake your favourable opinion of him and to rob him of your sympathy. But he is such an immense historical personage that I must suppose you would prefer viewing him in his true light to retaining your partiality for him. Any pity I might

have felt for him is checked by these considerations. I cannot forget that even after the Russian disaster he had it in his power to conclude a peace on three several occasions, on the first of which he would have remained by far the most powerful sovereign in Europe, while the least advantageous offer would have left him in secure possession of France; but he insisted on the alternative, all or nothing. Can one much pity such obstinacy when it loses all? Still one might have pitied the ruined gambler for crowns if there had been a little return to right feeling or a little dignity in the close of his life; but instead of showing any sign of remorse for his misdeeds, the chief employment of his exile was to impose upon posterity by wilful perversions of contemporary history in the "Memorials" which he dictated at St. Helena.

'I see that you have read *fort* instead of *post* in one of the occurrences I mentioned as specimens of his indifference to human life. Here are his own words:—

'"Là promenant un jour au milieu de nos positions, dans les environs du Col de Tende, à titre de reconnaissance comme chef de l'artillerie, il me vint subitement à l'idée de lui donner le spectacle d'une petite guerre, et j'ordonnai une attaque d'avant-poste. Nous fûmes vainqueurs, il est vrai; mais évidemment il ne pouvait y avoir de résultat. L'attaque était une pure fantaisie, et pourtant quelques hommes y restèrent. Aussi plus tard toutes les fois que le souvenir m'en est revenue à l'esprit, je me le suis fort reproché."

'Well, then, you will say, though the fact is certain, it appears at the same time that he was capable of a twinge of conscience. But is that quite as certain as the fact? If so, what a strange conscience that never

felt any qualm about the butcheries of Austerlitz and Jaffa. As to Jaffa, you seem to have been thinking of the story of his poisoning his own soldiers in the hospital, which Lanfrey considers very questionable. But there is no doubt whatever about the orders which he gave for the execution of 2,500 Turkish prisoners, who were marched down to the sands, divided into small *pelotons*, and shot or bayoneted to a man, according to his express directions, " en prenant des précautions de façon à ce qu'il ne s'en échappe aucun." Several of his officers refused to assist. He, in his despatches at the time, described it as part of a very " brilliant " affair. Afterwards, to Lord Ebrington at Elba, he tried to find excuses for it, all amounting to a plea of convenience; it does not appear that it ever weighed a feather on his conscience; therefore I cannot help distrusting the self-reproach he professed about the so much slighter affair of the Col de Tende. And yet what would have been said of an English general against whom such a thing had been proved?

'Still, after all, was he, it may be asked, a more thorough egoist, or more destitute of all sense of duty, than, say, George IV.?

'I do not think he was. It is very likely that George would have been ready to make as great sacrifices to Belial as Napoleon did to Moloch. But George was never put to the test. Napoleon was; and the terrible intensity of his selfishness must be measured by the millions of its victims. And yet all this would leave it doubtful whether there was not something good and kindly at the bottom of his nature. I would not have you lightly give up the hope that there was; but I am afraid that you will find yourself at last forced to

abandon it. It seems too nearly certain that he never opened his heart in a genuine, spontaneous, uncalculated *épanchement* to any human being.

'That at all events does make him a fit object for pity, though not for sympathy. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 22 *Feb.*, 1868.

'Last night at the Athenæum, among the new books of the season, I found Lord Lytton's "Miscellaneous Works," a collection of his small pieces in three vols. octavo, the second of which contains "The Student." Happening to dip into an "Essay on the Reign of Terror," I was struck by the following remark, which seemed to me not unconnected with the subject of our recent discussion.'

'"Robespierre reigned but by his hold over the club of the Jacobins and the hearts of the women. A strange subject for female enthusiasm; but *that* usually follows power and will."

'I confess that I was not aware of the fact (of Robespierre's popularity with any but the furies of the guillotine), though I have read so many histories of the Reign of Terror. But I am afraid that the remark is not without foundation, though I should not have ventured to make it myself; but as it comes from Lord Lytton I should like to know what you think of it.

'I suspect that if the French women had been polled towards the end of Napoleon's career, their experience of the conscription would have been found to have cooled their enthusiasm for the conqueror.

'The Reign of Terror, however, is an element which ought to be taken into account in an estimate of Napoleon's character. He had witnessed the Reign of

Terror, was in fact professedly a Terrorist himself, that is, a partisan of Robespierre and bosom friend of the younger brother, though in his heart entirely disapproving of the judicial assassinations and butcheries, not merely or chiefly as crimes, but as something in his judgment (as in Talleyrand's) far worse—as blunders. I think it can hardly be doubted that his experience of this period—of the ease with which an *avocat* like Robespierre seized the Government of France and exercised despotic power in the name of liberty, and with a recklessness almost unexampled—that all this contributed to impress him with that deep contempt for mankind and disregard for human life which showed itself alike in his civil and military history. He viewed and treated men, whether in or out of uniform, as a chess-player his pieces and pawns. I throw this out as a possible extenuation of his conduct, though I believe that, whatever had been his antecedents, his character would have been the same. How much we want a little of his military genius and mastery of details in that Abyssinian adventure. The original thought of invading such a country—a troubled sea of rugged mountains—for such an object, always appeared to me a blunder almost as bad as a crime. But the manner in which the project has been carried out, as if for the express purpose of the greatest possible waste of means for the smallest possible result, seems to betray an infatuation without an example even in our own military annals. It culminates in the importation of that troop of elephants. . . . . How beautiful it is of you to reject the evidence of your senses,[1] and to insist that my writing is as clear as the day, even when you cannot

[1] *Fort* read in mistake for *post*.

read it. That is true friendship; be assured that it is not lost on your ever affectionate friend. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *March*, 1868.

'I returned home on Saturday, after a journey which lasted longer than I had anticipated. The express was eighteen minutes behind its time, and being, I suppose, in ill-humour on that account, took its revenge on me by leaving me behind at Newport—of course rugless and bookless. The feeling of utter indifference to life which comes over one at such a moment is not to be described. Somebody ought to write a tract to solve the question, What *can* he (the stranded passenger) do with himself?

'I remained more than three hours in the waiting-room, trying to read Marryat's "Pasha of Many Tales." Perhaps a treatise on arithmetic would have answered the purpose better. I also sipped the "Biglow Papers." Perhaps they are really too good to be taken simply as anodyne. The real misery, however, began at six, when I set off, deprived even of this meagre comfort, in the dark, creeping, and halting at every station. It was a favourite saying of poor dear Sedgwick, that "all things come to an end;" and this great truth was never more remarkably illustrated than by the fact that at half-past ten I actually found myself under my own roof, though with the poignant consciousness of having lost some ten invaluable hours out of my life—a reflection which is still very bitter to me.

'I have snatched a moment from business, not merely to invite your sympathy, which I know will overflow on me, but to ask a question. In that sweet image you presented to my mind, as floating round me

like a guardian angel on my birthday, I remember being struck by your saying that you would have entered upon your celestial functions "after having petitioned for Napoleon." But you did not explain what the petition was to have been for, or, in other words, what it is I can do for him. Only, I suppose, that if he himself could say what he wished, it would be that his real character, which he took so much pains to mask, should not be exposed to the light, and that none who, in ignorance of the truth, think well of him should be undeceived. Though I have no sympathy with his wishes to be left in the dark in themselves, I *have* so far as they coincide with yours, and therefore, though I was at one time anxious that you should read Lanfrey, I will not send it, until you assure me—laying your hand on your heart—that you would like to see it. . . . . I have serious doubts whether you will be the happier as well as the more enlightened for reading it. But only let me know your honest wish. Alas! When my candidates have disappeared I shall only have time to pack up for returning to town. Pray let me hear that you are (for Nemesis' sake I will say) not unwell.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 7 *March*, 1868.

'I suppose I did not tell you that I am to go to town on Wednesday. It will be best, therefore, that you should keep your letter out of the box, which I may very likely not open before I return, which I am afraid will not be until April. But *le pauvre homme*[1] shall be waiting at the lodge to be taken to you. I know that if he had his way he would rather go up the chimney. But he must submit to his fate. . . . .'

[1] Lanfrey's *History of Napoleon*.

'11 *March*, 1868.

'. . . . Pray do as is most convenient to you as to the box.

'"Poor Napoleon" will be shivering at the lodge, like a culprit waiting his trial. In agony of starting. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 18 *March*, 1868.

'I am frightfully in arrear, and the first of your three unanswered letters opens so large a field of interesting and very difficult questions, ethical and psychological, that they alone would occupy a far greater number of sheets than I have for the present leisure to fill. But I must say a few words on them. . . . .

'Your admission of the truth of Lord Lytton's general reflection does great credit to your candour, as you make it with undisguised reluctance. But why should you be so reluctant? Your retort on Lord L. is irresistible. It is to the effect: "Well, suppose women have their weakness. Pray, my lord, have not men theirs?" Did you never hear of a play called "All for Love, or the World well lost?" I am sure Lord L. would be the first to plead guilty to the soft impeachment. And you might, I believe, safely have made your retort more pointed, and have asked, Is it women only, or men also, that are "influenced by power and will?" Napoleon certainly believed that most thoroughly, and found it verified by the whole experience of his life.

'But though I fully assent to the truth of the general observation, and only object to it as too narrow in its application to one-half only of mankind when it is equally true of the whole, I must beg you not to

make me responsible for it as regards the case of Robespierre. I doubt, indeed, whether Lord Lytton meant to refer to women who were personally acquainted with Robespierre. If so, the remark would seem to be utterly inapplicable. For it is evident that those whom you mention were captivated not by the "influence of power and will," but by something winning in his apparent character. I thought the remark referred to his general popularity among those who knew him only by reputation.

'Moreover, I cannot give credit to Robespierre for the possession of the qualities attributed to him by Lord L. I do not consider him as a man of strong mind or of strong will (and I understand "power" to mean intellectual and not merely mechanical power). I look upon him as a narrow-minded and morally weak man. That is, perhaps, the best excuse that can be pleaded for his conduct. I do not think the better of him, but the worse of Lewes, for his sophistical attempts to rehabilitate his client. How can it be honestly doubted that Robespierre was the chief author of the Reign of Terror, when we recollect that the mythical conspiracies which filled the prisons with food for the guillotine were the coinage of his weak and heated brain, and that he emphatically claimed the system as his own, when he killed his old schoolfellow, Camille Desmoulins, for desiring that it should cease? And how every way futile is the reference to the numbers who perished in the reaction which followed the Reign of Terror, as if its authors were not also responsible for the atrocities of the *Terreur Blanche*, which they had provoked.

'As to Robespierre's character, I have no doubt

that if, through the mercy of Providence, he had been kept to the end of his life in his obscure *étude d'avocat*, he would have passed for a gentle, humane, amiable man. You know he advocated the abolition of capital punishment; I forget whether in the Assembly or in an early pamphlet. The same may have been true of Marat if he had never left the royal stables, and of some of the most bloodthirsty of the pro-consuls.

'But this ought not to affect our estimate of their deeds. They either were or were not morally responsible. If they were not, there was no "cruelty" and no "fault," any more than in a tiger when it tears a man. If they were responsible, "fault" seems hardly the proper term for such atrocious wickedness. Surely you would not speak of the murder of Mr. Plow as a "fault." If it was not the act of an insane man—as was contended on account of its ferocity—it was an enormous crime. If Robespierre was naturally well fitted for the joys of domestic life, as I am quite ready to believe, that seems to me not in the least to palliate, but on the contrary to aggravate, his guilt, so far as he was really answerable for the bloodshed of the Reign of Terror, because it showed that he had not a mere heart of stone (as might, perhaps, be pleaded on behalf of his successor), but had been gifted with a fair share of humane and tender instincts, which he stifled and quenched where they would have restrained him from sacrificing so many innocent victims. The only question seems to be, how far his motives may be allowed to mitigate his guilt. And there is certainly room for doubt whether he was not the dupe of a sincere fanaticism, and believed that he was doing no more than the public safety required. Unfortunately, he seems to

have followed the guidance of abstract reasoning much more than the impulse of enthusiasm, and it can hardly be doubted that personal ambition was at least one of his motives.

'There appears to me to be a fundamental fallacy in your remark on the "selfishness" of Robespierre, Goethe, and Napoleon. I hold it to be quite true that they were all alike and equally "selfish." But I also hold that they were neither more nor less so than every human being. Selfishness is one common property of human nature. The difference between a good and a bad man is not that the good man is the less selfish of the two, but that he is able to control, by higher motives, or by the force of benevolent affections, the selfishness to which the other yields. That which marks the bad man is not the greater intensity of selfishness, but the absence of that resistance which, in men not wholly depraved, would be opposed to it, by conscience, or by self-respect, or by sense of honour, or natural feeling, or other motives by which, not eminently virtuous men only, but the bulk of mankind, are governed.

'Suppose a case. D. is the owner of a gold watch, which is coveted alike and with exactly equal intensity by A., B., and C. But A. has a conscience. His desire for the watch impels him to work and save until he has acquired the means of buying it. B. is lazy and unscrupulous, and to him the desire may become a motive to theft. To C., who is equally lazy, and still more reckless, it may be a motive for murder. C. is clearly the worst of the three, but not more selfish than A., who is comparatively good.

'To say that Goethe was not less selfish than Robes-

pierre or Napoleon is quite true, but does not help in the least towards any discrimination of their respective characters. It is true that G.'s social affections appear to have been languid. His whole being was absorbed in his devotion to science and art. This may no doubt be considered as a form, though a very refined form, of selfishness. But I do not think it warrants us in believing that he was as capable as Robespierre or Napoleon of atrocious crimes or of baseness; though it may have been very happy for him, as for all of us, that he was not exposed to the like trial.

'If Napoleon was a bad man, it was not because he ardently desired universal empire. How many men are there who, having the object before them, would not have coveted it as eagerly? That which marks his character as both bad and in the highest degree unamiable is that he never suffered any sense of right, or of honour, or any relentings of humanity, to restrain his cupidity. That, I think, you will see before long. . . . .

'I have read those concluding chapters on Talk.

'They are more sprightly and graceful than anything I remember of the kind. But my own experience does not bear out the observation on the superiority of story-telling men. I never heard a story so well told as by a young lady whose name you must not ask. But I am inclined to think that a good deal may depend on the nature of the story, and that when it is humorous men may have the advantage.

'I have not yet seen that Abyssinian history. It is against our prospect of success.

'I was very much pleased with the "Old Deccan Days." I have also been interested by a translation of

an old Spanish collection of stories under the title of "El Conde Lucanor." The original was written in the middle of the fourteenth century, by a man of high birth, familiar with Arabic literature. In it I found my story of the "Magician of Toledo"—here Don Illan, who has a son, for whom he receives a promise of preferment, which is eluded at every fresh step by the ungrateful priest. I have no doubt that this was imported into Spanish literature from the Arabic, which seems to have derived it from the Sanscrit.' I must shut up with thanks for all your good things, and especially for the verses. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 28 *March*, 1868.

'. . . . . According to my theory of ethics, it is not quite correct to speak of selfishness as a *vice*, unless you include in the notion of it something quite distinct from the selfish instincts themselves. These, so far as they are implanted in our nature, are morally indifferent, neither good nor bad, as they are independent of the will, which must determine the moral quality of every action. It is only when they come into conflict with reason or duty that the indulgence of them becomes *faulty*, or vicious, or criminal, according to the various degrees of the obligation which has been violated. And the selfish instinct is not so much the origin as the occasion of the fault, vice, or crime, which properly consists in the failure or misdirection of the will. It is, in fact, simply the question, not as to the quality or the intensity of the animal element in our nature—for that is no more a moral element in man than in brutes—but as to the relation in which this stands to the properly human element. If that

relation is one of preponderance, the result is bad; if one of subordination, good. And even the coercion of the selfish animal instincts by a strong will is not virtue unless the motive be virtuous, and the strength of the motive will be measured by the force of the selfish instinct which it has to overcome. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *April*, 1868.

'I know you are perplexed by my silence, especially as you had a clear right to expect an acknowledgment of the receipt of the books and the return of the letters. But it is merely the old story, that I had some things on my hands to which I have been absolutely forced to postpone everything else, and I am still so far occupied with them that I can only write very shortly and hastily. I am the more sorry for this, as you propose an interesting question of casuistry, which well deserves more leisure than I can just now spare for its discussion. Nor I think would it be easy for any one to lay down a general formula which would solve all such doubts. Much would depend on the comparative dignity of the "pursuits" to be sacrificed. . . . . When I get up in the morning I never know what hour of the day I can call my own. The first letter I open may upset all my plans, and compel me to lay aside everything I have in hand for some new unforeseen engagement. A new book which you cannot help reading has a like effect. Here has arrived the "Life of Bunsen," two volumes, of some 1,300 pages altogether. I had begun to devote an hour to Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," which is a capital work, and becoming more and more interesting as it proceeds. Now I have my choice

between it and the "Memoirs," as it is quite impossible for me to carry on both together, the hour at night being as much as I can spare for English reading.

'I do not wonder that the Dissenters are elated with the imminent disestablishment of the Irish Church as the first blow to the fabric nearer home. It is quite possible that, without living to the age of Methuselah, I may turn out to be the last Bishop of St. David's who sat in Parliament.

'I was very much struck before I left London with the intense excitement which prevailed on the Irish question. I have observed nothing comparable to it since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. I dined on the Wednesday which divided the debate with the Archbishop of Armagh, where were a great many of the Irish Protestant magnates. They actually talked of "flying the country," as if they were on the eve of a civil war; and the Conservatives declare that they will contest every step that is to be taken on Gladstone's Resolution, just like the Tories in '32, and I suppose with like result. Addio, Cara.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *April*, 1868.

'I fulfil my promise of returning the two very characteristic and interesting letters, which I have just read over again. The pile accumulated during my absence will prevent me from adding much of my own. I thought of you yesterday very often, and with sympathy for the suffering which I knew you were undergoing. I know, by frequent experience, the peculiar feeling of dreariness and depression which always comes over a wedding party as soon as the bride and

bridegroom have left, and I believe it is generally in proportion to the happiness of the wedding. It comes near to the sensation of being left behind by your train. It pervades the whole company, and sometimes they betray it by desperate and fruitless efforts to shake it off, or conceal it under a show of boisterous merriment, dancing, &c.

'But when the departure is the beginning of a long separation between dear relatives and friends, the feeling must deepen into one of absolute sadness, as I am afraid you experienced yesterday. But as I trust that in all other respects everything passed off happily, I have no doubt that to-day the sense of abandonment will be much softened, while the pleasure of sympathy with the bright prospects of your friends will be gaining strength.

'I find the interest of the "Memoirs of Bunsen" quite absorbing. I cannot recollect having ever enjoyed anything of the kind—if of any kind—so deeply. I am really thankful to have lived to read it. Nothing indeed could raise Bunsen higher than he stood in my estimation. But just on that account the more intimate acquaintance which the book gives with the details of his life and work, is to one who had the privilege of knowing him unspeakably interesting. I am only in the last quarter of the first volume, and am only sorry that there is not more to come. The Baroness has executed a very difficult task with admirable judgment, practical ability, and mastery of language. I only wish it had been possible to insert the originals of the German letters in an appendix or thin third volume. But the German translation will probably be less costly than the original, and without the embellishments, which

add indeed immensely to its value, but likewise to the price.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *April*, 1868.

'. . . . I have now an odd business on my hands. A clergyman—who among mortals is known by the not very uncommon name of *John Jones*, but in the higher sphere, in which one fancies him sitting on a cloud, with a long white beard waving in the wind and a harp before him, is styled *Idrisyn*—thought it would be a good thing to translate the Queen's "Diary" into Welsh, and asked the royal leave to do so. The Queen was in doubt, and, through Sir T. Biddulph, consulted me on the question. I gave some reasons for advising that the permission should be given; and as my only doubt was that the translator might fall into mistakes for want of sufficient familiarity with some of the objects described, I in an unguarded moment offered to look over some of the proof sheets. The permission was consequently given on condition of their being sent to me, and I have received the first. . . . . The translation is in general excellent. . . . . The interest of Bunsen's "Memoirs" grows upon me, though, as I am now in the middle of the second volume, it will be more and more saddening to the close.

'How odd it is that he should have been so like the wicked Napoleon! and still more that I had not observed the likeness until I found it mentioned in the "Memoir." Hardly less curious is it that there should be a likeness between two men almost as different from one another, Niebuhr and Lord Russell. This, too, I had failed to observe, though the moment it was suggested to me I saw it clearly. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 28 *April*, 1868.

'. . . . Can one be too thankful for this Abyssinian success? It was only the evening before that I was depressed by reading a most disheartening description of the hopeless strength and resources of Magdala, taken from the travels of some German, who believed that we were going to ruin there. The event does not alter my opinion of the wisdom of the expedition: but the general and the army have left nothing to be desired.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *May*, 1868.

'. . . . You know that it is impossible for you to be too extravagant in your praise of me. It is not that it tickles my vanity, but it delights me as a proof of your partiality. What are friends worth if they say no more than you deserve? Nothing could illustrate the force of your affection more strongly than your preference of my preaching to that of the Bishop of Oxford. His sermon on the occasion of the Keble Memorial has been reprinted verbatim by the "Guardian." I should have been glad if I had been able to produce such a brilliant and ingenious composition; but I will own that I should have been very sorry to have preached it, and therefore resign myself the more contentedly to the lack of the gift.

'Lord Derby's reappearance in the House of Lords has not shown him in an advantageous light.[1] His

[1] The late Lord Derby's resignation of the Premiership, on the ground of ill-health, was announced in both Houses February 26, 1868. Mr. Gladstone laid his Resolutions about the Irish Church on the table March 23. An amendment moved by Lord Stanley was defeated, and when the Houses met after Easter the late Lord Derby, without formal notice, and as a private peer, called attention to the Resolutions in the House of Lords. Lord Russell replied to him.

sarcasms fell harmless from Lord Russell; while, for want of taking the ordinary pains of reading the Resolutions he was going to attack, his main objection proved to be utterly groundless. He betrayed more of the spirit of a partisan than if he had been still in the Cabinet, and a soreness which he would not have felt if his conscience had been at ease about the manœuvres by which he "dished the Whigs."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 6 *May*, 1868.

'. . . . As the carriage holds four, if you can get another lady, whom you like, to fill the fourth place, it will be all the better. It would look like a bravado in me to face four ladies single-handed: but it so happens that I shall have John to back me.

'I cannot pledge myself to let you into Chaos. It has become too dreadful to be even looked at with impunity. To anyone who, like you, has been used to light, order, and neatness, the spectacle it now presents must be not only painful but injurious.

'You see to-day would be perfect, if it was not for the angry howl of the wind, which sounds more like November than May. To morrow I hope the sun will be equally bright, and the wind hushed.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 18 *May*, 1868.

'I am glad to have a sign of life from you, to show that your exertions at the ball, of which I heard from John, have left some life in you. But it could not have shown itself in a more unfortunate shape than such a request. I am sure that if you knew the point in my foot which gives me pain you would not select that to kick or tread upon; and I am equally sure that if you

had been aware of the intense loathing with which I think of the subject of your note[1] you would not have recalled it to my mind. When Mrs. P——, in the simplicity of her heart, and no doubt believing it to be an agreeable topic to me, told me at dinner on Thursday that she possessed the hated volume, it threw a shade over my enjoyment of the evening, and it was with a great effort that, after a pause, I could bring myself to resume the conversation. If I could buy up every copy for the flames, without risk of a reprint, I should hardly think any price too high. Let me entreat you never again to remind me of its existence.

'I am in the agony of packing, and also grieved to exchange all the loveliness of nature for the wretched, hot, and dusty arena to which I am going.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 28 *May*, 1868.

'. . . . Yesterday at breakfast at Lord Houghton's, among other pleasant people, I met a Mr. and Mrs. Payne, who had been domiciled at Rome, and a centre of the best society there, ever since the happy days of the Palazzo Caffarelli. Mrs. P. is a niece of Evelina—a Burney. She was very communicative, and I was glad to have my Roman reminiscences pleasantly revived. She also set before me the extreme shortness of the time now required for the journey, taken easily. The time it occupied when I travelled to Rome would now be sufficient for going and returning, with a fortnight's stay. Considering that just half a century has elapsed since the year of my visit, I am surprised at the liveli-

[1] *Primitiæ; or Essays and Poems on Various Subjects*, by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age.

ness of my recollections. I was able to describe the exact position of a little visited church and many of its architectural details. Mrs. P. complained of the immense influx of flying visitors caused by the facility of the journey.

'My boyish feeling about Napoleon was simply one of patriotic hatred of the public enemy, caught from all around me, yet not unmixed with admiration. My present opinion has been formed on grounds of which as a boy I had not the slightest suspicion.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *June*, 1868.

'. . . . It would have been unreasonable, almost sinful, to expect that a week in which I had enjoyed so many pleasant things, should close in unclouded prosperity. When you left me my good fortune departed from me. Even before I started from Abergavenny I began to conceive disagreeable misgivings, from the great length of time I had to wait for the train: and these grew stronger on the way to Newport: indeed all that my hopes clung to was the information I received at Llanover, that the Abergavenny train was intended to catch the express. When on my arrival I found that the express had gone a quarter of an hour before, I was only surprised that I had been so near catching it. But the misery which followed was pretty well of its kind. First, some three hours and a half waiting for the next train, which set off a little after six. Then the stoppages—always longer on a Saturday than on any other day of the week, and in a holiday week at the maximum.

'Before we came to Neath, I was forced to put the Popes—who had been my chief comfort—to bed. Then

I had written a note, which I intended to drop at the gate of the vicarage at Carmarthen, as I went by, to announce my intention of preaching at St. Peter's the next morning. But we came too late to deliver it, the vicarage, like every decent household, having gone to rest: so that the sermon did not get preached. Between eleven and twelve I sat down to a meal, which half an hour later would have been an early breakfast.'

'19 *June*, 1868.

'I know you will like to see a most pleasant letter which I have received from Baroness Bunsen. I hope you have passed from the state of ailment to one of betterment, and are enjoying this loveliest of all Junes. It seems to me incredible while I look at it. We cut the grass in the meadow last Monday under a most inauspicious mass of dark clouds. I expected nothing but torrents of rain and ruin to my hay, for the dry weather had already then lasted three weeks—for our climate a miracle—but lo! on Tuesday afternoon all cleared up again, and ever since has been more brilliant than ever. Beside the feast to the eye of a hayfield among flowers and wood, there has been the satisfaction of constantly growing assurance that the hay of the meadow at least, which is to be carted to-day, will be got in without a drop of rain, and in the perfection insured by a hot sun with a fresh breeze. . . . . Pray remember me very kindly to Lady Llanover. When I think of the pleasure I enjoyed in her conversation during the drive in her pony-carriage through those lovely grounds, I feel that I ought not to have grumbled at anything that befell me the same day.'[1]

[1] Missing a train.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *June*, 1868.

'. . . . If a story of a *revenant* is told it is sure to come to you. I have always been better able to realise such stories since I had my experience—which I think I related to you—of waking under the impression that I had just seen my servant standing by my bedside and calling me.

'I got up and put on my dressing-gown, and was proceeding with my toilette, when I noticed some appearances which gradually convinced me that he could not have been there that morning. The same thing occurred to me again, only the illusion did not last so long, being disturbed by the remembrance of the first. I know this is not an exact parallel to a case in which the image is presented to the waking eye, but I think it is a phenomenon of the same class. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *July*, 1868.

'While "pining for a letter from me," you are evidently unconscious how indispensably necessary it was that I should first receive one from you, that I might have something to say. You have an inexhaustible fund of news, anecdotes, and strange adventures, which is constantly replenished by your correspondents, even when you are not yourself stirring. But I might live on for months without any materials for a letter but such as I might spin out of my own brain, and that would be stuff, not for a letter, but for an essay. To myself, indeed, my sessions at my desk, my travels round Chaos, and my excursions into the garden, are not devoid of interest, but they will not bear to be related; and my

correspondence, instead of being a fund of amusement, is the dreariest of all my official occupations. Since John left me with his two girls my life has been one of perfect monotony. I can hardly say that the loveliness of the weather has yet been broken here. Some clouds passed over it yesterday, but without rain, and to-day it is as brilliant as ever. Now, however, thanks to your letter, I shall be able nearly to fill a sheet. That story of the "Hunter and the Tigress" is both sensational and picturesque in the highest degree. But you have a doubt whether the skin in the drawing-room of the D——'s was that of the defeated tigress; if so, one would have liked to know how she was killed when her enemy escaped.[1] The cruellest of all tiger stories is that told by Atkinson in his "Travels on the Amour," of the Tartar princess who, having eloped with a lover, was carried off by a tiger while they stopped for a few minutes on the road.

'I wish I could recommend any books that would be useful to Mr. C——, with whom I was much pleased. But I do not even understand the subject on which he is going to write. The "object of literary criticism," indeed, is intelligible enough, though admitting of various descriptions. But I should have thought that, when the object was once ascertained, the limits, as

[1] The story here alluded to is that Mr. D——, when out shooting in India, came suddenly upon a tigress, in a place where he had not expected to meet with one. She was sitting bolt upright, but as soon as she saw him she came towards him. He fixed his eyes upon her, and kept his gun levelled at her while he retreated, walking backwards. She followed him slowly, step by step. Just as he saw she was about to spring, he tripped and fell into a small stream which ran unperceived behind him. The tigress cleared both the stream and Mr. D—— and went straight on, and he escaped in safety.

excluding all that is foreign to the object, would be determined at the same time.

'I read the "Spanish Gipsy" about a month ago, and enjoyed it very much. Perhaps, in point of form, it is an imperfection that it is neither drama nor epic, but it has the advantage of greater variety in being both.

'I admit that there are cases in which Lanfrey condemns Napoleon in which a jury before whom he was tried for his life would rightly acquit him; but a historian cannot act on the principle of "giving the benefit of a doubt." And you know that when a man is acquitted on that ground he saves his life, but loses his character. I did not myself notice any judgment of Lanfrey's which I did not think perfectly just.

'I thought that "Avonhoe," though pleasant reading, had a didactic flavour, which would have injured "Stone Edge." The merit of the last is what in German is called objectivity.

'. . . . Why should you be sorry about —— being brought up and the property administered in the Conservative interest, until you know whether that means Tory or Radical? Does not Disraeli call himself a Conservative, and does anybody know which he is?

'I have consulted my privy council as to the chance of my publishing my "Llangathen Sermon," and I am told there is none whatever. Surely this branch of literature is already rather overloaded. It is easier to define the "object" of sermon-writing than its "limits." . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *Aug.*, 1868.

'. . . . Though, as I observed, the weather is the staple material of our correspondence, and our one *pièce de résistance*, you have never yet informed me of your views and feelings on this vital point; neither how it agrees with you, or how you like it. I do not know whether you are one of the many who have been grumbling at it, or of the few who, like myself, have enjoyed it intensely, with pleasure only alloyed by the reflection on the harm it is doing among the poor sheep and cattle. At any rate, it is something which few will see twice in the course of their lives. One can hardly help speculating on the cause of such an extraordinary occurrence. You remember that the strangely cold and misty summer of a few years back was attributed to the proximity of some enormous iceberg, which had floated out of the Polar Sea into lower latitudes. I have been reminded of this by the article in the "Cornhill" on the great coming eclipse. It seems that the sun from time to time sends out globules, that is, masses only two or three times as big as our globe, and hot enough to melt everything earthly into vapour. May it be that it has shot out some mass of unusual bulk, or else to an unusual distance, and that to this we owe our three or four months of almost unbroken fine weather? I dare say you can answer this question quite as well as the Astronomer Royal. Still, interesting as it is, it was not for the sake of consulting you upon it that I began writing this letter, but chiefly to let you know that I am going to send you the last "Saturday Review," which contains three articles interesting to ladies: one, of the richest impertinence, on "Pretty

Preachers;" another, not so lively, on "Spoiled Women;" and a third, which I can say nothing about, on the "Rights of Married Women."

'Beside this, however, I want to know what are your plans for the next month or two. Did not I hear of some Breton Eisteddfod? If so, are you going to it? and when? . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *Aug.*, 1868.

'. . . . Do not, however, suppose that my solar globule is nearing us. It is supposed never to advance far beyond the solar atmosphere. One would like to pass a little time in the centre, where it is believed that you are sheltered from the outward heat of the great furnace, like ice in a red-hot crucible. But I think I would rather make the tour of the planets than even go inside the sun. Were you ever at Birr Castle? and if not, why not? Should not you like to look through the great telescope? I have been reading about it in "Senior's Irish Journal." There you see is another glimpse of Chaos. But how much are you the wiser for it? Is it not alarming to hear that Manchester is put on water-rations like a besieged town? and what is to become of Carmarthen, where I heard a fortnight ago that they had only a supply for four weeks, which can hardly have been much increased by any rain that has fallen since, for it has never come down in good earnest even for the short time it lasted. Let us make the most of the present.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *Aug.*, 1868.

'You must let the Indian Rothschild tell his own story, fancying him in a magnificent room of his new palace, in a circle of young merchants eager to profit by his experience.

'"It is no mighty wonder if those who set out in life with a good fortune amass great wealth; but that was not my lot. My father was a merchant, but he died before I was born, leaving but little to my mother, and she was deprived of that through the villany of her kinsmen, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, where she lived upon alms. As I grew up, however, she prevailed upon a schoolmaster to teach me reading, writing, and ciphering gratuitously. I had even a little turn for drawing; but nothing had my mother and I between us in the world, save our wooden bowl and earthen jug.

'"One day she said to me, 'My son, you should be a merchant like your father. There is a banker in the town who is generous as well as rich, and, perhaps, he may advance you a small sum to start with in trade. Vishachala is his name. Go to him, and ask him for a loan.' Upon this I went to Vishachala's house. As I entered the counting-house I heard him speaking in an angry tone to a young man. 'A clever fellow,' said he, 'would be able to make a fortune with that dead mouse,' pointing to one that lay on the floor. 'But as for you, I have lent you large sums, and I hardly expect to see either principal or interest again.' Upon this I took up the mouse, and requested Vishachala to let me carry it away as a loan. He smiled, and said, 'Well, but you must give me a receipt.' So, having neither palm-leaf nor writing-reed, I scratched a rude figure of a mouse on one of his boxes, and went away.

'"As I walked home, dangling my mouse by the tail, I passed a house where a cat was sitting at the door. At the sight of the mouse she made a mouth, as they do at a bird in a cage, and seemed ready to

spring at it. Her master, seeing her longing, asked me, 'What wilt take, lad, for thy small game?' I answered, 'What you please, sir;' adding, however, to do justice to my commodity, 'it is a plump, fresh mouse.' So he put two handfuls of peas into my bowl. That was my first stroke of business, and the origin of all my fortune.

'"I went home, pounded my peas, and having filled my jug at the fountain, went out of the town, and seated myself at a cross-road, under the shade of a banyan-tree. Presently came a party of woodcutters out of the forest, thirsty and faint. I asked them politely whether they would not stop and refresh themselves with a mouthful of good pease-pudding and a draught of cool water fresh from the fountain. They did not want pressing, and, being pleased with my manners as well as with my goods, paid me liberally. Each gave me a couple of sticks. These I took to the market in a bundle, and with what they fetched laid in a fresh stock of peas, which I disposed of in the same way. I continued to drive such a thriving trade, that at last I was able to purchase a whole day's cuttings of wood. Then happened a piece of good luck, such as never fails to betide those who bestir themselves, and keep a keen look-out to the main chance. A heavy fall of rain stopped the supply of wood for the use of the town, and gave me the monopoly of the market. I did not fail to make the most of this blessing of the gods, and invested the profits in a shop of my own. This was the great and decisive turn in my fortune. From a small hucksterer I became master of a warehouse, and then a general merchant. Everything I touched turned to gold.

'"But when I had become the richest of the rich I did not forget the author of my prosperity, the banker Vishachala. I caused a mouse to be made in pure gold, and went with it to his counting-house. I asked him whether he recollected me. He shook his head and begged me to say what I wanted. I said I had come to repay him an advance which he made to me, both capital and interest. He requested me to help him in searching for the entry in his books. I said I could show it at once. Thereupon I pointed to the figure of the mouse which I had scratched on the box. This brought the whole scene back to his memory. I then placed the golden mouse on the figure, and said, 'There, sir, you have the capital with interest.'

'"I need not tell you that he afterwards gave me his only daughter in marriage, and that I became heir of his immense wealth. You also know that I am known all over India by the nickname of the 'Golden Mouse.' But few are acquainted with its history. . . . ."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *Aug.*, 1868.

'. . . . But I am constantly annoyed by the style even of authors who have considerable reputation—for instance, ——, who believes himself to be rather choice in his English—not with regard to the words, but to the order in which they are placed. In almost every page I find atrocious violations of the genius of the language, which requires the verb, wherever it is possible, to be immediately followed by the noun which it governs, and the noun to precede the pronoun which relates to it. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *Aug.*, 1868.

'. . . . You almost seem to put in a modest apology for wishing to travel to the sun: as if there was anybody who would not be in ecstasy at the prospect of such a journey.

'I only meant that, as wishes cost nothing, there is no reason, while we are about it, why we should confine them to the Solar System, and not make the Grand Tour of the Milky Way, with Arjuna, if we could get the use of Indra's chariot to mount to the sky.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Sept.*, 1868.

'. . . . I can endorse everything that he says in praise of Tyndall's address at Norwich. To me it afforded a particular satisfaction, as adding the weight of his authority to that which I had said on the same subject in my Swansea address. I was very glad to hear from him—in the letter which you saw—that there was nothing in it to which a man of science would object, and it afforded me still greater pleasure to find him so distinctly expressing the same view.

'. . . . It (the Irish Church) is a question with many sides, and yet so few people who talk and write about it appear to have looked at more than one. A great number of votes will probably be given on the same side from entirely different, perhaps exactly opposite, motives. I cannot bring myself to feel any alarm at the prospect of ——'s discomfiture. A man who has no mind or will of his own is not the man for these times. Nothing was wanting to the people who produced Julius Cæsar's endowment of their church but to

have annexed to it a decree of St. Peter for his canonisation.[1]

'The kitten[2] is too perfect when one is not able to stroke it.

'I am at present most interested by the news from Spain. I do so very much wish to hear of that wretched Queen being finally sent adrift. Not that one can help feeling some degree of pity for one who was the victim of diplomatic intrigues. But she is not the less intolerable; and the coolness of her proposal to be allowed to retain her power under the title of Regent shows how much she reckons on human folly. Yet the prospect for Spain seems to be only an exchange of despotism for anarchy.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *Oct.*, 1868.

'I fully appreciate the kindness of the precedence you have given me over such a host of correspondents. I should have liked, if I had been able, to return the Durham letter on Saturday, and now rather regret that I did not, reserving the rest for future notice; for your budget of good things was so multifarious, that I had not then time to digest or consider it, and each item seems to call for a little word. . . . . I agree with you in condemning your friend's view of the Irish Church question. His fundamental proposition, that the alleged grievance is only a sentimental one, is, to say the least, disputable and precarious, assuming what many would deny; but if it was admitted, it would remind me of a doctor who had a theory that no disease was so bad as a cold, and when any one said he

[1] This refers to a certain mediæval church said to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Julius Cæsar.

[2] A photograph.

had only a cold, used to say, "*Only* a cold! What would you have?—the plague?" Surely it is the sentiment of being aggrieved that is the essence of every grievance. Here let me say, that delightful as is the extract from the French review (which is worthy of the pen of the celebrated Assolant), the mistake of the German paper is still more exquisite, and more worthy of a French than a German writer. Do you remember that some years ago a play had a great run at Paris, in which the plot turned mainly on the intrigues of the Earl of Derby to be elected Lord Mayor?[1]

'Why should not Gladstone have called Finlen "a real working man," if he believed this to be the case, even though he had been not a Whig, but a Tory? On the other hand, Mr. Mill never professed to be anything but an out-and-out Radical. I am afraid you have been hazarding some unsafe assertion as to the possibility of Whigs and Radicals having some things in common.

'Though one rejoices in the expulsion of Isabella, the Spanish prospect is gloomy on account of the general apathy of the people, who take no interest in the parties who will be contending for the mastery, and even the very worst of regular governments is better than a chronic civil war, which is most likely to end in the restoration of the rejected dynasty.

'It was Mr. Basevi, brother of the ill-fated architect, who initiated me in the science and art of conveyancing —one of the three branches of the law to which I devoted as many years, which I do not at all regret. How could you fancy that I had heard of any "pend-

[1] The German paper had discoursed on the patriotism of Lord Mayo in giving up the better and loftier title of the Lord Mayor in order to accept the Governor-Generalship of India.

ing marriages"? Do they make a noise in the Sahara or in the Arctic Ocean?

'I have everything yet to learn as to the doctrine of the Caledonian Arthur, not even knowing whether he is supposed to be a distinct person from the hero of Tintagel.

'I knew of the first return of Miss Clark's swift, and am glad to hear that it continues faithful. When I consider what a fund of affectionate attachment there is in the breast of each of these dear little creatures, I feel more than ever indignant at the wanton and stupid cruelty with which they are massacred. Miss Bremer, on her voyage to America, saw a little bird almost spent with the fatigue of its long flight, and trying to rest upon the mast or rigging of the ship. Two monsters—an Englishman and a Spaniard—in spite of her remonstrances, kept scaring it away until it dropped, when they put it into a cage, where it died in a couple of hours. She believed in a Nemesis—that the time would come when they would seek rest and find none. She observes that on a Swedish vessel such a stranger would have been welcomed with crumbs of bread.

'Did you observe that the Pope is going to invite the Anglican Bishops, with other schismatics, to attend his General Council? Would it not be a nice opportunity of seeing Rome, St. Peter's, and a General Council into the bargain? Would there be any harm in accepting the invitation, if it leaves me at liberty to vote as I will? How funny it would be to find myself sitting by the side of Manning, who might protect me from being hustled. Addio, Carissima.

'The title of that French play was "La Popularité,"

It was the work of an eminent dramatist—I think Alfred de la Vigne.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *Oct.*, 1868.

'You are evidently in a state of great darkness as to the nature and value of *rumour*, when you take it for granted that it always has some *ground*. Some few months ago I received a number of applications for a living in North Wales which was transferred to my patronage. Admonished by experience, I began by making inquiry as to the fact of the vacancy. It turned out that the incumbent was perfectly well, and that it was only at a distance that anything was supposed to ail him. There was not only no *ground*, but no discoverable *occasion*, for the rumour. But when rumour is so modest as not even to report me seriously ill, you ought to feel quite sure that there is nothing at the bottom worth inquiring about.

'I was obliged yesterday to defer reading your letter until after post time, or I would have returned the enclosures at once, reserving any remarks upon them for a later occasion.

'As to Lady ——'s business, I am overwhelmed with confusion, but am forced to own that from the date of our conversation (which has itself escaped my recollection) until this the subject never recurred to my mind. I can, however, plead in excuse that I am quite conscious of this defect, and, when I can, always require that questions on matters of business should be laid before me in black and white. You seem to have supposed that Lady ——'s was one to which I could give an immediate answer, and are also under the (in this case unfortunate) delusion that one of the most

treacherous of memories is singularly retentive—as if you should take a sieve for a saucepan. Now, however, that I have the question on paper, I may say that I believe it could not be answered without further particulars, such as the original title to the vault, whether by Faculty or otherwise, and the precise nature of the alterations contemplated. But it must also be observed that the *necessity* of a Faculty may be taken in two senses. It might be *legally* necessary, and yet *practically* needless.

'As in the restoration or rebuilding of churches, a Faculty is not taken out in one case of a thousand, and yet it is *legally necessary* in all, unless the proposed alteration is of such a nature as to affect the rights of other parties. But pray remember that I speak only as a private individual, and that as bishop I have no voice in such matters out of my court. And how strange it is that you should have asked my opinion, when you could have got one so very much better from your father.

'Now a word on your correspondent. I not only most sincerely sympathise with his very natural perplexity, but consider him as an ill-used man. I have no doubt that he could write a capital essay, but hardly without a subject. It is mere Pharaonic cruelty to set him to making bricks without straw. It seems to me a positive breach of faith to use any unmeaning or tautologous terms in announcing the subject of a prize essay. And yet I do not see how the term *limits* can mean anything that is not implied in the term *object*. When you have defined the *object* of literary criticism you have traced its *limit*; in other words, you have shown what does and does not belong to it. If the

framer of the question meant anything else, he certainly ought to have expressed himself more clearly.

'I doubt very much whether any books will be found to throw any light on the obscurity of the question, and I believe that Mr. C—— will have to make up his mind for himself on the sense which he attaches to it, and upon this to ground the plan of his essay, and that his reading will be chiefly useful in the filling up of this outline. And for this purpose there is hardly any book relating to literature that might not be found useful. Examples of literary criticism—such as, among the elders, Johnson and Addison, among the moderns Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve—might be not less suggestive than theories of criticism from Pope, and Boileau, and Lord Kames, to Dallas, who has this special recommendation, that I strongly suspect it was his work that suggested the subject of the essay, and that Mr. C—— would not be making a very rash venture if he acted on this supposition. A general view of modern European literature, such as Hallam's, might also furnish useful matter and hints. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 9 *Nov.*, 1868.

'. . . . If you long to see the end of the election scuffles, how thankful ought I to be that I not only have nothing to do with them, but am bound not to interfere with them—which, of course, need not and does not prevent me from feeling a deep interest in the result. But the election itself, though a necessary evil, tends, I believe, always more or less to demoralise all who are concerned in it. If you are conscious of an unwholesome influence, how must it be with others! How happy it is, for instance, for Mr. —— that he

should be disabled from taking an active part in the strife, and should be so much better employed upon that fiction, which I hope some day to read with as much pleasure as the old ones. I quite forgive him his unfavourable judgment on myself, and almost envy the one-sidedness which permits him to believe that there can be only one rational view of the Irish Church question. But I could have wished that he had been a little more careful in his choice of language, and had not expressed himself as if absence from a division was the same thing as voting with the majority. A bishop, I think, may be excused if he is not ambitious of being more liberal than Stanley, the "Liberal of the Liberals," who, nevertheless, at the meeting in St. James's Hall, "urged," "as a Liberal," "that the union of Church and State ought to be maintained, as far as possible, in Ireland." How far that is, is a very grave question, on which I suspect Mr. —— has not spent much thought. But surely no one need be ashamed of taking the same view of it which was taken by all the most eminent Liberal statesmen from the Union to the present year, and has now only been abandoned by some now living on a questionable assumption of its having become impracticable. Under these circumstances, it appeared to me that to go to the House of Lords only for the purpose of saying that I could not vote with either party, having a theory of my own which separated me from both, would have been foolish and impertinent.

'I must close hastily with some miscellaneous notes, as I have to leave home this afternoon for an official engagement in Pembrokeshire.

'Pray do not let the prospect of my translation to Lambeth disturb your tranquillity. I cannot tell you

how perfectly safe you are. . . . . I send the "Contemporary Review" by this post. Pray let me know that it has reached you safely.

'I am afraid that Alford is too sanguine in his expectations, both as to the terms on which the separation which he evidently desires will be effected, and as to the results.' [1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Nov.*, 1868.

'I am not in the least hurry for the "Contemporary." I also rejoice in the appointment of the Bishop of London, and likewise in that of his successor (Lincoln) [2] who has always voted and spoken on the right side, and was an object of special complaint from the Bishop of Capetown. I cannot profess to be equally well pleased with the elevation of Wordsworth in his room, having a strong antipathy to many of W.'s views. But as far as learning, talents, and character are concerned, he must be admitted to be eminently entitled to a seat on the bench. I must therefore let Disraeli have that which a proverbial precept forbids us to withhold from a much more disreputable character, and say that his ecclesiastical appointments have been excellent, and raise my opinion of his judgment. I see that they have not pleased his party, which is a strong proof of their goodness. But I should not wonder if in making them he was looking forward to a time when he might declare himself the leader of a Liberal-Conservative party, with a strong emphasis on the first half of the compound, making the second hardly audible.

[1] *The Church of the Future.* Henry Alford.

[2] In 1868, the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, was appointed to succeed Dr. Sumner at Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln was translated to London.

'You do not exactly touch the point as to Mr. ——. I did not, and do not, complain of any opinion he had expressed about me, but of a misstatement of a plain matter of fact. To say that I made one of a "mob of bishops," on an occasion when I was, as everybody knows, physically, and, as every one of *them*, mentally, separate from them, is a misrepresentation, for which no bodily infirmity, unless accompanied by weakness or disorder of mind, is a sufficient excuse. He might have said that in his opinion I was bound not to keep aloof from but to confront the "mob of bishops." I could then only have claimed the right of judging for myself on such a point. The "Spectator" had in a manner expressly summoned me to the debate, and declared itself "disappointed" at my absence; but it had too much regard to truth and common sense to speak of *that* as if it made me one of the majority. I should be very sorry if I did not expect to have an opportunity of explaining my views of the question, not simply as I have already done, privately to "the mob," but with the fullest publicity. But I am glad that I have reserved myself for a future occasion.

'The most remarkable event of the elections, so far, is Mill's loss of his seat. Only to think that nothing could have shaken it, if he only would have kept quiet, and not gone out of his way to give offence to his friends! And yet they were all noble and generous errors, such as no cold-blooded or not scrupulously conscientious and self-sacrificing man could have committed. People who only knew him by his literary character supposed him to be a man of cool temperament. He is evidently, like Gladstone—in whom for a time it was as little

suspected—a man of vehemently passionate susceptibility. The snow covers a volcano. . . . .'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *Dec.*, 1868.

'. . . . I believe that the orthodox explanation of the fact which you so justly deplore is, that there lies at the bottom of every human heart a more or less deep pool of something like petroleum, which is harmless enough as long as it is left to itself, but if it is heated, either by contact with flame or by any violent shock, overflows in a state of fearful combustion.[2]

'Another explanation is, that when men have any object in view which for the time appears to them supremely desirable, they are apt to overlook the quality of the means by which it is to be attained. Are you in favour of triennial parliaments? If so, I suppose Mr. —— would like them to be annual.

'Now that we have got our new Parliament, I cannot say I am very much delighted with the result of the great struggle. Some of the ablest of the last have been ejected, and I do not know of a single superior mind that has been brought in to supply their place. It is true that Gladstone has a majority pledged to follow him on one point; but when they have redeemed that pledge it remains to be seen whether he will be able to hold them together any better than he did before. Something, no doubt, is wanting in him which Disraeli

[1] 'I did not approve of Mill's persecution of Eyre any more than I sympathised with Eyre's apologists; but I am convinced that Mill was actuated by the purest and noblest motives, without the slightest personal feeling. Mind, I do not say I wish for a House of Commons all Mill, but I think one would always be very useful.'

[2] This refers to an allusion to the ill feelings occasioned by a contested election.

possesses in perfection; but I am not sure that, if they were to exchange parts, Disraeli would succeed better with such a following. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 7 *Dec.*, 1868.

'. . . . Considering the poem[1] merely as a literary performance, I do not think it very much amiss. There are good as well as bad lines in it, and its faults are mostly in excess of vigour, which is the right side. But considered as a political pamphlet in verse, however good it might have been in its kind, I should have disliked it, because in my opinion the kind itself is not legitimate, but base and mongrel. It is a political argument; but the poetry is not argument, nor the argument poetry. The one spoils the other, and the mixture is worthless.

'Perhaps, however, it may be too exacting to expect anything in a burlesque poem that could be translated into serious prose. But here the author has contrived to betray most disgraceful ignorance on one certainly not unimportant aspect of the Irish Church question.

'It is quite evident that he seriously believes that the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood have been giving proof of disinterestedness in refusing all endowment from the State, as if they had not good reason for declining a provision which would at once lessen their income (the average of which, I believe, exceeds that of the Protestant clergy) and weaken their influence. That to gratify their cupidity and ambition they should desire to continue sucking the blood of the poor is the less surprising as they identify themselves with "the Catholic Church." But

[1] A political poem on the Irish Church, &c.

that a man, not one of themselves or of their sheep, should be found ignorant enough to be duped by their impudent hypocrisy, and to hold them up as models of primitive self-denial, &c., is a saddening example of the success of imposture.

'Is not Disraeli's fall the most becoming act of his life?[1]

'I was rather glad to see in Gladstone's Lancashire speeches that he at least does not consider me as making one of a "mob of bishops," but quite the reverse. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Dec.*, 1868.

'. . . . The self-abnegation which the author of the poem attributes to the Irish priesthood is probably the effect of sheer ignorance, for if he had been aware that the Romish clergy, not only in France but in Protestant Prussia, accept State pay along with Protestants and Jews, he could hardly have failed to see that if it was refused by their brethren in Ireland this could not be on any higher principle, but simply on a calculation of interest, which satisfied them that they are better off as they are, though at the expense of their poor flocks, not to speak of their secret hopes that they may one day become *the* Established and Endowed Church of Ireland, until which time they will do their utmost to excite disaffection to the English Government and to agitate for repeal. . . . . But on another point I cannot let him off so easily . . . . his attack on, not the livings, but the lives of the Irish clergy. . . . . Such things cannot claim the impunity of a joke. They are either true or

[1] He and his Cabinet resigned office without waiting for the meeting of Parliament.

they are falsehoods. . . . . I believe that a body of men more irreproachable in their lives than the Irish clergy of this day never existed. In the Irish debate this was acknowledged even more emphatically by the opponents of the Irish establishment than by its defenders. If Mr. —— had been a member and had ventured to utter the like insinuations he would have been put down by the indignant reprobation of both sides of the House. This calumny is also what Talleyrand thought worse than a crime—an egregious blunder. It betrays his inability to understand the question, which does not in the least turn on the character of the Irish clergy as a body, but on their legal position. He raises what your father would call a *false issue*. . . . .

'I am glad you enjoy the "Earthly Paradise."[1] I do not know the "Happy Isles." It is true that before "Jason" Morris was almost—not *quite*—unknown. I was the more surprised to see, in a review of "Jason," an allusion to, I think, two earlier works, which had been appreciated by a few, but not heard of by the many, of whom I made one. I have never yet seen them, and do not know their names. "Jason" was, I think, too perfect for a first work.

'I am ashamed to say that I have not yet found leisure for Skene. You know it is not exactly light reading.

'I do not remember the article on the "Atrocious Attila;" but, if it is not too sceptical, I should like to be quite sure that there is such a pamphlet, and that it

[1] 'Yes, some of my very pleasantest hours last summer were spent in Morris's *Earthly Paradise*: I am a great admirer of all that I have seen of his, which is, however, only this and *Jason*, and I look forward with the prospect of much enjoyment to the second volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, which is to come out next year.'

was not invented by the "Saturday" as a vehicle for its own speculations. I sometimes suspect that in like manner it sometimes reviews novels which were never seen outside of its pages, as they are very often incredibly absurd, and such as, if published, would fall dead from the press, but yet furnish amusing articles.

'I was once interested in vitrified forts, but having some years ago clambered up a high hill near Inverness in quest of one which was described in my guide-book as a remarkably fine specimen, and, though I had two natives to guide me, having been unable to find a single vitrified stone, I must own that my appetite has been rather weakened by want of nourishment. Do you know whether the outside of that beautiful Irish fort near the sea, between Valentia and Bantry Bay, was vitrified? I remember it had a glazed look.

'. . . . I must now shut up. Yesterday I had to write all the morning until candle-lighting, and then rushed out to breathe a little fresh air, but in about ten minutes was driven in by pelting rain. To-day is too fine to be so lost.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 26 *Dec.*, 1868.

'I returned from town on the 18th. It would have been unseemly in a Ritual Commission, even if they were not flesh and blood, to have taken no notice of Christmas. We do not resume our sittings until the 27th January. . . . .

'I remember that article in the "Saturday" on "Skipping," but read it skippingly. Of course when I read the "Times" I do not go through all the advertisements, or even all the correspondence; but when I sit down to a book I feel the same kind of scruple which

you describe, and very seldom omit a single word unless I am forced to give it up before I come to the end, which has happened to me with a few works of fiction; but if I had not curiosity enough to carry me through the whole I should certainly not have courage and patience for writing an abstract of it.

'By-the-bye, have you seen the continuation of Kinglake's "Crimean War"? The two new volumes are painfully interesting. It is almost heartbreaking to think of the opportunities we lost, and how, having thrown them away, we were only saved from destruction by the still greater incapacity of the enemy. But only to think that four thick volumes have brought us no farther than the Charges of Balaclava! I hardly venture to hope that I shall live to read the whole story.

'I will take note of the locality of Mr. Meredyth Thomas's studio, and when I am in town again will endeavour to call there; but I can never reckon on any day or hour as at my own disposal.

'I am here in the enjoyment of quasi-patriarchal felicity, surrounded by John and his wife and their nine children.

'With every kind of good wish proper or improper to the season. . . . .'

1869.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *Jan.*, 1869.

'I BELIEVE that many readers have been offended by Kinglake's attack on Louis Napoleon, though I believe it only expresses the opinion of the majority of educated Frenchmen. It belonged to his subject to show the origin of the Alliance in the interest of the *coup d'état;* but, having done so, he does not recur to the subject except to point out the calamitous results of the Alliance to us: and I do think that he makes it very clear that, without the French, we should have gained the battle of the Alma, and even more clear that, having gained it, we should at once have taken Sebastopol, and so have saved more than can be easily counted in treasure, lives, and credit.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *Jan.*, 1869.

'Pray never again attempt to say a word in favour of Chaos. Here have I been spending fully as much time as I can spare for answering your letter in hunting for it, knowing all the while that it was within arm's reach, but Chaos refusing to give it up until I had abandoned the search in despair and sat down to write, when, as if tired of teasing me, it peeped out from under a slight cover. I cannot conceive whereabouts is all the beautiful scenery you have described. It seems from the name

to be somewhere between Swansea and Port Talbot. But I am puzzled by the name itself. It, no doubt, as all Welsh names of places, exactly describes the position. . . . .

'I love that companionable goldfinch. I hope he has strengthened your abhorrence of the infamous persecution of his sweet race which is now going on with redoubled fury under the basest pretexts and from the vilest motives by land and sea, and which threatens some branches of the family with extermination. The systematic destruction of the "small birds" under the pretence of their doing injury to agriculture, to which they were really rendering most valuable service, was bad enough. (One longs for a world in which colossal robins, armed with bow and arrow, shall shoot the murderous farmers.) But the massacres of myriads of seafowl, involving the starvation of many more myriads of their bereaved young, all for the sake of a little additional ornament for ladies' bonnets, fills me with grief and indignation. I conjure you never to wear a single feather that has been so obtained, and to use all your influence to dissuade your friends from doing so. Think of Miss Clark's swallow.

'I was not aware that the boulders transported by icebergs or glaciers exhibited marks of the ice which carried them. I thought the action of the ice was only visible on the sides of the rocks by which the glacier passed. But this reminds me of a truly dreadful fact which only became known to me yesterday as I was cutting open the "Athenæum" of November last. Were you aware that the Breton farmers are actively engaged in removing all the Druidical remains for some "useful" purpose, so that, if nobody interferes, they will before

long have entirely disappeared? Ought you not to write to M. Henri Martin to inquire whether anything is being done to stop the ravages of this atrocious Vandalism, which is even worse than that of the Bande Noire, because that had the plea of waging war on the relics of the feudal system, and, though the result was deplorable, the motive might have been patriotic? But there is no such excuse for the barbarous demolishment of the Celtic monuments. Yet I suppose the destroyers think themselves more enlightened than their forefathers, who neglected to avail themselves of such a quarry already worked for them when they had nothing to do but to cart the stones away.

'The Brazilian victory over Paraguay having hitherto been only reported by Brazilian bulletins is thought likely to have been—not indeed invented—but exaggerated. I think that however complete it may have been, you need not despair of the fortunes of Paraguay. There is a wonderful vitality in those South American States nourished by inexhaustible resources, and not to be quenched either by hostile force or by the worst misgovernment. I am very much afraid that Greece is a puppet, behind which Russia is pulling the strings. The Great Bear has now one forepaw on the shore of the North Sea, and the other on the threshold of India, where I have no doubt we shall in a few years have to meet him in the field. I am not deeply concerned in the pitch revolution, and yet I was always offended by musical screaming, as in my playgoing days I was with that of almost all the popular tragic actresses who followed Mrs. Siddons. *She* never offended the ear even in her most impassioned scenes. It was no doubt an advantage which she owed to her being born at Brecon.

Mr. and Mrs. Perowne are here on their way to Lampeter. I have seen the proof of his first Hulsean Lecture. You will find the course very interesting, as its subject is the Future Life. I believe that Mr. S—— was quite correct in his remark on your sadness. . . . . But I have no doubt the tendency to melancholy is the penalty you pay for the peculiar fineness of your organisation. . . . . But there is the comfort, that to the same cause you are indebted for your most exquisite enjoyments, and all around you for the delight you impart to them.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 30 *Jan.*, 1869.

'Ever since my arrival in Babylon each day has been entirely occupied with attendance at the Ritual Commission and a Lectionary Committee appointed by it; and even if the business of these conferences was not tabooed, it would have afforded no materials capable of yielding the smallest entertainment to you.

'On my journey I had a delightful companion in Lanfrey, who has just brought out a third volume. I found it the most interesting of the three. Among other things he fixes his hero with the undivided responsibility of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and proves it to have been a perfectly cool-blooded assassination calculated for a political object, with the fullest knowledge of the innocence of his victim.

'On Thursday I dined at the Deanéry, Westminster, and happening to ask Lady Augusta whether she had read Lanfrey, found that she entirely agreed and sympathised with me on the subject from her own domestic experience. She told me that her father was detained by Bonaparte—in flagrant breach of the law of nations—when returning from the embassy of Con-

stantinople, in revenge for something which he was supposed to have said there.[1] We agreed with one another that the most violent invectives applied to Bonaparte in England, at the moment of the greatest exasperation against him, did not approach the truth, because, before recent disclosures, though he was considered as a hard, unscrupulous tyrant, nobody suspected the depths of baseness to which he had descended. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *Feb.*, 1869.

'Your little bark came into port at the time you had calculated, but found me completely occupied with clearing out for my home voyage, which I accomplished yesterday; and as usual after every return I am a good deal pressed and hurried, but as I shall be more and more so until the end of my ordination business, I think it best to scrawl a little now. I am very deeply sensible of the kindness which breathes through all you say about me, and which I hope I return with something at least better than I can express. No doubt I believe that a future state of being involves personal consciousness and capacity of recognition, and would otherwise be a mere empty name. But the longer I live the more I am surprised at the birthday congratulations which I receive from my friends. I can quite understand their propriety during the morn-

[1] Lord Elgin was two years confined in the Château of Lourdes near Pau; for Napoleon believed that he had sent to Lord Nelson the information which enabled him to follow the French fleet and destroy it at Aboukir. Lord Elgin was arrested in Paris, though, as an ambassador who was only passing through, his person should have been held sacred. He was hastily carried on to Lourdes under a guard of gens-d'armes. His family were for a long time ignorant of his detention, and not even aware whether he was alive or dead.

ing of life, when each successive stage is one of increased vigour and enjoyment. But to be congratulated on having advanced a step nearer to the grave, on having a year less to live—what is the meaning of that? And when the congratulation is accompanied by wishes that I may live to the age of Tithonus or of Methuselah, but exempt from decrepitude and infirmity, and that the course of nature may be changed in my favour, though I know the kindness from which these wishes proceed, they unavoidably sound to me like mockery. I do not believe that any old man ever congratulated himself on his birthday unless he was eager for the end of his life; I am sure I never did. Why, then, should my friends do so for me? . . . .

'I never heard Wallace's "Night Winds," but I so delight in the real howl of the blast that I am sure I should enjoy any good musical imitation.

'You do not seem to appreciate the blandness of this incomparable winter. Are you aware that at Rome they have had the coldest within memory of man? Archdeacon Clark writes: "The water-pipes are bursting; the fountains are all frozen; Triton, in the Piazza Barberini, sits on a little mountain of ice; the fountains in the Piazza of St. Peter's throw up their showers of spray, but it freezes as it falls. I sit at home with a great-coat, and wear two when I go out, and do not feel warm," &c. Is not that a great comfort?

'. . . . What do I think of the Irish bishops? Many things, but not to be said at the fag-end of a letter, and you have not explained the point of your question. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *Feb.*, 1869.

'. . . . I did not at all wish to restrain the good wishes of my friends, though the likelihood of their accomplishment must depend, not on what others have been, but on what I am, which nobody knows so well as myself. I only observed that no wishes for the future can alter the character of the melancholy fact which is the occasion of the birthday congratulations I receive.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *April*, 1869.

'Your last afforded me more than usual pleasure, because, in addition to that which I enjoy from all your letters, there was the gratification of a curiosity which had begun to be quite restless. Nobody in the county knew, or could guess, where you were. The ——, who were with me for a day or two last week, were quite at sea. All kinds of rumours were afloat about your having been spirited away, on your journey homeward, some believed to ——; but that you had returned home appears to have entered no human mind. Confess that you were *pour quelque chose* in this general bewilderment, and that by some innocent stratagem you contrived to put your friends on a false scent, and so to escape morning calls, while you lay *perdue*, despatching the arrears of your correspondence.

'I begin to be rather thankful to your troublesome tooth for having been the occasion of such a pleasant visit to London, in which you saw so many interesting things and persons. On that Thursday I tried, but in vain, to make you out through the glass of your cage. Did you notice an old gentleman who sat immediately below me? On his right was Lord Houghton, who

told me that "the arch-rebel" was in the house. I did not at first understand that he meant Jefferson Davis, but when he explained himself I asked whether he knew the arch-rebel by sight, on which he put on an air of pious horror, as if the very sight of such a person would soil the purity of his Northern principles. On this I asked, "Is Reverdy Johnson here?" "Yes, here he is," said he, pointing to the old gentleman below me, who straightway rose and turned round, and, on my apologising for my indiscretion, shook me benignly by the hand. . . . .

'The "Ring and the Book" is in four volumes, and every here and there is really difficult reading. That is why I said read it *if you can*. I am sometimes forced to read a passage three or four times before I am sure that I understand it. That is, no doubt, a fault, though I think it arises mainly from an exaggeration of a merit. It carries the Chinese-like condensation of English style a little too far. There is an increase of vigour as in the clenching of a fist, but it costs time and pains to open it.

'It is not, however, necessary for the enjoyment of the story to stop at these knotty points, but if it was there would be ample compensation for the exertion in the amazing ingenuity of the invention and beauty of the execution, though a little marred by occasional negligences, which such a poet can well afford, as they rather produce the effect of conscious power. . . . .

'I return the three letters, each entertaining in its kind, but especially that of the youngest correspondent, who, I am afraid, will *not* like being "made a Christian." But have not all of us, who are Christians, been made so in spite of ourselves? Addio, Carissima. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 28 *April*, 1869.

'Your sweet letter[1] comes every way redolent of spring. The only glimpse of nature I get during this brilliant weather is in crossing the park on my way to Westminster, when I mark the progress of the foliage rather with jealousy than with pure delight, thinking how much I should enjoy the sight of my own trees, which, at this most interesting season, are entirely lost to me for this year.

'This week town offers, not consolation, but a little diversion from this saddening thought in exhibitions of art. You have, no doubt, seen that the National Gallery has taken undivided possession of the building which it shared with the Royal Academy, and that the opening has been marked by the appearance of a newly-acquired unfinished "Entombment," attributed to Michael Angelo. I have only had one view of it. Nobody can doubt its being the work of a very great master, but how it is that the connoisseurs have been able to assign it, as they do without a doubt, to Michael Angelo, I do not pretend to know. The almost architectural (pyramidal) symmetry of the grouping strikes the most unlearned eye, but I do not know how far that is characteristic of Michael Angelo. The body in the centre is half raised, partly supported by Joseph of Arimathea, who stands behind, and partly by two persons, one on each side, holding the extremities of the band which passes round the body. This white band on the dead-white flesh seems to be considered as a great achievement of colouring. The group is complemented by a sitting figure at each corner, one of

[1] Enclosing violets.

which, unfortunately, is in a merely rudimentary state. One of the side supporters, who is clad in scarlet—the effect of which, close to the body, you may easily conceive—holds his head back, while he gazes on the dead Christ with an expression of interest which words must fail to describe, but in which I cannot say that I recognised the hand of Michael Angelo, though I do not presume to doubt that it might have been his work. Some friendly genius has inspired the Council of the Royal Academy with the thought of sending me a card for the dinner next Saturday, a favour which I had not expected ever to receive again, and which is doubly precious at the inauguration of the new building. I hope that Disraeli will not be prevented by gout from being present.

'I have not read Phillips' "Musical Recollections," and I should hardly think that I could enjoy it much in my utter ignorance of music. I am not quite sure whether I had met with Max Müller's interpretation of the myth of Apollo and Daphne. But I believe that any one who knows his system might easily have anticipated it, as a simple application of his principles. The want of time for reading is the great misery of London life, greater on the whole than the banishment from the country; and the misery is increased by the constant influx of new works. I had begun Lecky's new book on the "History of European Morals" (two solid octavos) when Lord Houghton asks me whether I have read "Kitty," and tells me it is the best novel he ever read. How, after that, can I help getting and trying to read "Kitty"?[1]

'But while I am taking little sips of this lighter

[1] By Miss Betham-Edwards, author of *Dr. Jacob*.

reading at chance intervals, there comes in Victor Hugo with "L'Homme qui rit," in four volumes octavo. Of this; for the present, I have only read the preface, from which I learn that the subject is the English aristocracy, and that it is to be followed by two others, the first on the (French) monarchy, and the second to be entitled "Quatre-vingt-treize." . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 4 *May*, 1869.

'. . . . I had some talk last night with Mr. Boxall about his Michael Angelo. The identification, he admits, is purely inferential. But he thinks the dead Christ shows the hand of a painter who was also a sculptor, and that all the other internal evidence points to the youth of Michael Angelo, who, as he believes, purposely left it unfinished, being dissatisfied with it. Since my last I took another and longer view of it, and found it gain upon me by the second inspection. The head of the dead Christ is of incomparable beauty, but whether of the Michael Angelic type seems to me still doubtful.

'It is curious that one of the most prominent figures appears to stand on one foot, and Mr. Boxall could not tell me where the other was supposed to rest. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 12 *May*, 1869.

'. . . . I was one of an immense crowd assembled by the Duchess of Argyll at the India Office. It was a very splendid scene. The centre of the quadrangle, where the ball was given to the Sultan last year, was occupied by some regimental band. The company circulated in the surrounding galleries. It was the only gathering of the kind where something was to be seen beside people's faces. On the second floor is the

museum, composed of all the treasures of Indian products and industry formerly lodged at the India House, Leadenhall Street, and increased by many later additions. One curiosity I remember to have seen very long ago—a figure, of the size of life, of a tiger with a man under him. When you turn a handle the tiger's paw strikes the man, who utters a moan. This was a toy of Tippoo Sahib's, and represented an Englishman in the position in which he would have liked to see every one of the race.

'The scene was animated by the presence of several Indian potentates — Nawabs or something — moving about in gorgeous oriental costume. (Also by a dear little cat, who glided through the throng with perfect composure, though not an Indian, or even a Persian, but a simple English tabby.) Among the known faces I saw Henry de Bunsen with his wife and daughters, and Ernest de Bunsen with the beautiful Hilda (of whom there is a good portrait at the Royal Academy). . . . .

'Conceive the dissipation in which I am living. I had come from a concert given by the boys at my old school, the Charterhouse, where I was reminded of you by hearing an English translation of "Aderyn pur" sung by a very sweet voice with unbounded applause.

'To-night I am to combine two operations much less easy to reconcile, having first to dine at Merchant Taylors' Hall in my robes, and then to attend the concert at Buckingham Palace, which always involves a very late departure. But that, I hope, will end the debaucheries of my "season." . . . .

'You will be glad to see in this day's "Times" two letters from evidently well-informed Americans, correct-

ing the impression which had been made by Sumner's speech, as well as by some alarming utterances of Goldwin Smith. There is certainly no logical connection whatever between the Irish agrarian outrages and the Irish Church Bill; but it is no less clear that the Opposition looks upon the outrages as a godsend, and hopes that the Land question will prove a rock on which the Ministry will split.

'How droll it is that you should evoke my musical recollections. I do, however, remember hearing Catalani, but it was, I believe, in the period when her voice, if it retained its power, had begun to lose its more valuable qualities. I remember even the name of an opera in which I heard her sing. It was *Una partita di caccia sotto Enrico Quarto*. Malibran I must have heard much later and oftener; yet I have not a distinct recollection of the fact. Miss Stephens I remember very well, both on and off the stage. I used to see a great deal of her after she became Lady Essex, and even after she had lost her husband. You know Sydney Smith used to complain of the difficulty people had, when she entered a room, to refrain from clapping.

'I also recollect Paganini, first at Rome, and afterwards in the Haymarket, where he performed his *tours de force* all the evening on one string. Dragonetti I believe did not appear much, except in an orchestra. Bochsa collected bands of lady harpists to play in concert. But I do not think I can ever have seen Pisaroni's face, as it has left no trace in my memory. The singers whom I remember with the greatest pleasure are Pasta, Rubini, and Lablache, though no doubt that which I received from the last was not purely musical, but in part due to his extraordinary physique. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 13 *May*, 1869.

'P.S.—Latest musical recollections. Previous personal adventures. I got away from the dinner—where I sat between Lord Fortescue and Sir Watkin—in excellent time, following the example of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after I had talked a little nonsense, retired avowedly because he had to go to the concert. But conceive the misery. I had ordered my carriage—to be quite sure of taking advantage of such an opportunity—at a quarter-past nine. But my servant, perceiving that dinner was not over before half-past eight, and knowing that it was to be followed by much speechifying and singing, concluded that I could not get away before ten, and ordered the carriage at that hour! I had therefore to pace up and down for about twenty minutes, when he appeared, but without the carriage; and I had to take a cab, in which we met it about half-way, and then, having stopped to doff my robes, proceeded to the Palace. But there I had the agreeable surprise to find that the Prince of Wales had had the goodness to keep the company waiting for me (and for himself) about half an hour, so that the first overture had only just begun when I arrived. Likewise the Bishop of Oxford, though not expecting me, had kept an excellent place for me, commanding a perfect view of the whole scene. The Princess of Wales was looking in excellent health, and more lovely than ever. . . . . There was a brilliant display of oriental costumes. One rajah wore a tunic reaching to the ground, of exactly the colours and spangles of harlequin. But the most astonishing thing I ever saw in such an assembly was a very large tall man of the colour of cinder. It was something quite unearthly, and gave

one a lively or deadly idea of an Afreet. The Bishop of Oxford said he must be the representative of some infernal power. . . . .

'Now for the music. It was an unusually good selection, but it is much to be lamented that they do not print books of the words. There were four lady solo singers, all of different races—a Swede, a Hungarian, and a Welshwoman (Miss Edith Wynne). The country of the fourth I could only guess, as she rejoiced in the unaccountable name of Mademoiselle Valesca de Facino. As she was a brunette of a very deep hue, I could only guess that she may be a Spaniard. Miss E. Wynne sang the "Bells of Aberdovey," accompanied by the Pencerdd (profanely styled Mr. John Thomas) on the harp obbligato. We had also Swedish airs by Mdlle. Nilsson, and airs Hongrois by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. They were very pretty, especially the Swedish, but somehow only the Welsh gave me the idea of a really national air.

'Through the delay which took place in my interest, though there was no break, the concert was not over until half-past twelve.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *May*, 1869.

'Your precaution was superfluous. Notwithstanding your incredulity, I returned here on Wednesday. But you did not know that I was engaged to admit three candidates, whose services were urgently needed, to a special ordination. This prevented me from accepting an invitation to dine in Trinity College Hall on Tuesday, which is there the great feast day of the year. But I enjoyed my short visit to Cambridge very much indeed, and was never before, since I went up as a fresh-

man, so well pleased with the place. I was royally entertained at Trinity Lodge, and on Monday I went over all the new buildings at St. John's. The chapel is quite a gem—as it well may be, having cost 70,000*l*. I heard doubts expressed—but every Johnian would attribute them to envy—whether the college, being a trustee, was quite justified in spending so large a sum on "a toy." I think I should have preferred laying it out to get rid of the buildings with which the college was disfigured by Rickman, and which now contrast harshly with both the old, venerable, and really beautiful brickwork and with the latest of Scott.

'After this I performed one of the greatest pedestrian feats on record. I set out at eleven to perambulate the backs of the colleges, and make the circuit of Petty Cury and Sydney Street, and so back to the point from which I started. I executed this round, which at a gentle ordinary pace might have taken half an hour, in three hours. I flatter myself that it was the longest time in which the distance was ever done; for, with the exception of some five minutes, I was all the time in as constant motion as the hour-hand of a clock, and felt very much tired and footsore at the end. But after a little rest I sallied forth again to complete my survey of the colleges. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 28 *May*, 1869.

'I have sent you the most palpable fruit of my visit to Cambridge, in my Whit-Sunday sermon, which will be very proper reading for you on Sunday, to fill up any vacant half-hour. It is, as you will see, not wholly unconnected with the subject of Huxley's article.[1] I do

[1] *On the Physical Basis of Life*, 1 Feb., 1869.

not know whether I told you that, in order to read it again, I sent for the number of the "Fortnightly." But I could not find leisure for the reading in London, and, perhaps, never should if you had not repeated your question, which forced me to take it up, and read it more attentively than I had the first time.

'I found that I had something to retract, and that I must have spoken of it upon the impression made by the first part, without taking sufficient account of that which appears to be said in an opposite sense in the latter part. As he himself expressly repudiates the "materialistic philosophy," it would be foolish and unjust to charge him with that which he reprobates as strongly as if he had been in the pulpit. Nor do I say that it is his fault if the article is not quite satisfactory, and leaves one in a little doubt about his *dernier mot*. But it does seem to me rather like a couplet which does not rhyme. He admits that he has begun by landing in a "crass materialism." And the way in which he extricates himself and the reader from this slough seems to be by showing that after all it is only a question of terminology, and that the materialistic has the advantage of being the most convenient. This may be quite true, but I do not find that it neutralises the effect of the preceding deduction.

'His criticism on the Archbishop of York seems to me quite just; but I am not sure what range of subjects he would include in his description of "lunar politics." . . . .

'What can you have heard about the state of ——? I do not know anything *lamentable* in it, except that people cannot quite agree about what is best for it. But might you not say the same thing about the state of the

nation, as long as there are political parties, to whom the one's meat is the other's poison? And yet does any one really lament that we are not all of one mind, and that variance of opinion is the condition of progress? Take comfort.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 8 *June*, 1869.

'. . . . I quite agree with Professor Blackie that the English way of reading Greek differs very widely indeed from the original pronunciation; but that it is much more faithfully represented by his own, or any other, I am not so sure. The mode in which accent was combined with quantity has always been to me a puzzle, though I had the advantage of hearing Greek read at Berlin by the great Professor Boeckh, who was probably the highest authority on the subject.

'I am rather jealous of Mrs. P——, whose letter I return. If I had not seen it I should not have known that you are a *Neo-druidess*. But now that I have, through her, learned the fact, I have not the least notion what a Neo-druidess is. Can you tell me without divulging sacred mysteries? . . . . Pray do not say any more about the publication of my sermons. I have already printed more than I ought on various special occasions.

'The town has been alarmed by reports that the House of Lords had gone out of its mind. The accounts this morning are a little reassuring, but its exact condition seems still doubtful. We have had a few days of Neapolitan weather, and I have been suffering from heat, but still more from *νοσταλγία*, thinking how I should enjoy Abergwili, where I was shivering all the time I spent there last month. *χαῖρε φιλτάτη*. . . . .'

'1 Regent Street, 21 *June*, 1869.

'I am much obliged to you for the sight of Mr. Sartoris' letter; none of the compliments I have received on my speech have gratified me so much. I must let you into a little of the secret history of the speech.[1] In consequence of a cold in the throat I had rested very ill for several nights before, and worst of all on the last, so that having vainly attempted to get a doze in my chair, which, if it had only been for a few minutes, would have done me infinite good, I went down to the House with my brains all seething and muddled, and, though I kept myself up by a spasmodic effort, the effect was that I forgot several things which I had intended to say, and which, when they recurred to my mind too late, annoyed me more than you can easily conceive.

'This, however, was not the worst misery. Another arose out of my good fortune itself. You will have observed that there were frequent "cheers." These, though highly encouraging, often drowned my voice at the end of a sentence, and thus prevented even the "'Times'" reporter from catching it, and thus some things were omitted, and the place of others supplied by mere guess. This has caused serious misunderstanding of some points in which accuracy of expression was particularly necessary, and I have thus been induced to have it reprinted in a separate form while the exact words I used were fresh in my memory, and I hope to be able to send you a copy of the real speech before long.

'I am only just beginning to recover from the effects of that last debate, during which I sat ten and a half hours without a minute's interruption. But as I walked

[1] On the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

home between three and four I was rewarded by the exquisite beauty of the morning as it dawned on the sleeping city. It was just such a one as that which was the occasion of Wordsworth's sonnet ending with the line (I think)—

"And all that mighty heart was lying (?) still."

'Addio, Carissima. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 9 *July*, 1869.

'. . . . At the risk of seeming egotistical I must enclose a letter which I received this morning. The writer is a sort of voluntary independent missionary, who labours among the working classes, and has frequently asked me to send him my Charges for their benefit, which I could not understand; and, though I complied with the request, could not help intimating a doubt as to the usefulness, which he seems to allude to at the beginning of his letter.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *July*, 1869.

'. . . . Now I must proceed to satisfy your curiosity. The Saturday before I left town will always live in my memory as the most agreeable day I ever spent in London. Indeed, I cannot remember any other which I found uniformly pleasant. It began with a breakfast at Lord Houghton's, where I sat by the Duc d'Aumale, and had a great deal of pleasant talk with him on a variety of subjects—among them on Lanfrey, about whom, you may easily imagine, we quite agreed. I only got away in time to be taken up by Mrs. Sartoris[1] at

[1] '1 July, 1869. It was a great pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. She is an admirable representative of the genius of her gifted family. Her brother John, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar, was a crony of mine at Cambridge.'

one, and our conversation made me almost sorry to arrive at Manchester Square. She set it aflow by the question whether I found the delivery of a speech or a sermon the more exciting. You will know that it must be the speech. A sermon never makes the preacher undergo "agonies" before he mounts the pulpit. But this led to all manner of stories about preachers. . . . . She told me that she had once gone to the Hanover Square Rooms to hear le Père Ravignan; but when she got there, and found herself invited to enter a box to hear him preach on the same platform where she had so often sung, she could not stand the thought, but went away.

'I need not speak of the pictures. The "Rainbow Landscape," the masterpiece of all Rubens' landscapes, is one of its gems. There is also a great Vandervelde, a sea piece, which is Lord Hertford's favourite. It is rich in the Flemish and Spanish schools, and in Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's. There is hardly anything Italian but Canalettos. I dare say Lord Hertford is hardly able to enjoy the great Italian masters. Before we parted Mrs. Sartoris asked me whether I cared for music, and, on my answer in the affirmative, invited me to her evening party.

'So ended Act ii. You would never guess the scene of Act iii., so I must tell you. I deliberately drove to Westminster Bridge, and thence walked along the Thames Embankment, eastward, to the end of the Temple. The day was brilliant, and the heat tempered by a pleasant breeze. I never had a more enjoyable walk, and have no hesitation in saying that, on the whole, I prefer it for picturesque effect to the Quais at Paris. There is nothing on the Seine comparable to the perspective of

the bridges on the Thames. I then ascended to the Temple, and rambled almost in solitude over my old haunts in its courts and gardens, observing sundry additions of new and good architecture, and also glad to see that the Benchers had enclosed the greater part of their garden as a playground for the poor boys of the neighbourhood. I then emerged, needing rest, at Temple Bar, and went home in a hansom. . . . .

'The scene changes in Act iv. to Park Place, St. James's Square, where I found rather a large than a very small party. I did not, however, hear Mrs. Sartoris sing.

'The musical performance was confined to an Italian gentleman and a young Englishwoman. He sang Spanish as well as Italian pieces. The Italian, as I was told, was old music of a master named Lotti, whose name I never heard before. It was all very choice. The curtain dropped (for me) between eleven and twelve.

'Now I pass to domestic matters, and you must prepare yourself for some melancholy tidings. I have not yet seen the Tycoon,[1] and, what is worst, I do not feel at all sure that I ever shall see him. You may remember I had misgivings about his reception, and my fears have been sadly realised. It seems that his Western rival would not tolerate his presence, but put him to flight, and he was seen as an outcast at Clystanog, exposed to all manner of dangers.

'The victor took possession of his consort, who, I am ashamed to say, attached herself to him as if she had never seen the Tycoon. Even if it is known where-

[1] A Japanese peacock, given to Bishop Thirlwall by the sister of his correspondent.

abouts he is, it is doubtful whether he will ever let himself be caught. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *July*, 1869.

'. . . . I return ——'s letter. I am not at all astounded by his professions of republicanism, and if you had happened to read a series of capital articles on the British Constitution in the "Fortnightly," by Mr. Bagehot, you would not give him credit for much originality in his views of the subject. I must own that I have not a high opinion of his judgment. His mind seems to me one sadly in want of ballast. The peremptoriness of his decisions is in proportion to the onesidedness of his views as far as "power" depends on an absolute "veto;" no doubt the Queen has none. But it is certain that she has very considerable influence, and the preference of monarchy in all European Constitutions seems to show that the usefulness of this influence does not depend entirely on our "prejudices and ignorances." His ideal of government is the omnipotence of a single chamber. Yet that form does not seem to have been particularly successful in France: and America not being able to create a House of Lords, nevertheless thought a Senate a useful institution. The House of Lords is not really "irresponsible," having always been subject to the influence of public opinion, and yet it never has been, and as long as it exists never will be a mere "form." Considered as a drag to the car of "progress," it will seem an "absurd anomaly" to those who think that the speed of progress cannot be too great. Others may see more wisdom in the maxim "slow and sure." It is very characteristic of his proneness and extremes, that he will allow you no

choice but between "the Divine Right of the House of Lords," or upholding "oligarchy." . . . .'

'10 *Aug.*, 1869.

'. . . . I have only one thing beside to tell you which you will be glad to hear. The Tycoon has reappeared. I did not see him for a long time after, or suspect that he had found his way back. But it seems that he did so very soon. And the next morning he and his rival had "a regular pitched battle," since which they have lived peaceably together. I also learn that the old peahen has a peachick, so that in this respect my affairs are flourishing. . . . .'

'23 *Aug.*, 1869.

'. . . . Lord Houghton also says that some Frenchman has found out that the rings of Saturn are an optical illusion caused by the melting of the glaciers, and that some engineer has invented a plan for crossing the Channel, through a cast-iron tube laid at the bottom, the passengers carrying their air along with them, I suppose like Æolus, in bags. Did you miss these good things? or how came you not to mention them? I am quite unfit to carry on literary correspondence, having scarcely ever an hour to spare for any but what I may call *ex officio* reading. You will be amused to hear that notwithstanding, or rather for the sake of the contrast, I have been reading that "Rolling Stone."[1] Is not the creature verging on eighty? Yet when did she produce anything more perfect in its kind? One would suppose she had passed all her life in the Coulisses. Her players make one believe that they are old ac-

[1] *Pierre que roule.* George Sand.

quaintances, and their strangest adventures seem perfectly natural. I have also read the end of D'Houssonville's memorable story, and was much surprised to see my name in an Article of Vacherot's. But I do not venture to attack any book. I hope you are enjoying this magnificent harvest weather in the Garden of England. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *Sept.*, 1869.

'. . . . Did you ever study a Bill in Chancery? If—as is quite possible—you never did, you may not be aware that it is a document in which, in the midst of a wilderness of rigmarole, there is a little oasis called *The Charging Part*, in which is summed up in a few lines the pith of the whole matter. Possibly also you do not know that the once greatest of all Chancery lawyers, known to the initiated by the name of *Jockey Bell*, was also the most voracious of novel-readers. When he was asked by a friend how he managed to spare time for so many works of three volumes each, the Jockey replied, "I always make at once for the Charging Part."

'Now of what is this *à-propos*? It is *à-propos* of the letter which I return, in which I have vainly endeavoured to get at the Charging Part, or, in fact, to guess what it drives at. In consequence of my total ignorance of the matters to which it alludes, there are parts which I cannot very clearly make out. . . . .

'I return the photograph, glad to see such a good-looking royal couple. Was it not provoking that the Harvard crew should be so much better-looking fellows ("Illustrated News") than their conquerors? I also return M. de Gaulle's letter. The Welsh seems to me on

the whole very nice, though I fancied there were here and there some very little things which betray the foreigner.

'Is not his translation of the territorial *de* a mistake? It is as if we should say Ernest *of* Bunsen, which would be still worse than that which the "Times," not I think unjustly, finds singular—that he should take the style of a French nobleman.

'You are quite mistaken about my "influence" being "generally pre-engaged." It never is so, as I make it an invariable rule not to pledge my vote or "interest" to any candidate for a charity until I have seen the polling paper. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Sept.*, 1869.

'. . . . You know how I have always exhorted you to set about a collection of Welsh legends. I believe you need be in no fear of a lack of appetite or demand for them in the general public. . . . .

'What happened to José Mendez? This. There was one Lucas—apparently a Briton—who filled the office of wild beast tamer at the Hippodrome, Paris. José Mendez was his servant; one day Lucas, to display his command over his subjects, went into a cage in which were several, including a lioness, armed only with a riding-whip. They retreated before him as he waved this in their eyes. But the lioness, who it seems was in another corner, sprang upon him, fastened upon his neck and his arm, and pulled him to the ground. The others, seeing him down, joined in the attack. José Mendez seeing this, entered the cage with a pistol, and with its butt end administered a blow on the nose of the lioness, which made her loosen her grip. He then

took up Lucas with one arm, and brandishing his pistol in the face of the beasts, effected his retreat out of the cage. Lucas had received thirty-three wounds, of which he died the next day. José Mendez followed the funeral and fainted on the way. . . . . The article of Vacherot is in the "Revue." But you will not find much in it concerning me, beside my name in excellent company.'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Sept.*, 1869.

'I have had Dr. Meyer here since Monday. I believe that on Saturday he proceeds to Llanover. He is more wonderful than ever. It is impossible to touch on any subject on which he does not pour a stream not only of the most recondite and exquisite learning, but of the most original ideas. In the evening he treats us with the choicest Welsh, German, and Spanish songs, accompanying himself on the piano. He is now at work on the Gododin, and is prepared to show that the battle is an astronomical allegory. I wish very much you could meet him. . . . . He believes in the possibility of a Celtic migration reaching to Central America. . . . . Lady Minto's "Life of Elliot" I only know from an article in the "Revue des deux Mondes," which I believe gives the cream of the story, and speaks very favourably of it. Of the "Lady of Latham" and the "Life of Rossini" I know nothing, and have no time to read anything. The arrears I have to make up almost break down my table.

'Tau Coronæ[2] you must remember has not been

[1] 'La Science et la Conscience,' 'II. Les Historiens.' *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 Juillet, 1869.

[2] '11 Sept., 1869.' What happened to Tau Coronæ was this. T. C. had been a very quiet, obsure, unobtrusive star, of perhaps the third or

annihilated, only disorganised. I do not know that it has lost any weight, so as to affect its relations to foreign systems. The only difference is, that the matter which had been concentrated in its satellites, is now diffused throughout the space in which they moved.' It is a change from oligarchy to a fierce democracy.

'Dr. Meyer says that Jupiter, which was once supposed to be a globe of water, is now believed to be a ball of fire. He also comforts us with a new theory, which makes the sun to be constantly supplied with fresh heat by the electricity of its own planets, as the sea by the rivers, which are themselves fed by the sea. According to this it may last for ever. The great Professor Dōvĕ, of Berlin, holds this view.

'My Charge is to me a very sore subject. Most unfortunately for me, before it can be delivered it must be written. Still if it would but write itself in the night, while I am asleep, I should do very well. But I have to write it myself, as I can find time in the day. I cannot write at night. Of all the Charges I have delivered, none has required more careful and leisurely thought. And it has so happened that the time which I should have allotted to it has been occupied by all manner of distracting engagements, as if the course of things had been ordered for that end.'

fourth magnitude.' All of a sudden he was observed to brighten into the most conspicuous of the group. The astronomers then found out that he had been sending out a mass of incandescent vapour, which must have raised the temperature of every member of his system subject to his influence 780 times. You understand that if our sun was to blaze out in like manner our globe would be dissolved into gas, and you will remember that he has been lately in a state of great excitement, though hitherto his discharges of incandescent hydrogen have only reached a height of 10,000 miles. But they may be only a prelude to some more serious eruption. . . . .'

'16 *Nov.*, 1869.

'. . . . You must not let yourself think so ill of your friends as to imagine that the charm which attracts them to you now, depends upon the freshness of youth. . . . . That which those who are worthy of your friendship value in you is something more solid and durable—the qualities of your mind and heart, which are not impaired, rather improved by the lapse of time. Their cultivation and exercise, which need not cease but with the last pulse of life, will, if you only trust them, preserve you from the sense of loneliness, as they cannot exist without being seen and felt, and they cannot be seen and felt without awakening sympathy.

'The decline of life can never know again the freshness of the spring, but it may have its Indian summer, even more delicious in its deep calm, its magical colouring, and its mysterious loveliness. Such a season is, I hope, reserved for you.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *Nov.*, 1869.

'. . . . I have been dipping into "L'Homme qui rit." Who he is I do not yet know, except that he is every reader of the book capable of enjoying the author's blunders. They all spring out of the insatiable vanity of a man who, not content with being a poet, must pass for a man of universal learning; *e.g.* "Le Basque et l'Irlandais se comprennent, ils parlent le vieux jargon punique." I dare say you know that it would be difficult to name any three languages more wide apart from one another. He had heard of the Nonjurors, and pretends to have read an entry made "Sur les marges de la vieille bible de la Chapelle *pres-*

bytérienne des Non Jurors de Londres." Then can you guess what part of the world he alludes to in speaking of a rosary which was "facile à reconnaître pour un rosaire irlandais de Llanymthefry, qu'on appelle aussi Llanandeffry"?

'In his descriptions he has almost out-Victor-Hugoed himself. Only so great, though perversely abused, a talent could have made them endurable. . . . . In the absence of news of the day, perhaps you would like to see a Slavonic Christmas Carol, which gives an account of the Creation of the World.

'"Before the world began,
Was neither Heaven nor Earth,
Only blue sea,
And in the midst of the sea two oaks.
On them perched two pigeons
Began to hold counsel together,
To hold counsel, and to coo:
However are we to found a world?
Let us dive to the bottom of the sea,
Bring up fine sand,
Fine sand, golden pebbles.
That fine sand let us sow,
The golden pebbles let us blow,
Of the fine sand will come a little Earth,
A black little Earth, green grass:
Of the golden pebbles a bright sun,
Bright sun, clear moon,
Clear moon, wee stars. . . . ."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 29 *Nov.*, 1869.

'. . . . I do not know how to repay you for so many legends without going back to very ancient times indeed. You did not tell me what you thought of my Slavonic Christmas Carol. I must try once more whether you can relish another myth from the same source.

'On the Creation of the World.

'Once there was nought but heaven above and water below. And God sailed upon the water, and saw a lump of hard foam, on which sat Nick. "Who art thou?" asked God. "I shall not tell," said Nick, "unless you take me into your boat." To that God consented, and the other said, "I am Nick." And they went together, both silent, until at last Nick spoke. "'Twould be well if there was some firm land." "Be it so," said God. "Dive to the bottom of the sea and bring up a handful of sand, I will make firm land of it. But when you bring the sand say, I bring thee in God's name." Nick immediately dived and took up sand in both hands from the bottom of the sea, but said nothing as he did so; and when he came up again to the top of the water he had nothing in his hands. God, seeing how matters stood, sent him down again to the sea floor. Nick dived, and, as he scooped out the sand, said, "I bring thee in God's name." When, however, he came up to the surface he had no more sand than what was left under his nail. God took that sand, scattered it on the water, and therewith made firm land.

'According to another version, when Old Nick dived the second time, and spoke as God commanded, he would have some of it for himself; so he put some of the sand into his own mouth and gave God the rest. God strewed that sand on the water, saying, "Let the earth increase and grow." And out of that grew three parts of the world; but the handful in the devil's mouth also began to grow till his cheek swelled, and do

what he would he could not get rid of it until God helped him. Then, however, the devil spluttered all he had hidden upon the face of the earth, and of that were formed swamps, deserts, and barren places.

'ANOTHER.

'When as yet there was neither heaven nor earth there was only the lake of Tiberias, but without any shore, and the Lord came down from the sky on the lake of Tiberias, and on the lake he beheld a duck swimming. Now that duck was Satanael, and sprang from the sea foam. And the Lord said to Satanael, "And who art thou, that thou knowest me not?" And Satanael answered, "I am a god." "And what dost thou take me for?" again asked the Lord. And Satanael said "Thou art God of gods and Lord of lords." And God ordered the duck to dive to the bottom of the sea, saying "Bring me up earth, sand, and flints." And Satan brought them up accordingly, and the Lord took the earth and sprinkled it on the sea of Tiberias, and there was a spacious tract of firm land on the water. And after that he took a flint from Satanael and brake it in two, and half the Lord kept in his own right hand and half he put into Satanael's left. And the Lord took the sand and began with it to strike the flint, saying, "From this flint fly out angels and archangels after my image and likeness, strong and without body." And sparks of fire began to issue from the flint, and the Lord created angels and archangels, all the nine orders. And Satanael seeing what the Lord had created began to do the same, and from

his left hand his angels began to fly forth; and Satanael created a great host of his angelic orders.

'(*To be continued.*)'

'(SUITE.)

'When the devils revolted and fell to the earth they took the sun with them; and the king of the devils spiked it with his spear and carried it on his shoulders. But when the earth besought God that it might be warmed by the sun, God sent an archangel to try and recover the sun from the devil. The holy archangel descended upon earth and joined company with the king of the devils, but he guessed what his friend was after and kept on his guard. As they walked over the earth they came to the seaside, and had a mind to bathe, and the devil struck his spear with the sun into the ground. When they had bathed awhile the archangel said, "Let us dive to see which can go deepest." And the devil said, "Dive, then." And the archangel dived and brought up some of the sea-sand in his teeth.

'Then it was the devil's turn, but he was afraid that the archangel in the meanwhile would carry off the sun; so he spat on the ground, and of the spittle was formed a magpie, whom he charged to look to the sun until he should come up with some of the sea-sand in his teeth. But as soon as the devil had dived the archangel made a cross over the sea, and there was formed upon it ice nine cubits thick. Then he seized the sun and flew up with it to heaven. Thereupon the magpie began to chatter. When the devil heard the voice of the magpie he knew what had happened, and that he must hasten

upwards with all speed. But there he sees the sea covered with ice, and that he cannot get out. So turning without delay to the bottom of the sea, he took a stone, and with it broke the ice, and in a moment was after the archangel. And just as the archangel had set one foot in heaven the devil reached him, and with his claws tore away a great piece of flesh from the sole of the other foot. The archangel having come wounded, but with the sun, into the presence of God, broke out into wailing, "What am I to do, Lord, so disfigured?" And God said, "I will decree that everybody shall have a hollow under his feet like you." And there was formed a little cavity under everybody's feet; and so it continues to this day, 2nd December, 1869.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 7 *Dec.*, 1869.

'This shortening of the days is very adverse to correspondence, and indeed to all intellectual operations. Unless I entirely renounce the society of my geese, at the very season when they most appreciate my visits and express their welcome most loudly, I must leave my desk before post-time, and, when I return, I find that night has set in upon Chaos, and I can discern nothing beyond the narrow illumination of my lamp. I must therefore write to you through the winter by hurried snatches.

'Though I say it that should not say it, the Slavonic myths are very precious. They exhibit the state of belief among the Slavonic tribes in the period when the Slavonic heathenism was just making way for Christianity and blending with it.

'The basis of the myths is Pagan, the form only Christian. As to their date in the semi-Christian form,

I know nothing. I should not have known of their existence but for the accident of my belonging to an association formed at Prague for the cultivation of the Bohemian language and literature, from which, having many years ago compounded for the annual subscription, I have received a considerable number of Bohemian books, among them a journal containing papers read before the society, and it was in one of these that I found our myths.

'Their origin, of course, goes back to very remote times indeed. But as Christianity was introduced among the Slavonic tribes in the ninth century, one may, perhaps, in a rough way, refer the myths to that date. They clearly indicate a belief in a good and evil principle. This duality comes out in a little variation which runs thus (the evil one, you remember, created a host of his own out of the flints). Then he thought in his heart, I will make me a throne in the clouds, and shall be a peer of the Most High, that my hierarchy may honour me. So he made him a throne in the clouds of the north, and exalted himself, and became prince of his own angelic host. And the Lord, seeing in him an adversary, sent Michael to cast him down. Michael came to Satanael, but seeing in him great divinity did not venture to face him, but returned to God, and said, "Lord, thy divinity is great in him." And the Lord took his divinity from him, and said, "Go, and cast him down." Then Michael went and smote Satanael with his staff, and cast him down with all his evil host, and they were three days and three nights falling to the earth, like a shower of hailstones. By some tribes the two warring powers were called Belbuh and Tchernobut—the White God and the Black God.

'But they were not abstract principles. Each was the sun at the opposite periods of his apparent course. As the winter sun seems to sink nearest to the earth, he brings up sand from the bottom of the sea, and spreads it over the earth in the shape of ice and snow, which his antagonist, as he rises to the ascendant, melts away.

'My author does not explain the two oaks and the two doves. I am afraid that your interpretation does too much credit to the philosophy of the heathen Slaves. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *Dec.*, 1869.

'. . . . Your remark on the Slavonic myth does great credit to your acuteness. I was myself very much struck—I may say, surprised—by the epithet *bodiless*, and especially in combination with *strong*. The idea of *force* without *body* seemed too philosophical for such a stage of society; and I think it must have a remoter origin. But I do not know that there is any inconsistency between it and the diving archangel. You have only to suppose—if you can conceive that which is without body falling to the ground—that when the angels reached the earth they took body.

'I suppose you know that the continuation of the "Earthly Paradise" is out. I have it, but have not yet been able to begin it.

'I am in Froude's eleventh volume, which you cannot lay down when you have once taken it up. It is only disagreeable to find Elizabeth growing more and more odious at every page of her history. . . . . This shortest day has been still shortened, as they would say over the Channel, by fog and incessant rain. I long to be out of it.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *Dec.*, 1869.

'. . . . As you have not heard about the "Earthly Paradise," it seems quite possible that you are not yet aware of Miss Clark . . . . having come out in full blossom as an authoress. Three days ago I received the agreeable surprise of a beautiful volume, resplendent with green and gold, entitled, "The Lost Legends of the Nursery Songs," by Mary Senior Clark, illustrated from the author's designs. It seems that she had written them for the amusement of her orphan nieces. But one or two had found their way into "Aunt Judy's Magazine," where they were seen and coveted by Bell and Daldy, who offered to publish them as a Christmas volume. The stories are told with great simplicity and quiet humour. It seems that the "Spectator" was taken in by the title, and fancied that they were not the pure offspring of imagination, but results of research.[1] Though I have only just opened the new part of the "Earthly Paradise," I feel sure that you need be in no fear of disappointment. Morris is one of those poets who will always be true to themselves. I am not certain whether you have read his "Jason." By-the-bye, you do not mention Tennyson's "Holy Grail," which I am expecting daily. Your silence on such an event makes me suspect that this too is new to you. If you have read little or nothing of Froude, but mean to read him, you have before you occupation for a pretty long time. If the same had been the case with me, either as to this, or to Kinglake's "Crimean War," or Thiers's "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," I doubt whether I should

[1] 'It is Anita who wrote the *History of the Swallow*. . . . . She has a vein of very pleasant, simple humour.' 10 Aug., 1869.

ever have had courage to attack them. So it is that I have only read parts of M. Martin's excellent great work.

'If you ever made an idol of Queen Elizabeth, I hardly know whether it would be safe for you to read the six volumes of her reign, unless you are prepared to see the idol broken to pieces. But, if you do, I think you will never again call her "strong-wise." "Strong" indeed she was, in the force of a capricious feminine will, which would endure no contradiction: "wise" only in a narrow short-sighted cunning, which was constantly overreaching itself and defeating its own objects. It may be said that she was wise enough to choose able counsellors. And this would have been a merit if she had not almost uniformly rejected their advice, and forced them to become the unwilling instruments of her selfish folly.

'It will not cost me much time to let you know what I think of Goethe's character. He had none for anybody to think about. He was never in earnest about anything but art and some scientific speculations which were suggested to him by his poetical view of nature. But as for any practical interests of humanity—morals, politics, or religion—he played about them like a bee, only to take in honey for his art-cell.

'You are quite right about the German origin of Matthew Arnold's "Philistines," and also have formed a very correct conception of their nature. I am not sure that in most cases it might not be sufficiently expressed by Pedantry, as an abstract term, divested of the Academical associations. But you seem to have overlooked the real puzzle, which is how and why the name of *Philistines* was applied to this class of people.

Why should a Jena shopkeeper suggest the idea of a countryman of Goliath?

'Is it because the giant came out in full armour, and with all the regular systematic appliances of warfare, to be knocked on the head by a stone of the brook from the sling of a shepherd-boy? Here it is time for me to stop. . . . . The room left is quite insufficient for my good wishes to yourself, father, and sister. But a folio sheet would be equally so without the interpretation which you will give to this.'

1870.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, *New Year's Day*, 1870.

'. . . . WHAT an odd idea that was of yours to complain of Froude for making Queen Elizabeth disagreeable, as if he was writing a romance, and at liberty to make her say and do what he would. Has it occurred to you that it is not at all necessary that you should go through the whole work? I would have you send for the last two volumes, which are certainly the most interesting of all. In some of the earlier her incessant wavering becomes almost intolerable, and the events are not of the same magnitude. The great moral which I read in the whole is the evil of personal government. If Elizabeth had been subject to constitutional restraints she would not have been a better woman, but she would have been a better queen. Poor dear Burgon[1] is one of those excellent men with whom intolerance is at once an impulse and a duty, who could not be tolerant if they would, and would not if they could, and he is not a rare specimen of the class. . . . . I echo your New Year's wishes from the ground of my heart.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Jan.*, 1870.

'. . . . What has led you to put your question about Froude in such a shape? "Is he fair?" My

[1] The present Dean of Chichester.

question would be, "What reason is there to suspect him of being unfair?" I know absolutely of none, except it be that he has made up his mind very decidedly on sundry historical questions as to which opinions have been divided. But when a man takes the trouble to study the original documents which contain the history of the period he writes about, and fortifies every assertion that he makes by the very words of the most authentic witnesses, it seems rather hard that he should be charged with unfairness because he accepts that which he finds. With regard to the character of Elizabeth, I do not believe there will ever again be much doubt among impartial judges. Mary, as labouring under far graver charges, will probably for a time continue to find advocates, as one has very recently appeared to defend her against that of having been privy to the murder of Darnley. But he seems to have satisfied no one but himself. Whether the public safety required Mary's execution—and the fault of Elizabeth was the letting her live so long—is one of those questions which will never cease to afford subject for discussion.

'I return your correspondent's letter. The whole discussion seems to me very strange. Why in the world should you grudge Menu or Confucius the credit of having made some very good observations on things which would help men to live more comfortably together? I know of no reason for supposing that the writings of either were interpolated with Christian sentiments. But as little do I understand why your correspondent, wishing to show that our Lord had been "anticipated" in his moral doctrine, should have taken you to India or China. Was he not "anticipated" by Moses? And does he seem to have piqued himself

upon his originality? Was not his question, "What readest thou?" If the Ten Commandments did not make him jealous, why should he fear the Ten Virtues of Menu? But what are we to say to the Greek and Roman ethical systems? Was there nothing in them that he would have approved of? Was everything wrong in the Twelve Tables? What is the theory of human nature we are starting from? Is it the ultra-Calvinistic doctrine that, in consequence of the Fall, mankind had lost all power of discerning between moral good and evil, so that the heathen moralists could teach nothing but what was false and wrong? The idea of pitting Christ against Menu or Confucius, as a law-giver or philosopher, seems to me to imply so total a misconception of the whole subject, that I do not know how to deal with it. When you abstract from the divine personality and the animating principle, what is left will be no better than dry leaves or stone tablets, and it will not signify much with what characters they are inscribed.

'Pray do not begin to talk about primroses or spring. It is the sure way to bring upon us that dreadful frost with which we have been threatened, but have hitherto escaped.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 19 *Jan.*, 1870.

'I really cannot allow you to ride off in that way with an air of triumph. It was quite natural, and not at all discreditable to your good sense, that you should have been drawn into error by a person whom you might not unreasonably suppose to be of some authority on a matter of legend. But your defence of her position from the example of S. Gennaro is quite untenable.

No doubt, if the Blood had been contained in a phial or flask, the quest of the Vessel would have been the same thing as the quest of the Blood, and *vice versâ*.

'But surely you do not suppose that the Cup used at the Last Supper is exactly represented by the black bottle which often makes its appearance on our rustic Communion Tables. The Grail was hallowed by its contents, but no part of the precious Blood was ever supposed to have remained in it.

'If —— pretends that it was, that would be an entirely different legend, for which she should be invited to produce authorities. . . . .

'I suppose you are aware that Mr. Spence is at Paris, where he arrived on the eve of the Auteuil tragedy.[1] He has been in the thick of the revolutionary mobs. I think if he should present himself at —— you should insist on his being fumigated before he comes into the drawing-room. He has been very good, sending me some of the treasonable newspapers.

'In some of them there are views of the scene and of the actors.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Jan.*, 1870.

'. . . . The father of the infant prodigy was my contemporary at Cambridge. The loss of such a child was a great calamity, but probably one which no care could have prevented. It would have been impossible to keep it inactive. It could not keep continually spending itself. But after all I see no proof that this was the cause of its death.[2]

'. . . . I think there seems to be no doubt that

[1] The assassination of M. Noir by Prince Pierre Buonaparte.

[2] Appendix E.

Basil Jones is to have St. Asaph. I consider it an excellent appointment. It is stated as a *fait accompli* by the "Spectator," and as a most lucky hit of Gladstone's.

'. . . . Sir George Bowyer apparently believes that *real* is common to French and English in the same sense. *Real* might mean *royal*, only that it is not the French or Provençal, but the Spanish and Italian form. Of the meaning of the variously spelt *Grail*, Sir George appears never to have heard. Or of the Sacro Catino. I have a Guide to Genoa, which accurately describes the emerald vase shown in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo, and gives a plate of it. It is an hexagonal open vessel, very narrow at the base. When Sir George says that the "vessel" of the legend "was undoubtedly the chalice," he contradicts himself, for according to his etymology no vessel at all is "alluded to" in the name. Among scholars there is, I believe, perfect unanimity on this question. The authority of Littré would, to those who know his work, be sufficient; but it is confirmed by that of Diez, who devotes a page of his "Lexicon of the Romance Languages" to the word *Graal*, which he explains in the same way as Littré. He observes (I translate his German) "*Saint Graal*, the origin of which from *Sang Royal* is refuted by the Provençal forms, is in the epic poems the dish out of which Christ partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. . . . .'

'*Jan.*, 1870.

'. . . . The only reason that at present occurs to me as one which may have governed Tennyson's spelling of Holy *Grail* is that he wished to mark the pronunciation. It is, however, possible that he also meant

to warn the reader against the false etymology into which, I see, you have fallen. Nothing, I believe, is more certain than that the name has nothing to do with *sang*, either *real* or *royal*. Indeed, if you only reflect for a moment on the wildness of a quest after a liquid, I think you will see that this etymology is out of the question. Littré gives the true one: "Provenc., *grasal, grazal, grazans*; anc. Catal., *gresal*; anc. Espagn., *grial*; Bas Latin, *gradalis, gradalus*, 'sorte de vase, origine inconnue.'" There never has been any doubt that it was the name of a *vessel*. Did not you know that it was brought from the Holy Land to Genoa, where it is still shown under the name of *il sacro catino*, and by persons not in the secret believed to be a single emerald, being in fact a piece of green glass? . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 12 *Feb.*, 1870.

'. . . . I am much obliged to you for the sight of Mrs. Williams's letter. It is very sad to think that such a union should have been so short-lived. It is a comfort to me to reflect that my intentions towards him were always most sincerely friendly, and that the breach between us was caused by a strange misapprehension on his part; while the immediate occasion of his attack on me was a Charge which so offended Archdeacon ——, that he absented himself from the visitation dinner on the express ground that I "had thrown my shield over Rowland Williams." Poor fellow! he had the *défauts* of some of his *qualités*, and the irritability which usually accompanies a very fine organisation. The only verses of his I have seen are the "Lays of the Cymric Lyre."[1]

[1] '. . . . Poor Rowland Williams, who was a man of real genius.' Feb. 2, 1870.

'I do not know the "Voyages Aériens." I wish you had said whose it is. The title indicates a French author, but one would have preferred Glaisher's account of his own adventures.

'Is not a speech which is sent to be delivered by one who does not speak in his own name properly called a *Message*? This, however, was not the official description of that which was read last Tuesday. It was still called "Her Majesty's most gracious Speech;" nor was I aware that it had been called a Message by any one.

'I do not know anything of Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," having, I am ashamed to say, forgotten what you told me of her. But if she is still reigning I am not at all satisfied with her government, and her temper must be more like that of Queen Bess than "Buddug yr Ail."[1] You know I warned you against provoking her by untimely forestalments of spring. I have, however, myself reason for compunction, as I am conscious of having allowed myself to speak with levity of the predictions of a hard winter, which are now beginning to be realised with a vengeance. I can only indulge a trembling hope that the cold produced by the combination of frost and north-east wind may have reached its utmost intensity yesterday evening, when, as I sat close to a good fire, I could not keep myself warm without throwing a heavy great-coat over my knees. For persons who, as I hope is the case with myself, have a touch of humanity in their nature, it is a misery even to look out of the window and see their fellow-creatures beating their breasts, inclining their heads under the blast, and digging as deep as they can

[1] Boadicea (Victoria) II.

into their (probably empty) pockets. We have had, by way of variety, several snow showers, but not coming down in genial broad flakes, but in the form of frozen sleet, driven about by the cruel wind. For one thing, however, I have reason to be thankful, having hitherto taken no cold and escaped the prevailing bronchitis.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 1 *March*, 1870.

'I have to thank you for a very pleasant remembrance, which will abide with me as long as my memory lasts. But for our chat of last week I should have known nothing about the Exhibition at Burlington House. In consequence of that, finding on Saturday that I had finished letters before four, I started to see the pictures. I did not know until I reached the door that it was the last day, though if I had I do not think I could have gone sooner. The tide of outgoers was so high, that I hoped I might find the rooms nearly empty. Instead of that they were so densely crowded that it was hard to stir, much more to get a sight of a picture. An hour later one breathed and saw more freely. But then the pictures began to be visible rather by the light they gave out than by that they received. Still I managed to see almost everything of any importance. Do you remember that Cuyp of Lord Bute's? The first picture I came near surprised me exceedingly. It was my favourite "Vierge des Rochers," of which I have a print, taken from one in the Louvre, which I had imagined unique. Mr. Boxall afterwards informed me that there is much question among connoisseurs how far either is a work of Leonardo or of his scholars. It seems that he took too

much pains with his works to admit of the supposition that he ever repeated himself.

'What a dismal prospect is opened by that article on Geology in the "Edinburgh"! It seems that we are between two inevitable alternatives. Either we shall be put out of our misery by a blow from the moon, or we shall be swallowed up—moon and all—by the furnace of the sun. That is to be the end of all the marvellous development of this beautiful world and its population. But the same fate awaits the sun, and, of course, every body that moves throughout the universe. With all it is only a question of time. And so the end of all is universal annihilation and extinction of life. Then one is led to ask: How did this little episode in the history of the universe begin? That is a thought to turn one giddy. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *March*, 1870.

'I see that the article in the "Edinburgh" weighs upon your spirits, as well it may. Perhaps it may be a little comfort to you to see a different, even though it be not in itself a very cheerful, view taken of the subject. According to the "Edinburgh" we have before us a prospect—so certain that it is only a question of time—of a period when people will begin to frequent the Arctic circle as the only tolerable climate on the face of the globe. I have been lately looking into a little French work, "Le Soleil," by one Amédée Guillemin, which contains the results of almost all the latest researches on the subject. His only fear is that a time must come when the sun will have expended its whole stock of heat and light, and leave the earth a gloomy lifeless desert. As that calamity draws near, the Tropics will

be the only habitable region of the earth, and will only grow some of the hardier cereals and orchards of crab-apples. Guillemin, however, is kind enough to say that the probability of such an event is very slight; but he does not give his reasons. It is, however, reasonable to hope that our successors will not suffer both of these calamities, and until we know which it is to be we may suppose it not impossible that it may be neither.

'But I do not quite understand your theory of absorption as reconcilable with continued existence. Do you know how Sir J. Herschel illustrates the heat of the sun? Take a lump of ice—a column measuring at the base 12,360,000 square feet, and 930,000,000 in height. It would be melted in one second without at all lowering the temperature of the sun. If our earth ever falls into that furnace it must be instantly dissolved into its primary elements. The only chance I see for you is, that when you have developed into a full angel you should become a "flame of fire." Then you may find yourself at home in the sun, disport yourself on the hydrogen mountain, ride on the crest of the fiery billows, and play at hide and seek in the caverns of the spots. How you will then enjoy the sight of our clouds. When I read about these things I am struck with a strange thought. Is there reason to believe that among the millions of stars which are crowded in the Milky Way, there is one better adapted for the habitation of any creatures constituted like man than our sun? You know there is room in Sirius for ninety-four such. It seems that none would be visible if it was not a sun, the centre of a system; so that if there are habitable worlds—I mean for any creatures but flames

of fire– they must be in the, to us, invisible systems. . . . .

'When you directed my attention to the "Voyages Aériens," did you know the book? It consists of accounts of the ascents of three Frenchmen as well as Glaisher, and is beautifully embellished with photographs of the aerial views. I cannot say that they inspired me with any great longing for that kind of travel, until the secret of directing the course of the balloon is discovered. Glaisher ascended to the greatest height ever reached, and yet thinks that our island is too small on account of the nearness of the sea.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *April*, 1870.

'. . . . I think that one of the most surprising manifestations of your powers is that which concerns myself. Having suffused me with a roseate hue, emanating entirely from your own nature, you have first persuaded yourself that it belongs to mine, and then you set about converting other people to the belief that I am not the disagreeable kind of person they had always supposed me to be.

'I have always been a believer in the blessedness of self-sacrifice, though I have practised it so little myself; but I hope you will so husband yours that the greatest possible number may be benefited by it. And I cannot help wishing that you were enjoying the spring. . . . . How curious it is to see myths spring up like mushrooms under one's feet. No bishop ever asked me what I thought of Bishop Temple's speech in Convocation, nor did I ever apply the Latin quotation to him. How instructive it would be if one could only trace one such

story as this to its origin, through all the intermediate steps!'

'1 REGENT STREET, 3 *May*, 1870.

'When I wrote to you I had counted without my host: namely, Convocation, in whose arms I have been locked between five and six hours this morning, and shall have to spend or waste I do not know how many to-morrow. I can only say that, if I can get away in time, I shall call on you about four to morrow.

'I ought to have apologised to you for my abominable heedlessness about the speech. It had quite escaped my memory that you had expressed a desire for a copy. I also forgot to notice a remark which you made on the subject of men delivering messages—kindly exempting me, the only other exception being your father, from the general charge of faithlessness brought against mankind by Mrs. ——. Is not the fact rather this?—that men are as trustworthy as women in the delivery of *bonâ fide* messages, but are more apt to treat those which they know can be of no appreciable consequence —such as "Pray remember me to dear A——. Give my love to dear B——. Kindest regards to dear C——," as mere forms, rightfully belonging to the realm of the Silences, whereas women conceive them as realities. The Academy dinner was very pleasant. I sat between Lord Halifax and Lord Westbury, and as he was on the side of my bettermost ear, we had a good deal of really pleasant talk. Are you not afraid of bringing together two people, both of whom you like, without any certainty that they will like one another?'

'1 REGENT STREET, 6 *May*, 1870.

'I am *so* glad I was not a bystander at the duel.[1] I should have made myself excessively unpopular and disagreeable, for I must have let out that I thought both parties in the wrong, or, which I believe is generally still more offensive and provoking, both in the right.

'I should not like to pronounce peremptorily on a matter which can be known only to the Searcher of Hearts; to all others only in the way of most uncertain conjectural inference. At the same time one can hardly help forming a judgment, though upon such imperfect data. And I have my own impression both as to the man and the woman. But I must try to express it in the fewest possible words. I can hardly do so without emitting a paradox.

'I believe that Charles was quite in earnest in all the convictions he professed as to his own divine rights, but that this earnestness was just the cause of all his practical duplicity. His end was in his eyes holy enough to sanctify means in themselves wrong. But he was only adopting a maxim which has governed the practice of excellent and even holy men.

'You know—or maybe you do not know—how strenuously St. Chrysostom insists on the (not *right* but) *duty* of deceiving people for their good. Charles must not be confounded with such men as Ferdinand IV. of Naples, or Bomba of that ilk, or Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

'On the other hand, it seems impossible for any

[1] This refers to a discussion on Charles I., Cromwell, and Mary Queen of Scots.

impartial person, even if he has not read Carlyle, to consider Cromwell as a Tartuffe.

'I firmly believe that his convictions were deep, and his general aims high and pure. But of him also it may be said that the intensity of his earnestness was the very cause of his insincerity. He lived habitually in a state of exaltation which could not be constantly sustained, and so I am afraid he often fell into conventionality and self-deception, which seem to be inseparable from fanaticism.

'Mary I believe to have been a bad, heartless creature, quite capable of the worst that has ever been imputed to her; but as to her actual share in the murder of Darnley, though Froude has made it highly probable, I should not like even to make up my mind without having read the recent apologies, particularly Hosack's. . . . .

'You should get the last "Macmillan," to read George Eliot's "Jubal" and Huxley's "Lecture to Christian Young Men," in which he wishes himself a clock that would always go right.

'Should you like to be that?'

'1 REGENT STREET, 9 *May*, 1870.

'. . . . Your remark on Huxley does not seem to touch the point. I do not think that it is a question about "sensitive influences," but about the quality of actions, and the difference between man and brutes. It is not whether it is better never to go wrong, but whether it is better never to go either wrong or right.

'The brutes are sentient machines; they are governed by unvarying instincts; they perform animal functions which they have in common with man; but

they are not capable of actions to which, without an abuse of language, we can ascribe any moral quality. Does a clock deserve credit for *veracity* when it shows the exact time of the day? Is the bee doing *right* when it extracts honey from the flower? Is the cat doing *wrong* when it plays with its mouse? Or the tiger, when it springs out of the jungle on the young bride, as in that pathetic story in what's-his-name's "Travels in Tartary"? No utterance of Huxley's that I had ever seen before revealed to me so clearly the breadth and depth of the gulf which separates his standing-point from mine.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *June*, 1870.

'Am I never to hear from you again?

'Pondering on the possible causes of your protracted silence, I began to think that you must have taken fright at something which I said about the plague of letters, and have overlooked that I could only be speaking about letters of business which required answers, the sight of which for some time I hated very much. But *that* could never have anything to do with yours.

'I do not desire a great deal at a time, but you could feed me, as Miss Clark fed her swallow, with titbits of town news; only do not send any enclosures which it would puzzle me to decipher. . . . . I began to be quite unhappy from the implacable east wind which accompanied the bright sunshine of May, and have been most thankful for the rain which has now been followed by a genial temperature.

'What can possess my peacock? He is unfailing in his attendance under my window, and I think has never let three minutes pass between morning and night without delivering himself of a series of notes

which people who do not enjoy them call screams, yet he is clearly unconscious of any absurdity or impropriety.

'I hope Mr. Herbert has passed his examination successfully, and consigned those books to a long oblivion.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *June*, 1870.

'. . . . I wonder whether "Lothair" is in the Index. Unluckily that would not keep it out of the hands of those whom the "Index" makers would most wish to prevent reading it. I cannot say that I much enjoyed the whole episode of Theodora. At times it seemed to come too near the brink of something which grated on one's feelings; and, if I must say the truth, I was not sorry when she was put out of the way.

'Monsignor Capel had a full right to join the Puritans in their condemnation of novels. But it strikes me as a little strong, that the one exception he makes in their favour, should be for use in the pulpit. And yet what was that description, drawn entirely from fancy, of the B. Virgin's interior, but a scene of a novel! It is however at the same time a specimen —I dare say a mild one—of that utter indifference to historical truth which is the all-pervading characteristic of the Romish system, in which every distinguishing doctrine and practice is grounded on some palpable fiction.

'As a matter of general experience, I believe that few persons are able to take up again with pleasure a book in which they have been crammed for examination, at least until after a pretty long interval; but it does not follow that they should take a distaste to the whole class of books to which it belongs.

'I remember that having been injudiciously plied with Horace at the Charterhouse, many years elapsed before I could enjoy the most charming of Latin poets, though I did not on that account abandon my classical studies. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 7 *June*, 1870.

'. . . . The Index[1] no doubt "applies to authors," inasmuch as it affixes a stigma on those whose works are inserted in it, one from which the authors of the Bible would find it difficult to escape. But to say that the Index "does not apply to readers" is an assertion which would refute itself, even if it was not contradicted by the most authentic of all evidence.

'What could be the object of a list of books which ought not to have been written, but which anybody was at liberty to read (unless to promote the reading)? On the contrary, the application to the authors was merely accidental and subordinate. The single practical object was to prevent the books from being read. In the collection of the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent are inserted ten rules "concerning prohibited books."

'They are framed for the express purpose of preventing any book being published or any way circulated without (in Rome) papal or (elsewhere) episcopal or inquisitorial licence. The tenth rule concludes with these words, which I translate literally from the Latin:—

'"Finally, it is enjoined upon all the faithful, that no one dare to read or have in his possession any books against the direction of these Rules or the prohibition

[1] This refers to a statement that the Index Expurgatorius applies to authors only.

of the Index. But if any one shall read or have in his possession books of heretics or writings of any author condemned and prohibited on account of heresy or suspicion of false doctrine, let him immediately incur the sentence of excommunication. But whoever shall read or have in his possession books which have been interdicted on any other account, beside the guilt of mortal sin which attaches to him, let him be severely punished by the judgment of the bishops."

'Does that read as if the Index applied "only to authors and not to readers of books"?

'When I was at Rome I heard that there was a good library at the Dominican convent of the Minerva, which was open to the public at a certain time of the day. I went, and asked the librarian whether they had Petrarch's Epistles. He informed me that they had, but that I could not be allowed to read it *without permission.*

'I am very sorry to have had to write all this, for I could not have spent the time in a more unpleasant or unwholesome way. But if my life had been at stake I could not have left you under so gross a delusion. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *June*, 1870.

'I have bad news for you. My holidays are over for the rest of my life. . . . . You probably did not see that I am one of a "company" which has undertaken the revision of the authorised version of the Old Testament. I shall not live to see its completion; but in the meanwhile it will confiscate every leisure hour that other things might leave to me, and will greatly lengthen the intervals and abridge the compass (on my part at least) of our correspondence.

'But I cannot let the subject of my last drop without another word. A Protestant, who is not as bigoted and narrow-minded as a Papist, labours under two disadvantages when he enters into conversation on religious topics with a Roman Catholic friend :—

'1. The Roman Catholic is likely to have been furnished by his priest with a number of stock sophisms and fallacies which the Protestant may not be able at once to detect or refute. That notion of the Index has *probably* been suggested by some Catesby, and you have not been in a condition to contradict it. I believe indeed that Ffoulke's letters to Manning *were* placed on the Index very much more for the sake of branding the author, than of checking their circulation.—But

'2. The great disadvantage is this :—The Protestant would not wish, if he could, to root up or shake his friend's religious convictions; would think it wrong and cruel to attempt to do so, unless he was sure of being able to plant something better in their room. The Roman Catholic is restrained by no such scruples, but on the contrary believes that to bring his friend to "submit to the Church" is at once the kindest and the most meritorious act he could perform.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *June*, 1870.

'. . . . I do not consider you as in danger of being perverted. I know few persons less likely to be taken in the Romish snare. . . . . Pray remember that a zealous Roman Catholic considers the gaining a proselyte to his Church as an end so supremely important and meritorious, that it sanctifies *all* and *every kind* of means—I speak advisedly, without restriction or qualification—and that for the sake of this he will glory in

doing what, if done for any other purpose, he would think wrong and dishonourable. That semi-liberal language which has struck you so much in —— *may* of course have been simply natural and spontaneous, but it *may* have been skilfully calculated for its effect upon *you*, as suggesting that his Church would at least not require any sacrifice of your liberal sentiments. . . . .

'Can —— be so grossly ignorant of Protestant objections to the doctrine of his Church, or else of that doctrine itself, as not to know that, if you had told him what you thought, and what every Protestant thinks, you must have said that in your opinion the "service" is grounded on one of the most monstrous aberrations of the human mind, and is altogether a gross caricature of the ordinance which it pretends to represent. Of course you could not say that to *him*.'

'Bulkeley Arms Hotel, Beaumaris, 1 *July*, 1870.

'You perceive that the scene has shifted, and you will at once conclude that there has been some change in the condition of the principal performer. I have now entered on that stage of convalescence in which I have nothing to do but to regain strength and vigour, and particularly some improvement in the article of sleep, which has been of late very unsatisfactory. This I was advised to seek at the seaside, and accordingly have come to this, which I always thought the pleasantest of all watering-places; and though many years have elapsed since I was here last, I am glad to find that it still makes the same impression on me. Of course you know it well, and therefore I need say nothing of its manifold beauties, or of the magical play of light and shade by which they are continually diversified. As I

drove hither yesterday from the Menai Bridge, I could not help thinking of the descriptions one reads of the Turkish Bosphorus between Constantinople and the Black Sea, with its kiosks and gardens coming down to the water's edge. This deserves to be called the Cimmerian (Cambrian) Bosphorus.

'After some six weeks' confinement to my room the change of scene is in itself pleasant, but the exile from Chaos, at a time when I have so much need of many things in it, is very afflicting. . . . .

'Not long ago I saw an extract from a Romish journal, "The Month," containing an angry notice of "Lothair," but ending with a confident prediction that the author would yet "submit to the Church." Now it is quite impossible that this writer should know anything more of the secrets of Disraeli's heart than the rest of the world, or that he was in possession of any fact to warrant such an expectation.'

'BEAUMARIS, 19 *July*, 1870.

'. . . . The same post brings two declarations—that of Infallibility and that of War. The latter is no doubt the greater crime; but it is saddening to witness the triumph of falsehood won by the other. How different would have been the result if votes could have been weighed instead of counted. It remains to be seen whether the minority, comprising so large a proportion of all that is respectable in the Roman prelacy, will be driven to moral suicide, and recant the deepest convictions of their hearts.

'The war is no doubt a tremendous evil. But I think any one who observed the state of feeling between France and Prussia since Sadowa, must have seen that

it was inevitable, and nothing uncertain but the time and occasion of the rupture.

'I am not sure that Prussia is the more innocent of the two parties. It may be more the misfortune than the fault of Napoleon that he has put himself so glaringly in the wrong, and roused not only all Prussian, but almost all German feeling against him.

'This is my last day at Beaumaris, and the Menai, as if conscious of my approaching departure, is overhung with a thick canopy of clouds. I intend to sleep at Carnarvon to-morrow, and hope to be the next day once more in Chaos.

'I wonder whether you saw the eclipse of the moon. I had a perfect view of it as she rose above the hills immediately in front of my window. But what you will hardly believe is, that though I thought I remembered having seen her at full the night before, and though I noticed that the crescent was turned opposite ways, I never suspected the real state of the case until I saw it in the newspapers. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Aug.*, 1870.

'. . . . No letter can now be written without a word about the war. Considered with respect to the frivolity of the pretext assigned on the French side, and the absence of all rational motive, the war may, no doubt, be justly called iniquitous; but considering its absolute necessity, I should hardly say it was more iniquitous than an earthquake or a volcano. I believe that no human power could have done more than defer it a little longer. But Napoleon found that the temper of his army did not allow him to wait any longer, and he also believed that he was better prepared than

Prussia. In this he seems to have been egregiously mistaken, and so far Ernest de Bunsen's prognostics seem to have been verified.

'I have no sympathy with either belligerent. I believe both to be equally ambitious and faithless. . . . . If I wish success to Prussia, it is only because it would not, and the success of France would, endanger our safety. How curious it is that in the nineteenth century we should have another religious war!

'Such the present is in the eyes of many, both abroad and at home. They look at France as the representative of Romanism, Prussia of Protestantism. Therefore all our Roman Catholics, who are cosmopolites, wish success to France, and would do so on the same ground if the war was between France and England. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *Aug.*, 1870.

'. . . . It does not seem to me that Mr. C—— needs any *help*. He has already some books about the Jesuits which I have not. He might, perhaps, usefully add to them Theiner, "Geschichte des Pontificats Clemenz XIV." I presume that he possesses, though he does not mention, the "Exercitia Spiritualia." But if his object is to get or read all that has been published about the Order, I venture to say that neither his means nor his life—unless prolonged to the years of Methuselah—would suffice. I had almost forgotten to mention Gioberti's five portly octavos (in the collection of his works), "Il Gesuita Moderno."

'I have several other things if I knew where to find them. But what strikes me as curious and very suspicious, is that he should apply to *you* as the likeliest

person to know everything about the Jesuits. How have you come by that unenviable reputation of being so deep in their intimacy? and why had not I heard of it before? Have not I a right—especially considering where you have been, and where you are, to feel a little uneasy? I am glad, however, to see that you disclaim any very profound or special knowledge of the subject. Has anybody advised you to study four volumes of "Méditations selon la Méthode de S. Ignace"? If so, it is not from me that you must expect to borrow them. . . . . Is there not a good article or two on the subject among Sir J. Stephen's Essays? . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Aug.*, 1870.

'I cannot get over the impression of Mr. C——'s list of authors on the Jesuits, with whose works he assumes you to be quite familiar. I did not at first recognise under the name of Steinmetz a book entitled "The Noviciate, or a Year among the Jesuits." Perhaps I have also "Nicolini" among other works of the same writer. One of the more important books on the subject is Montlosier's "Mémoire à consulter," for which that excellent man, though a zealous Catholic, was, through Jesuitical intrigues, deprived of Christian burial. . . . . Of course you know—unless it should happen that you do not know—the "Jesuitenbüchlein" and Daller, "Die Jesuiten wie sie waren und wie sie sind." . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *Sept.*, 1870.

'I have reason to be very chary of my time. Until I began to prepare for the next meeting of the Old Testament Revision Company, I had not realised the enormous amount of time which will be occupied, pro-

bably for the length of my life, by the preparation alone, to say nothing of that which will be consumed by the meetings, and I begin seriously to doubt whether it will be possible for me to spare it very long. Yet if the other episcopal members can do so, I could not decently withdraw on that ground.

'When I saw that you had been among the Plymouth Brethren I felt very much interested, and I am glad to know something of the character of their meetings, though there seems to be little in that to distinguish them from other bodies. But I should have liked to have learned a little as to their government and discipline. . . . . I never heard the name of more than one Plymouth Brother, who is as eminent in his way as Faraday among the Sandemanians—Dr. Tregelles. It is curious that although the Plymouth Brethren appear to have founded their society on the same principle as the Irvingites—a restoration of the primitive Apostolic Church—they are in their forms of worship and all externals wide as the poles asunder.

'The curtain, or cloud, which for so many days has concealed the movements of the two belligerents, has now risen, and the position of the French seems more alarming than ever. It seems as if, in another week, the Germans will be at the gates of Paris, and probably in possession of Metz and Strasburg. I think it is very desirable that public sympathy should be rightly directed. It should be remembered that, although the French Government was the aggressor, the great mass of the nation is innocent, and, if its sense had been taken, would undoubtedly have voted for the maintenance of peace. I do not even consider Napoleon himself as the most guilty party. I believe that he

would have been more than content if he could have remained quiet. But his throne and dynasty were at stake, and it could not be expected from such a man that he should sacrifice or risk them for the sake of peace. The really responsible parties are the army and the idle population of Paris, but above all the military politicians and men like Thiers, who is, perhaps, the man who has most to answer for, as the great business of his life has been to keep alive the spirit of war and conquest, which has plunged France into such calamities. . . . . I can, therefore, sympathise with France—though formally or nominally the aggressor—as well as with Germany, though really defending itself in a most righteous cause. I not only do not desire that France should undergo any needless humiliation, but should regard it as a great evil, tending to perpetuate warfare. I sympathise with Germany, but not with Prussia, and have no wish that it should succeed any farther than is necessary to preserve the unity of Germany. . . . . I cannot doubt that a complete triumph of France over Germany would have been the most dreadful calamity that could have befallen Europe, and especially this country, which, as it is, has had a narrow escape. And there is this difference between the French and the Germans. The German is naturally peaceful, the Frenchman is naturally warlike and an ardent lover of military glory, and therefore always ready to follow the lead of an ambitious ruler, which the German would resist. These are the considerations which I think ought to govern the sympathies and wishes of all spectators on this side of the water. It is for this reason that Cardinal Cullen prays for the success of the French. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *Sept.*, 1870.

'. . . . I had fancied you at home: and unless you are living in a paradise I am sorry you are not there. . . . . I strive in vain to construct a theory which will account for your hearing ghost-stories wherever you go. I wonder whether you preserve them, as you ought to do, in a book. You must have enough to fill a goodly volume.

'Till I read your last, I never could guess why Disraeli had pitched upon the strange name of Lothair for his hero. It is only another form of Lothario: though the real man seems to be rather gallant than gay.

'The religious aspect of the war must be more striking in Ireland than anywhere else, as nowhere else is religious rancour so envenomed as it is in Ireland by hatred of England. But the question of War or Peace was never so interesting as at this moment, when such immense issues appear to be pending on Jules Favre's mission, which has at least some sense in it, if not a fair prospect of success. That of Thiers—though I believe it was not a mission at all, but only a spontaneous undertaking—had neither. But when one considers that no man living has done so much to involve France in its present calamity, it must be owned that the unconscious impudence of such a step borders upon the sublime. After all though, I have no Gallican sympathies, and should have regarded the triumph of French aggression as the most dreadful of evils, and believe that the French cannot suffer more than they hoped to inflict. I cannot bear the idea of a bombardment, which would destroy monuments and collections in which all Europe has a common interest, and only for the sake of

a needless and profitless retaliation for wrongs inflicted on the grandfathers of the conquerors.

'—— has been giving an impressive warning to people who would be their own doctors. He keeps a medicine chest, and a few days ago, feeling unwell in the night, resorted to it for a black draught, but instead of that swallowed an enormous dose of laudanum. The fact was not discovered until five hours later, and after undergoing the torture of enforced waking and all other miseries, he has been left in a sadly bewildered state. The doctors found out that if the dose had not been so strong he could not have survived it.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *Oct.*, 1870.

'. . . . I am also glad that you have not lost the beauty of the ail-haf[1] at ——, though your enjoyment of it there has been short. It is curious that here it came to an end exactly as the last of my guests left the house.

'I quite forget where we were in the war at my last letter. Whether it was after Sedan. Since then, however, it has entered on an entirely new phase, and public opinion and feeling has undergone a change which has carried me with it. Before Sedan my sympathies were all on the side of Germany. I should now be glad if the Prussians were compelled to raise the siege of Paris and to evacuate France, though not by any disaster which would create danger of a French invasion of Germany. The complete subjugation of France, which Bismark evidently hopes to effect, would be a calamity to Europe and a danger to us, only a

[1] Second Summer.

little less than would have been the success of France in the full measure of its hopes. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Oct.*, 1870.

'. . . . It always affords me real pleasure to burn a canvassing letter, regarding it as a symbol of an atrociously wasteful, cruel, immoral system which I should like to abolish in like manner. I often regret that I ever contributed to any society which adopts it. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Oct.*, 1870.

'. . . . Your description of your fairy reminds me of the "Silent Nymph with curious Eye," whom Dyer invokes for some mysterious purpose, at the beginning of Grongar Hill. But it is cruel of you to raise expectations which you do not mean to gratify.

'I thought you were going to say what your invisible informant had reported to you. But after having wound up my curiosity to the highest pitch, you drop the subject and leave me to guess what you had heard. It seems clear that there has been a confusion of names, and that the real nymph was not Intuition but Imagination; from whom one never expects any discovery in the sphere of reality. . . . .

'My omniscience had not reached to the peculiarity of the Mesopotamian lion. That story of Sir Henry Rawlinson's pet is quite affecting. But I should not think it quite conclusive as to the general character of the race. It should be remembered that Sir Henry Rawlinson is himself a lion, and like is always drawn to like.[1]

'. . . . I have read Renan's article, and with great

[1] Appendix F.

sympathy and general assent.[1] Yet I cannot be surprised that Prussia should take a different view of the subject, or that Germany should be animated by feelings which for the present prevent it from exercising a sober judgment. I do not myself profess to be quite impartial and disinterested. I long very much for the return of the time when I may look for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" as regularly as for the "Times."

'I wonder whether, if ever I see it again, Georges Sand will be going on with her unfinished story. Do you know her "Homme de Neige"? It is a story of intense interest, in fact sensational, and marvellously managed, and containing nothing which the most fastidious of mothers might not put into the hands of a daughter. Yet it seems to be very little known, and if I had not picked it up on a boulevard at Paris, I believe I should never have heard of its existence. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 29 *Oct.*, 1870.

'. . . . I knew very well how it was. I was perfectly sure that as soon as your fairy came to be cross-examined, and made to report what she had discovered, she would betray herself as an impostor. Anything more utterly at variance with the reality, or rather more directly the reverse of it, it would be difficult to conceive. She has made you believe that I work, work, work like a galley slave or a needlewoman. The fact is that all the employment of my day that could without a gross abuse of language be called *work* is limited to the hours before post-time. All the rest of my time is spent in recreation. But even as to the

[1] 'La Guerre entre l'Allemagne et la France.' *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Sept., 1870.

working-hours, there would hardly be a pretence for calling them so, if it were not that all writing is disagreeable to me, and therefore a labour. To many the same amount of writing would be a pleasure. At the same time I frankly admit that what is to me delightful recreation, and therefore in the highest degree wholesome both for mind and body, would to many be a laborious task. I wonder how many there are who would willingly sit down to read a play of Shakespeare, to say nothing of Æschylus or Sophocles? Does that prove that I am killing myself when I do so? This revision of the Bible, which so completely fills up every spare minute, is in itself to me extremely pleasant and interesting. But unfortunately there is a characteristic of the Hebrew letters, many of which are only distinguishable from one another on a most minute inspection under strong light, which makes it painful to read except in the daytime. By candlelight I can only read about it.

'. . . . I am rather alarmed at the thought of another fairy—even a Welsh one. I think I will wait until I go to town, which will be some six weeks hence, when I may see Uncle Peter's book[1] at the Athenæum or elsewhere, and if I think I can spare time for it, may get it.

'I am glad to have seen the letter of the learned nun. But her reflections on heresiarchs cannot really be considered as her own, and I am persuaded that it would be doing her injustice to suppose that they were the result of any study which she had given to the subject. This would be evident enough from the want of all discrimination in her sentence upon them. But

[1] "A Fairy Tale of the Nineteenth Century."

no person of ordinary intelligence was ever led by the study of Luther's life to charge him with "diabolic pride." The nun does but echo the conventional language of her teachers. Reduced to its simplest expression, it is merely, "If you are not of my way of thinking, it can only be through some moral defect." You remember the Pope's remark on the death of Montalembert, who had ventured to disapprove of the Council. It was "pride," the Pope said, and unless he was converted at the last moment his prospect was very bad indeed. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *Nov.*, 1870.

'. . . . What a desultory letter I am going to write, skipping after you from twig to twig. Beginning with Letter A, I do not see what use it can be for me to say what I would have done in a contingency which never did and never could arise; but I can promise that, under the like circumstances, I should give your home the preference over every other house that I know. You lay emphasis on the fact that I *alone* of all your friends do not offer myself to your hospitality. You do not bear in mind that I *alone* of all your friends can never foresee whether I should be able to come if I did. I never know the day when I may not receive letters which would prevent me from leaving home.

'I found that at —— it was believed that a bishop's great difficulty is how to get rid of his vacant time. It was supposed that I regularly made an excursion on the Continent every year, and the young lady who told me of that was astonished when I observed that any other clergyman (having the means) might

take his three months' holiday, but not a bishop. She had fancied that it was just the reverse. . . . .

'I am glad to find that anybody listened to my sermon. I admired the patience of the congregation, who, though three-fourths of them at least were longing for the moment when I should make way for Dr. Griffith, did not make any scraping with their feet or show any outward sign of suffering. How can I in cold blood tell mankind that, as they have not printed sermons enough, I am going to add to their number? Have you yourself read through Jeremy Taylor's, or Blair's, or Tillotson's, or Barrow's, or South's, or Newman's, or Manning's, or Liddon's, or the Bishop of Oxford's? If you have, let me advise you to sit down to Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Lacordaire. When you have digested them, I shall be surprised if you find yourself longing for more.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 24 *Nov.*, 1870.

'. . . . I overlooked a question in your former letter which I ought to have answered. You wanted to know how it is that you do not succeed so well in story writing as in story telling. The reason is simply that in one case you are only telling a story; in the other you are writing a book. All the good legends have been taken down from the lips of persons who never thought of seeing themselves in print. Get —— to act as secretary, and I have no doubt that the result will be delightful.

'I have now read Gladstone's article in the "Edinburgh." . . . . It is a lamentable infatuation. At the same time I am in no hurry for a war which can never end but with the extermination of one of the bellige-

rents, as with a Power that will not be bound by treaty there could be no security but a material guarantee, which Russia, even if willing, could not give.

'It is a very gloomy outlook.

'What glorious weather!—thunder, floods, piping winds, yet genial winter in his most charming aspect.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 26 *Dec.*, 1870.

'. . . . I *am* frozen, and intensely dislike the frost. But when I see what healthy enjoyment it affords to the skaters on my pool, and will do to a young nephew who is coming to me to-morrow, I have not the heart to wish it gone. On the other hand, I reproach myself with the little I suffer from it when I think of the number of poor creatures who have to endure it, without a fire to flee to, and with insufficient clothing and empty stomachs; but still more when I think of the misery it inflicts on the wounded in the battle-field.

'I *do* sit in this window of Chaos. But I sit in a great-coat. There is no other part of the room where it would be possible for me to do what I have to do. I do not think you have an adequate idea of the difficulty of organising Chaos. I know that your faculty of arrangement is great, but I do not think you would like to undertake the task of sorting my letters according to the various circumstances which render it necessary that they should be kept near me for a longer or a shorter time, and some preserved while others are destroyed. Also, you do not seem to reflect that, when you have finished your work, it would be all buried again, in the course of a few days, under fresh paper showers, like footsteps in a snowstorm. Chaos is choke-full of books and pamphlets. But why? Simply

because there is no room for them anywhere else in the house, except in piles, which would make them utterly useless.

'. . . . Before I forget it, tell Miss Jewsbury that my riddle of the musicians was no doubt a very good one in the time of Sir Isaac Newton; and that you ought both to be thankful for having learned that in his day a table was as much required for music as for card-playing.[1]

'May you be able to keep yourselves and guests warm, and enjoy a thoroughly pleasant Christmas.'

[1] 'Four people sat down at a table to play,
They played all the night, and some part of next day:
This one thing observed, that when they were seated,
Nobody played with them and nobody betted.
Yet when they got up, each was winner a guinea,
Who tells me this riddle, I am sure is no ninny.

'I copied it from a letter of Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory, and it will amuse you to know that he says it was ascribed to Sir Isaac Newton.'

1871.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Jan.*, 1871.

'. . . . THE fall of snow has shut me up in the house, and my only exercise has consisted in spreading crumbs for the dear little birds. . . . . What shall I wish you and yours? That each coming year may be happier than the last.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 16 *Jan.*, 1871.

'. . . . . Carlyle has lately been guilty of a sad paradox-platitude, a protest against poetry, as something which no one can read quite in earnest. As if it was not the form in which the most earnest thinkers have always found themselves impelled to express their very deepest thoughts. Fancy "In Memoriam" turned into prose. . . . .[1]

'One could almost believe—though one would not venture to say it in the hearing of Huxley or Tyndall—that this bitter winter was ordained to aggravate the miseries of the war, so that it may serve for one generation. I am afraid that Paris is doomed: but after it has fallen I see no prospect but of a long occupation of France by the Germans.

[1] 'His protest against poetry was contained in a letter to a Mr. Bennett, which went the round of the papers, and was the subject of an Article in the "Spectator," 24 Jan., 1871.

'Have you seen Buchanan's "Napoleon Fallen"? It seems strange that the relation of the Emperor and Empress should have been that of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. I always understood that the war was forced upon him by the Army.'

'1 REGENT STREET, 18 *Feb.*, 1871.

'. . . . Of Miss Jewsbury[1] it may be truly said that she is highly favoured among women. Come what may, nothing can deprive her of one source of inward satisfaction, which I believe to be peculiar to herself. It is not merely that she should have obtained so many notable signatures to her Memorial, but that so many distinguished persons, who have, perhaps, no other opinion in common, should agree on the single point of her worthiness. Such an extraordinary concurrence of testimony in her favour is certainly worth more than the object itself. But still I hope that it will be useful as well as honourable.

'I have been fortunate this year in getting a very good quiet view of the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. It is a glorious collection, and shows what inexhaustible treasures of art lie hidden in English country-houses. All the great Schools are well represented, and I found my ideas of several Masters enlarged by works which shew them in new aspects.

'I now hope that I may get another view of the Exhibition before I leave town. For you will have seen that, through a most curious course of events, I have been relieved from attendance at the meetings of the Old Testament Revision Company, and am no longer a working member. Though the sacrifice of time was

[1] Appendix G.

very great, I found the occupation extremely interesting and the meetings highly enjoyable. But I have the satisfaction of being able to look back on the step I took without regret, and to feel that it has probably done some good. But I could hardly have believed it possible that a deliberative assembly could have betrayed such utter thoughtlessness and confusion of ideas. A visitor forces me to end my letter, that I may not lose this post.

'1 REGENT STREET, 20 *Feb.*, 1871.

'P.S.—Through a most extraordinary turn of events I find my neck replaced in the old collar. If you should not know the history I can explain it at some future time. It is the most wonderful success ever achieved.'

'1 REGENT STREET, S.W., 23 *Feb.*, 1871.

'The history of what happened in the Upper House is briefly this. The Bishop of Winchester's Resolution [1] was carried on Wednesday by a large majority. I immediately gave notice of that which you saw in the "Times," which I moved the next day. In my speech on the occasion I informed my hearers that my Resolution [2] was intended by me directly to contradict that of

[1] 'That it is the judgment of this House that it is not expedient that any person who denies the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ should be invited to join either Company to which is committed the revision of the Authorized Version of Holy Scripture; and that it is further the judgment of this House that any such person now in either Company shall cease to act therewith; and that this resolution be communicated to the Lower House, and their concurrence required.'

[2] 'That, notwithstanding the restriction introduced into the fifth resolution, this House does not intend to give the slightest sanction or countenance to the opinion that the members of the Revision Companies ought to be guided by any other principle than the desire to bring the translation as near as they can to the sense of the original

the day before by the assertion of an opposite principle. Notwithstanding this warning it was carried unanimously, and sent down to the Lower House, who on their part made a proposal, the effect of which was virtually and practically to rescind and annul the first Resolution. The Upper House acceded unanimously to this proposal. A more complete *volte face* movement was never executed by a deliberative assembly. After this it became evident that, as far as I was concerned, the ground on which I had seceded from my company was entirely removed, as it was impossible for me to desire more complete satisfaction. I should not, however, have felt at liberty to comply with the requests which I received to resume my functions, if I had not ascertained that this was also Stanley's view of the subject.

'To have stood out any longer would have been mere obstinacy and peevishness, for which I had no motive, but, on the contrary, every reason to rejoice in a success which I should have previously thought impossible. I have received many congratulations upon it, but, perhaps, I ought to value most of all the unintentional compliment which I just now see is paid me by the "Guardian," who thinks my Resolution a "strange" and "lamentable" one, and is evidently astonished and annoyed to the last degree at my having induced the House unanimously to agree to it. The only unfortunate part of the result is that the Upper House has certainly lowered itself in public estimation. All that can be said—and I really think that so much

texts; but, on the contrary, regards it as their duty to keep themselves as much as possible on their guard against any bias of preconceived opinions or theological tenets in the work of Revision.'

may be truly said—in its favour is, that having been betrayed by a mistaken zeal and confusion of ideas into an unwise step, they nevertheless had sufficient candour and honesty to accept truth and common sense when it was presented to them, even at a great sacrifice of consistency. I am afraid from the line taken by the "Guardian" that it is the better part of their conduct which will be least approved of by the great body of the clergy.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 6 *March*, 1871.

'I only received your last P.S. a few minutes before I stepped into the cab which was to take me to the station. I put it into a side pocket, and read it by the way. But on my arrival here the short interval before I met my guests was consumed in taking down the paper piles which had been reared during my absence, and in the course of this operation your letter unfortunately sank into the depths of Chaos, and I do not suppose I shall ever see it again. I am particularly sorry that I am thus prevented from referring to it, because there was one part of it to which I could not at all assent; I mean that which relates to the supposed contrast between the heathen-philosophical and the Christian view of death. I do not remember the passage in Lecky's work[1] from which you learnt this, but I am sure that it is quite a mistake. You speak, indeed, of philosophy and philosophers as if there was only one philosophy or school of philosophers, instead of there being a great number of conflicting sects (which a Roman Proconsul once enjoined by a decree to make up their differences); but I venture to assert that there

[1] *History of European Morals.*

never was any ancient philosopher to whom, as philosopher, death was "welcome," though he might strive more or less successfully to reconcile himself to it. The elaborate reasoning by which Cicero (drawing from all the philosophy of all the schools) tried to accomplish this feat proves how little he really satisfied himself. He devotes one book of one of his treatises to this subject, and his argument is that death is either an utter extinction of sense or a transition to a better state.

'In the former case all the comfort he can suggest is that life is so full of miseries as not to be worth keeping. The alternative confessedly depended on a long chain of very questionable ratiocination. The Stoics, on their principles, could not take this view. To them death, as an outward thing, was a matter of indifference, just as the acutest bodily pain, which could not affect the wise man's well-being, since this depended on virtue alone. There might be cases in which the wise men would prefer death, if to die was, as Cato fancied it, an act of virtue. Otherwise all that he could do was to face it without fear. With the Epicureans, who were the most popular sect, it was far otherwise. To them death, except as a release from pain, could never be other than in the highest degree *un*welcome. Horace was a very sound Epicurean, and we see how he taught. Death was to him simply an inevitable evil. He does not attempt to extenuate it by disparaging the value of life. He does not even attempt to offer any "comfort." His practical conclusion is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Hear how he preaches (in Conington's translation) to his friend Postumus:—

'Ah (the Latin is *Eheu* !—alas !)
'Ah, Postumus! they fleet away,
Our years, nor piety one hour
Can win from wrinkles and decay
And Death's indomitable power.
* * * * * *
Your land, your house, your lovely bride
Must lose you; of your cherish'd trees
None to its fleeting master's side
Will cleave, but those sad cypresses.'

'Then comes the moral, delicately conveyed, but clearly reprehending Postumus for hoarding his wine:—

'Your heir, a larger soul, will drain
The hundred-padlock'd Cæcuban.'

'In another ode the lesson is given more directly:—

'Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life is short; should hope be more?
In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb'd away.
Seize the present; trust to-morrow e'en as little as you may.'

'But what seems to me strangest of all is that the heathen philosophers of any sect should be supposed to have an advantage in this respect over a Christian. Socrates himself believed that he had no reason to fear death, because for him it could not be a positive evil, and might be relatively a good. That was the utmost extent of the "welcome" he would give to it. Who, then, shall represent the Christian view? . . . . St. Paul. His language is: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

'"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

'That seems to go a long way beyond Socrates in the "welcoming" of death.

'I am afraid there are some questions which I have forgotten; but one I remember concerned the "Revue des deux Mondes." I thought it possible that I might find a continuation here; but none has come. Whenever it appears it will be like the olive-leaf in the dove's mouth, showing that the deluge has subsided. But who can tell how many of the contributors have survived? The effect of the war will also, I am afraid, be detrimental to the character of the "Revue," as it will hardly be able to find room for any other topic.

'My candidates left me this morning, and this evening I am to entertain the Judge. But the Bar have almost all flown away.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 8 *March*, 1871.

'P.S.—The lost one has miraculously emerged from Chaos. I see that, although what I said as to the supposed "difference between the ancient philosopher's and the Christian's acceptance of death" applies to your remark on that point; if I had had the letter before me I should have said something more. It was no part of the practice of any "ancient philosopher to court death even to suicide," though there might be here and there a fanatic who had talked himself into such a belief of the misery of life as to count death the lesser evil. But the instinctive dread of death, when apparently near at hand, has, I believe, been always equally strong among all members of the human race. I showed you how it haunted cultivated minds in the heathen world, even when viewed from a distance. If it casts a deeper shade over any Christian life, it is only in connection with the doctrine of future retribution. But when you compare a philosopher with a Christian you ought to

consider them both *as such*, and not to contrast a philosopher who is true to his principles with a bad, inconsistent Christian. You seem quite to have forgotten that if there were philosophers—who, I believe, might be counted on the fingers of one hand—who "courted death even to suicide," there were hundreds and thousands of Christians who courted it even to martyrdom.

'The ordinary complaint of divines is, that the certainty of death and uncertainty of life make so little practical impression on the minds of their hearers. But if the question is whether the ancient philosophy (of any sect) or the Christian faith (common to all churches) has been the more potent to raise men above the fear of death, I should like to know where is the ancient philosopher who ever broke out into such a pæan as, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" When you say, "Yet the hereafter was equally obscure to each," you confuse two entirely different things. To the philosopher the hereafter was indeed obscure, as he was himself conscious of its obscurity. But to the Christian it was no otherwise obscure than as others might doubt that which he believed. To himself, so far as concerned his "acceptance of death," it was not in the least *obscure*. It was a fact as clear and certain—rather more so—as any of his present existence.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE.

'P.S.—The olive-leaf has arrived in eleven leaflets. How shall I ever find time to turn over such a foliage?'

'9 *March*, 1871.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 16 *March*, 1871.

'I ought by rights to have looked and seen what Lecky himself said before I made any remark on that which you reported of him. But he was at the other end of the house, and I had not leisure to search for the passage to which you referred. Now that you have been so good as to save me the trouble of the search I have read the passage, and I see that your remark was very natural, and that he alone is responsible for the error into which, as I think, you have fallen. I am extremely dissatisfied [1] with his whole treatment of the subject. It appears to me superficial and confused in the highest degree. From beginning to end I find no guiding principle, no attempt to discriminate between the different cases which he cites. He betrays an utter incapacity of appreciating the moral character of the actions he relates. He lavishes his admiration on the most unworthy objects. He evidently fancies that he sees "grandeur" (p. 231) in Cato's suicide, and that the highest praise that could be given to that of Otho is that it was "equal in 'grandeur' to that of Cato." He omits to point out, manifestly because he did not perceive, the wide dissimilarity of the two cases. If Otho really killed himself to prevent a civil war, his act was one of noble self-sacrifice, though it might not be consistent with a Christian principle which was also that of the elder philosophy (see p. 224). But Cato's suicide was not only unjustifiable on this ground, but was at direct variance with Stoical principles, and must, if judged by them alone, be condemned as mean and cowardly. He had no such plea to allege as Otho.

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that the Bishop's general appreciation of Mr. Lecky's two famous works was high.

He merely shrank from the mortification of witnessing Cæsar's triumph. What heroism was there in that?

'Lecky observes (p. 228) that it was in the Roman empire and among the Roman Stoics that suicide assumed its greatest prominence, and its philosophy was most fully elaborated. He seems quite blind to the fact that the extinction of civil liberty produced an immense depreciation in the value of life among all educated Romans, whom the Imperial despotism excluded from all share in the administration of public affairs, and so far tended to multiply suicides. But the "elaboration" of the suicidal "philosophy," consisted merely in the abandonment of all that was sound in the ancient principles, and the substitution of purely Epicurean maxims: "*that is the best which pleases him most*" (p. 229). No doubt in every society where the Christian and old Pythagorean idea of life, as a talent and a trust, is unknown or forgotten, and where its value is measured by enjoyment, suicide will be likely to become common.

'The most trifling occasion will supply a sufficient motive. How often do we read of boys hanging themselves in a fit of passion because they have been thwarted in some wish. They defy death as bravely as Cato, and exactly on the same principle—impatience of something disagreeable. Just apply this test to Lecky's cases, and see how many will bear it, or can be reconciled with the Stoical doctrine that no external accident such as pain or disease is an evil, and that the wise man's happiness consists entirely in virtuous action. That doctrine is as irreconcilable with suicide as any Christian dogma.

'It was the comfort of Socrates that no evil can

befall a good man. Every Christian may say the same thing, though the comfort he may draw from it will be only in proportion as he is indeed a Christian. The affirmation implies the converse—that evil will and must befall the bad man. Hamlet is but half Christian when he speaks of the fear of "something after death, the undiscovered country," as the most effectual restraint on the temptation to suicide, which would otherwise be generally irresistible. But Socrates also expected an interview with Minos and Rhadamanthus, to which he indeed could look forward with positive pleasure, because he should find them so unlike his Athenian judges, but which must have been alarming to many consciences, though few may have been distressed by the thought of the torments reserved for such offenders as Tantalus and Ixion.

'That was a dreadfully precocious passion for suicide that was exhibited by the child who courted death under your carriage wheels. If it had been a young pagan, Lecky could have made something of it. But what is the real difference between your young hero and Cato? The child acted without reflection, and without any apparent or intelligible motive. Cato acted deliberately, and under a motive which is perfectly intelligible, but essentially unphilosophical, vulgar, and childish. The premeditation, which obtained so much admiration for it, and which Lecky thinks so "grand," deprives it of its only possible excuse. One can sympathise with that which made life intolerable to Prevost Paradol,[1] but Cato did the cowardly act in cold blood. . . . .

[1] 'Prevost Paradol was for many years energetically opposed to the French Empire, but later on the Liberal programme of Emile Ollivier

'I wonder that you have not received your arrears of the "Revue" down to the 1st of March. You should immediately apply yourself to the "Chronique de la Quinzaine," which exhibits the impression made on educated Frenchmen by the successive phases of the siege. It has all the interest of a romance or a drama.

'P.S.—I see I forgot to remark that there is no real contrast between the view of death as a law and as a punishment. The fathers, who believed it to be a punishment, did not question that it was a law. "The law was the punishment.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *March*, 1871.

'You have asked a question which seems to me to betray some misapprehension on the subject of suicide. You ask, "Did not the fathers view death as a law and a punishment, the philosophers as a law only?" Undoubtedly the philosophers did not ground their speculations on the Book of Genesis, whereas the fathers did. But there was no controversy between them and the philosophers as to the *origin* of the law, concerning which the philosophers did not pretend to know anything, while the fathers believed that it had been divinely revealed to them. But when the question is as to the moral quality of suicide, I do not see how it can be affected by any difference of views on the origin of the law, while all parties acknowledge the fact of its existence.

'A week ago there was a notice in the "Spectator"

caused a change in his views, and led to his acceptance of the post of Minister to the United States. When M. Paradol saw that the liberal professions were apparent and not real, and that he had committed himself by too hasty an adhesion, it so preyed on his mind that he destroyed himself in August 1870.

of an essay entitled "Euthanasia," in which the author "maintains the thesis that it is lawful, and even expedient, to put an end to the life which is manifestly doomed to the sufferings of incurable disease." The "Spectator" combats this thesis on ground which was common to philosophers (of the best schools) and Christians.

"The old belief," he says, "that a man may not quit his post except at the bidding of his commander, seems to us the expression of a noble and far-seeing wisdom." It is, at all events, a doctrine at once Christian and philosophical. . . . .

'I do not at all wonder that —— wish that they might join the deputation to the Pope. I should like nothing better myself, provided that at the end of the journey I was not obliged to be present at the interview. But that is just the privilege which they think most enviable. The only question is whether they could do so, if they understood what this deputation really means, especially with regard to its most distinguished members. It is headed, I believe, by the Duke of Norfolk, who is to be accompanied by several Roman Catholic members of the House of Lords. I do not know what is its precise object; it may be simply to express their wishes for the restoration of the temporal power. But it cannot be supposed that they mean to ignore the new attribute with which the Pope has been invested, or that any one would join the deputation who did not heartily accept that decree of the Council. Then observe these two things:—

'1. The Duke of Norfolk and his Roman Catholic compeers owe their seats in the House of Lords to the solemn assurance given by all the English and Irish

Bishops of their Church, that the dogma now proclaimed was not a doctrine of the Church of Rome. Several of the English and Irish members of the Council urged this as a reason which made it impossible for them to accept the dogma. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, is going to express his satisfaction at the discovery that he is enjoying the fruits of this misrepresentation, and that he holds his seat under and by virtue of false pretences. Is that a really dignified or enviable position? Would not a man of honour feel that his first duty was to resign a seat obtained by such means?

'But there is a still graver question connected with this formal adhesion to the infallible Pope.

'2. Before the proclamation of this dogma, although it used to be urged that men who only paid "a divided allegiance" were not entitled to the full privileges of British subjects, it was possible to believe the English Roman Catholics when they professed to be loyal subjects, good citizens, and sincerely attached to the institutions of their country. That has now ceased to be possible with regard to any intelligent and conscientious members of their Church. Their allegiance is no longer "divided," but is and must be due exclusively to the Pope, who claims absolute power over all persons and things, reserving entirely to his own discretion the way in which he may think fit to exercise it. No sincere and intelligent Roman Catholic can now believe that he is bound by any law or any oath which is at variance with these claims of the Infallible Pope. In the meanwhile it is certain that there is not a country on the face of the earth whose institutions are so directly opposed to the principles laid down by the Infallible Teacher in the Syllabus as those of Great

Britain. If the Pope knew anything of English history, he would say that the epoch which was the happiest and most glorious for England was that in which King John knelt before Pandulph to make himself the Pope's tributary vassal. The subversion of our present constitution ought to be the object which every faithful Romanist proposes to himself. If there are any with whom this is otherwise, it can only be the effect of ignorance, thoughtlessness, and inconsistency. No doubt the inconsistency is an amiable and honourable one. It does credit to their natural feelings, which rebel against the false teaching of their priests. But it is not the less lamentable that this discordance between their principles and their practice should be the only security they have to offer, and that in proportion as they are good Catholics they must be bad, disloyal citizens.

'From all who really love our free institutions they are now for ever separated by an impassable gulf. The Duke of Norfolk is going to pay his homage to the author of this calamity. Will he be placing himself in an enviable or honourable position? Only in the eyes of those who do not know what he is doing, which I hope may be the case with himself.

'Here I must break off. I must keep Mr. ——'s letter until I send a word with it.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 28 *March*, 1871.

'P.S.—Though I can very ill spare the time, I find it impossible to return ——'s letter without a few remarks.

'Even if I had not—though I believe I have—a drop of Celtic blood in my veins, I should sympathise

warmly with his patriotic feelings, and should think it quite right as well as natural that he should draw comfort under the present miseries of his country—now how much greater than when he wrote!—from the recollection of her past glories and the hope of a brighter future. But no feeling can be durable which is not founded on truth. Some one said, "Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas," which some one else translated, "Plato is my friend, but Truth is my sister." It ought to be nearer and dearer than flesh and blood. I fully admit the right of France to all the glory which —— claims for her, as having first proclaimed "the principles of 1789," though he alludes to them just as he might have done if the interval between that proclamation and the accession of Louis Napoleon had been one in which France had been governed according to those principles, altogether ignoring the Reign of Terror, the first Empire, and the consequent constant oscillation, which at last led to the general acceptance of Louis Napoleon as the "Saviour of Society." In fact, during the more than eighty years which have elapsed since the outbreak of the Revolution, there has not been one in which France has enjoyed the blessing of a stable government. When I consider this fact, and compare the progress of Great Britain during the same period, I find my admiration of the disembodied "principles" a good deal abated; and it seems to me that much less depends on the principles themselves than on the way they are applied. The ruffians who are now triumphant in Paris no doubt consider *their* rule as the only true development of the revolutionary principles.

'While I sympathise with France, I to a consider-

able extent share ——'s feelings towards the Prussians, so far at least as to regard their present ascendency and the temporary effacement of France as a great European calamity. To ourselves its first fruit has been the humiliation of the disgraceful Conference;[1] and as I place no reliance on the moderation either of Bismarck or his Emperor, I fear that much more of the same kind is to come. But still I cannot digest such words as "Les barbares Germains." Coming from such a man, they seem to me fearfully ominous—indicative of a spirit which, as long as it prevails in France, must preclude all hope of peace for Europe. The Germans *barbarians!* In the last "Chronique de la Quinzaine" I read these words: "Disons le mot, si cruel qu'il soit; ce malheur de la France n'est point l'œuvre du hasard: cette victoire de nos ennemis c'est le triomphe de l'ordre, de la discipline, de la suite dans les idées, de la science, de la méthode, sur la confusion, la légèreté, l'indiscipline, la suffisance et l'insuffisance.' Yet these enemies are *barbarians.* And why? Apparently because they lack the "grand souffle philosophique et moral," which is French property. But if so, what other nation in Europe is not at least equally *barbarian?* And does not this point to the conclusion that France may justly regard all other nations of the earth in the same light as the Greeks did all foreigners, whom they stigmatised with the same word which we have borrowed from them? Now I should not complain of the French for cherishing the belief in their own superiority over every other people if they did not attempt to carry the belief into practice. But as the

[1] The Black Sea Conference was appointed to meet 3rd January, 1871, actually met January 17 in London, closed its sittings March 14.

Greek philosophers laid it down as a law of nature that Greeks should govern, and, if they chose, enslave *barbarians*, so the French have shown a disposition to consider themselves as the natural arbiters, regulators, in short (for it comes to this), lords of Europe. If Nicholas of Russia had the impudence to say that not a gun should be fired in Europe without his leave, so we heard a little before the war that some French statesman—I forget on what occasion—had delivered himself of the maxim, "Quand la France est satisfaite, l'Europe est tranquille;" in other words, "Europe shall never be quiet as long as France has a wish unsatisfied." That I believe to have been the feeling which rendered the declaration of war popular in France. And what am I to think of the elevation of such a man as Thiers, with the approbation of ——? Of Thiers, the man on whom, next to the first Napoleon, a larger share of responsibility for the war rests than on any other; the man who has done more than any other to inflame the French lust for military glory, and to direct the aim of the nation to the recovery of the Rhenish Provinces; the man who desired to prevent the unification of Italy and of Germany only because it was likely to stand in the way of French ascendency. It is to the same feeling that I attribute the unfortunate declaration of Jules Favre, that "France would never yield an inch of her territory or a stone of her fortresses." The Prussian terms are no doubt exorbitant, but they seem to be only a little less unreasonable in an opposite direction; and, if we would judge them fairly, we must try to put ourselves in the place of the conquerors, who had triumphed over an unprovoked aggression at an enormous cost of blood and

treasure, to say nothing of their recollections of French moderation at Berlin.

'There is an article in the last "Contemporary Review," "France and Prussia, by Professor Dowden," which —— himself might have written, and which he (or you) would read with immense pleasure. I agree with it "tout en gardant des nuances et des réserves sur tel ou tel point."'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *April*, 1871.

'I perfectly understood that when you asked whether it is not the fact, "that to the philosophers death was only a law, while to the fathers it was not only a law but a punishment," you did not mean suicide, but natural death. I am only at a loss to conceive how the other meaning could have occurred to me, and what could have led you to think it possible that it should have done so.

'But I am still more puzzled by your new question, which seems to imply some misapprehension of my meaning, and also to involve some very strange paradoxes of which you seem to be quite unconscious.

'You ask, "Why should death—except the manner of it—be considered a punishment at all when it leads us to better things, to a somewhere without pain, or perplexity, or sin?" I hope, though I cannot help feeling a strong misgiving to the contrary, that you do not imagine that anything I have said on the subject depends in the slightest degree on the question whether death is rightly considered as a punishment. But putting this aside, I see that you have worded your question so that it admits of two widely different senses, according to the meaning of your "*when*." For that

may signify either *whereas*, and so would assume that in all cases death leads us to better things, or it may signify *whenever*, *i.e.* be the cases many or few in which it does so. In the first sense the assumption is wonderfully bold, especially when made as if it were a self-evident truth.

'Taken in the other sense, the question is, perhaps, a little less paradoxical, but still the reasons why death may be considered as a punishment even in such a case are so obvious that they can only be kept out of sight by an extraordinary effort of abstraction.

'How does it follow that death is not a punishment because it leads to better things? Suppose a man desires to reach some pleasant field lying on the other side of a stream which is crossed by a good bridge. If he is prevented from going over the bridge, and forced to take to the water, may not that be considered as a punishment? If an invalid, subject to sea-sickness, is compelled to take a voyage to Madeira because he is debarred from the use of a medicine or from change of air, which would have effected his cure at home, is not that in the nature of a punishment? Is it a sufficient consolation to the mother of a young emigrant, under the anguish of parting, to believe that he is going to make his fortune at the antipodes, and would she not consider it as a punishment if he was debarred from an equally profitable employment in his own country? Is human life in general such a scene of unmitigated misery that every one should be anxious to hurry out of it with the certainty of being a gainer by the change of state? And are the ties which bind us to earthly relatives and friends so slight that they may be severed without any touch of pain?

'Surely these are monstrous paradoxes, against which the common sense of mankind revolts. . . . .

'If we were quite sure that death is nothing worse than a forcible interruption of a development, which would otherwise have been continuous, it would still be in the nature of a punishment if considered as an ordinance at all. But when we neither have nor can have any such assurance, how can we look upon it as an unalloyed blessing? Can a condition in which it is welcome as such be any other than one of intolerable desperate misery?

'I had intended to say a word on the Roman question, but this I must defer to another time.'

'I envy Mr. Perowne still more than the Duke of Norfolk and his companions. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *April*, 1871.

'P.S.—I have no doubt that what you say about the happy unconsciousness of the Duke of Norfolk is perfectly true, and also that the same is the case with the great majority of English Romanists.

'This ignorance is indeed their bliss; and it would be cruelty to open their eyes to the truth, if it was not that their blindness leaves them at the mercy of treacherous guides. Unfortunately it is but too certain that among educated English Protestants hardly one in a thousand is better informed, and has ever realised the meaning and importance of the decree or definition of Papal Infallibility. Most people fancy that it is a mere theological dogma, which, however extravagant in itself, can have no practical effect on the affairs of mankind. It was very unlucky that the promulgation coincided with the outbreak of the war, which of course engrossed

every one's attention; and any one who had said that the decree was the more momentous event of the two would have been thought to have lost his senses. Yet it is certain that the decree affects the interests of a much larger portion of mankind, and must continue to do so for a much longer time. I wonder whether you have ever considered its retrospective action?

'Are you aware that its effect, as regards the past, is that there has never been any pretension to universal absolute sovereignty put forward in any papal bull that has not now become a part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, just as binding on the consciences of all its members under penalty of eternal perdition as any part of the Apostle's Creed? One corollary from this proposition is that, in the eyes of the Pope, and consequently of every consistent Roman Catholic, our Queen, and every heretical sovereign, is a mere usurper, who has no right to the crown, and that a Roman Catholic, who having the means and the opportunities, fails to do whatever he can toward putting her down, or forcing her to submit to the Pope, is guilty of mortal sin. Even an orthodox sovereign who willingly tolerates the exercise of any heterodox worship, or refuses to exterminate all heretics within his dominions, incurs the like condemnation. Do not suppose that there is the slightest exaggeration in this. When Antonelli, who himself was perfectly aware of the truth, was pressed by the French and Austrian Ministers with this objection to the decree, all he could say was that they need not make themselves uneasy; all that the Pope wanted was the recognition of his right; but this being once admitted, he would exercise

the utmost discretion and lenity in the use of his power. That was the best comfort *he* could afford.

'There are circumstances within the range of possibility in which the most thoughtless might be led to feel the gravity of the question in its bearing on our own affairs. Everybody knows that the Church of England may any day be disestablished. Some think that it certainly will, and that it is only a question of time, and that a short one. Supposing this event to happen, I apprehend that the obligation of the sovereign to be a member of the Church of England must cease.

'And there would arise the question whether he might not be a member of the Church of Rome. This has now become identical with the question whether the throne may be filled by one who acknowledges himself to be the Pope's subject in all matters spiritual and temporal. That, I think, must be admitted to be a practical question. If the parties were pretty evenly balanced, it might easily give occasion to the fiercest of civil wars.

'Every Roman Catholic is now bound to believe that the proceedings of the Inquisition, having been repeatedly and constantly hallowed by the sanction and explicit injunctions of the Popes, are in perfect harmony with the principles of natural equity and with the teaching of the gospel, and that they afford a perfect model for our imitation. The proceedings against witches, in which so many thousands of lives were sacrificed to what is now very generally believed to be a delusion, received the like sanction, and it has thus become matter of faith that instead of a delusion it is a fact as certain as any truth of the gospel.

'It is, indeed, much to be hoped that the Duke of Norfolk and his party are profoundly ignorant of the tenets to which they are pledged. Probably their chief object is to express their veneration for the Pope and their sympathy with his misfortunes.

'But here again it is to be hoped that they do not suspect how sadly their veneration and sympathy are misplaced. The Pope himself no longer stands in the position which he occupied in general estimation before the Council. Though he has gained his object, his character as a man has been irreparably damaged by his behaviour during the session of the Council. Previously he had been, I think, rather a favourite with Protestants. They liked to be presented to him, and spoke of him as an amiable, excellent person, some even as "saintly." Intellectually, indeed, he has always stood very low.

'Though no Pope for many centuries has introduced so many new definitions of doctrines, few have ever been so ignorant of theology. It was only through family interest that he passed his examination for holy orders. If he had not been a Mastai, the future infallible doctor would have been plucked. And he has never had need to study theology since he became Pope, for he has lived in the constant belief that he enjoys a special inspiration of the Virgin Mary, which more than supplies the place of study. At the time when the question of tradition was under discussion, and the bishops of the minority were urging the contradiction between the new dogma and the tradition of the Church, he repeatedly affirmed "La tradizione son io." This reminds me of Louis XIV.'s celebrated "L'État, c'est moi," but it goes far beyond that. For what it

means is that it depended upon his pleasure whether a thing had happened or not. When to this is added that he was in the habit of saying that he *felt* his own infallibility, it must be owned that in him ignorance and superstition are combined in a degree rarely equalled. . . . . But still he might have been an amiable, excellent man. Unfortunately, in his passionate anxiety to carry his object, he cast away all restraints of decency, self-respect, and common humanity, treating the bishops of the opposition as his personal enemies with a tyranny verging upon brutality. . . . .

'My P.S. has become a volume.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *April*, 1871.

'. . . . No doubt the Pope does not pretend to be sinless; on the contrary, he is rather fond of publicly owning himself to be (like Peter) "a sinful man," as if in answer to those who pretend that sinfulness excludes infallibility, whereas he professes to be equally conscious of both. If he was incapable of sin why should he need a confessor? Nor again does he pretend to be infallible in all matters. He would freely admit that he might mistake a false diamond for a true one and the like. But what he asserts is that, in his capacity of Pope, or supreme Doctor of the Church, he speaks with the infallibility of Divine inspiration on every question of faith and morals; and the latter head includes every conceivable relation of public and private life, everything that in any way concerns the State and the family, and, observe, he is the supreme infallible judge as to what does or does not concern them; so that no such question can be exempt from his absolute jurisdiction.

'Now, under the recent decree, no one can dispute or attempt to narrow this claim, either in the abstract or in its practical application, without peril of eternal perdition.

'Do not imagine that these are points in debate only between Romanists and Protestants, in which, therefore, the latter may be misled by prejudice or ignorance. Romanists are, indeed, now divided among themselves as to the Pope's right to the infallibility which he claims, but there is no dispute among them as to the extent of the authority with which he is invested by it if it really belongs to him. How glad Antonelli would have been if, instead of comforting the foreign ministers with the hope that the Pontiff would wield his authority mildly, he had been able to assure them that they were mistaken as to its nature, and that it did not reach to temporal concerns.

'I wish I could get you to read a work called "Quirinus." It is a series of letters written from Rome by a German Roman Catholic who was present from the opening to the end of the Council, and in constant intimate communication with a great many of its most distinguished members. They were first published in a German newspaper, and have since been collected in a little volume. I found them most delicious reading. They have been translated into English, probably by the translator of "Janus"; and, if so, very well. Unless they were quite spoiled in the translation I feel sure that you would enjoy them very much; and when you have read them you will no longer be at the mercy of Manning's organs.'[1]

[1] '7 *June*, 1871.

'. . . . It is Roman Catholic theologians who have made the "fuss" about the Infallibility decree. No Protestant can add anything to that

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *April*, 1871.

'P.S.—I am very thankful for the geological communication, though I am not sufficiently acquainted with recent theories on the subject of the red sandstone fully to appreciate the effect of Mr. Ramsay's observation—which is equivalent to a discovery—on the views now generally prevalent. But what he says about the coal treasures is a great comfort to me. But is there not still a question about the expense of working at great depths?

'Nobody can be more interested in the correctness of Dr. ——'s views on reading than myself.

'My practice is quite the reverse of his. My reading covers a pretty large area, but at many points is very superficial, and, therefore, I am not an impartial judge. I cannot, however, assent to his opinion—as you state it. But if the maxim runs, "Better read one good book eight times than many once," I should need

which Döllinger, v. Schulte, and Froschammer have written. None have had such strong motives for a thorough investigation of the subject, and very few sufficient learning for the task.'

'2 *Aug.*, 1871.

'. . . . I observed a letter from Rome in the 'Pall Mall,' giving an account of an allocution addressed by the Pope to I forget exactly what audience, in which he betrayed a most wonderful ignorance on the subject of his own infallibility. He explained to his hearers that it was a mistake to suppose that his power resulted from his infallibility, and was not based on the authority vested in him as the Vicar of Christ. He evidently was not aware that nobody had ever made this mistake, but that the connection between his claim to infallibility and his claim to universal dominion was that he could not claim infallibility for himself without attributing it to his predecessors, and therefore, among others, to Boniface VIII., in the most extravagant of all his pretensions.

'. . . . A man is only half a Roman Catholic who has not a spiritual director, and less than half if he does not conform to that direction. . . . .'

to know something more about the *many*. Are they supposed to be also *good*? And if so, on the same or different subjects? I should quite agree that it is better to study one good book on any subject accurately than to hurry through many, even though equally good, on the same subject. But if, after I had read one book seven times, the question was whether I should give it an eighth reading or should skim over the work of another writer, though of inferior merit, on the same subject, I should have no doubt that my knowledge of the subject and my capacity of judging would be more enlarged by a hasty perusal of the new book, and that I should understand the first better than if I read it again. I suspect that a man of one or very few books may be familiar with their contents, but be little the better for them for want of means of comparing different views with one another.

'A person who was a very great reader and hard thinker told me that he never took up a book except with the view of making himself master of some subject which he was studying, and that while he was so engaged he made all his reading converge to that point. In this way he might read parts of many books, but not a single one "from end to end." This I take to be an excellent method of study, but one which implies the command of many books as well as of much leisure.

'It must, however, be remembered that *superficial* is a relative term. There is hardly a department, however narrow, in the whole range of human knowledge that is not absolutely unfathomable and inexhaustible, and its chief adepts would be the first to own or proclaim that no human life is long enough to make any

one completely master of it. This holds not only with regard to the higher ologies—theology, philology, physiology, geology, zoology, &c.—but even to their minutest ramifications. Lives, I believe, have been spent and may be spent on such pursuits as numismatics and heraldry, which are branches of history, and involve a great extent of historical reading; but I also believe that the same may be said of some of the minutest compartments of animal and vegetable life. The study can never be exhausted. But would a life be well spent in the acquisition of a relatively profound knowledge of beetles or grasses, or coins or blazonry, to the exclusion of everything else?

'Yet I think Dr. ——'s theory logically leads to this.

'Miss —— naturally looks at the question from the standpoint (as Germans say) of her own art. She does not set much value on *facts*. How should she when she knows how easily they are made, having spent the best part of her life in making them? (A *poet*, you know, is literally a *máker*.) As a moral philosopher (which is her proper profession) she makes little account of anything but the "condition of mind which results from reading," which she evidently thinks depends very little on facts. This is perfectly true as to the moral condition or bent of the will, but seems very questionable as to the intellectual condition or possession of knowledge.

'I believe that nothing is forgotten, so that the remembrance of it may not be revived. How often do scenes and words of more than sixty years ago recur to my mind with the vividness of impressions of yesterday!

'Was it not Admiral Beaufort who was once very

nearly drowned, and while under water had a vision of his whole past life in all its details?[1]

'My guests have just left for Cheltenham, and I am in the agony of preparation for my own departure.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1871, Undated.

'. . . . I am quite surprised that —— should not have heard of the *scribble* (which has a technical name I cannot now recollect). I thought it had been familiar to every one who took an interest in archæology.

'It was discovered, I am pretty sure, on a wall of a barrack at Pompeii, and is evidently the production of a soldier, and specially designed to ridicule a Christian comrade, as the rough drawing or scratching bears a Greek inscription Ἀλεξαμένου θεός = the god of Alexamĕnes. I believe that it has been published repeatedly, and if I am not mistaken in the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Literature.[2]

'. . . . When you tell me that "metaphysics seems to be the only science at a stand-still," are you aware that I am myself a member of a Metaphysical Society, which meets once a month in the first half of the year, to (dine and) hear and discuss a paper on some metaphysical question?

'It includes among its members a number of very distinguished persons—among whom are Gladstone

[1] Appendix H.

[2] 'A rude drawing lately discovered on the wall of a vault (the cell of a slave, one of Cæsar's household) on the Palatine, which represents this jackal-headed figure (the god Anubis) nailed to the cross, with the inscription ΑΛΕΞΑΜΕΝΟC CEBETE ΘΕΟΝ; in reality, the work of some pious gnostic, but which is usually looked upon as a heathen blasphemy, because the jackal's head is taken for that of an ass.'—*The Gnostics and their Remains.* C. W. King, M.A., 1864.

and the Duke of Argyll. The papers are printed and circulated among the members, and begin to form a little volume. Among the contributors have been Archbishop Huxley and Professor Manning. It has so happened that I have never yet been able to attend a dinner of the society. But I purpose doing so next Tuesday, when a paper is to be read by Ruskin on "Intelligence proportioned to rank in animated life." I am inclined to think that as much study is spent on metaphysics as at any former period, and with at least equal success. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 8 *May*, 1871.

'I duly received all your letters, which, if anything could compensate for the beauties of the spring, which I have lost, would have done so. You will perhaps not be much surprised that I was wholly unable to answer them, if you consider that the work of the O. T. Revision Company absorbs between six and seven hours of every day, so that it is very difficult to make the fragments of time which remain suffice for the most indispensable business.

'I attended the dinner of the Metaphysical Society on the 25th inst. There were present, besides Ruskin, Huxley, and Manning, the editors of the "Spectator" and the "Contemporary Review," Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Russell, M.P., Ward, the Bishop of Gloucester, and Frederick Harrison. Like the Cardinal in "Lothair," Manning sat all dinner-time before an empty plate, entirely occupied in conversation with Fred. Harrison.

'Ruskin read his paper, which was highly characteristic, with, I thought, a little touch of mannerism.

A good many blots were found in it. It was assailed at one end by Manning (whom I heard very imperfectly), and at the other (the physiological) by Dr. Carpenter. I do not think it likely that you will ever see the papers collected in a volume, though one, by Manning, "On the Relation of the Will to Thought," has been published in the "Contemporary Review." You need not apologise for having spoken disrespectfully of metaphysics—that is, of English metaphysics. When you said they were at a "stand-still," you said no more than the Germans and the French have been saying for a century. . . . I do not admit the fact, though there was an interval, after the close of the Scotch school, during which the study might be said to be stagnant. But in the last generation there has been—whether happily or otherwise—a great stirring of metaphysical activity; and I agree with the Germans and the French in the opinion that its cessation would imply a very low state of intellectual culture. I have always considered the problems of metaphysics as at once the highest and the most important and practical of all to which the human mind can apply itself. But no doubt this assumes that it is of some importance to a man to have some principles of belief and practice, and that there is a difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, which is worth while to inquire about. That the study is beset with great difficulties does not seem to me to prove that it is worthless, but only that it must always be confined to a few thinkers. It must, however, be remembered that all men are metaphysicians, all, in every action of their lives, are governed by metaphysical beliefs, and that the only difference between

one and another is, that the great mass are wholly unconscious of the origin and ground of the opinions which they have received through tradition, while a few understand what they hold and why they hold it, and to these it is given to sway the opinions of others; for infinite good or evil. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *May*, 1871.

'. . . . It was absolutely impossible for Socrates or Plato so much as to conceive the nature of the problems which now occupy the minds of metaphysicians through their ignorance of physiology. They might have been able to understand the leading propositions in Manning's paper on the "Relation of the Will to Thought;" but Dr. Carpenter's article in the "Contemporary" on the "Physiology of the Will" would have opened to them a new world, in which they would have felt themselves dazed and helpless as infants. . . . .

'If it was once resolved to admit ladies into the Metaphysical Society, I am sure that Miss Cobbe would be elected by acclamation. But I do not know whether she would like to be the only lady, or how many could be found like her.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *May*, 1871.

'. . . . I never saw the "Westminster Gazette," and the specimen you give of it does not tempt me to become better acquainted with it. Though I believe it is Manning's organ, it does not seem to be designed for a very high class of readers. It would appear from your extract that the writer of the letter you quote imagined that he was saying something not generally known or understood when he remarked that "it is ex-cathedra pontifical decrees on faith and morals, not

particular acts of Popes, that are binding on the consciences of Catholics."

'How many may be ignorant of this it is, of course, impossible for me to say; but it is certain that it was never denied by any one who knew the meaning of the words, and that it is a general statement, which leaves every objection to the dogma of Papal infallibility just where it was. The most atrocious of all the sayings and doings of the Popes are those which are most clearly stamped with the character of ex-cathedra declarations. It was ex-cathedra, and with all the solemnity that could be imparted to a pontifical decree, that Boniface VIII. declared it "necessary to salvation for every human creature that he should be subject to the Pope." It was ex-cathedra that Alexander VI. and Nicholas VI. claimed (and exercised) the right of giving away America and Africa to the Kings of Spain and Portugal, and Hadrian IV. that of bestowing Ireland as a fief on our Henry II. It was ex-cathedra that pope after pope claimed the right of deposing kings and releasing their subjects from their oath of obedience. It was ex-cathedra that Urban II. pronounced that the killing of an excommunicated person was not a murder, but at the worst an offence to be expiated by a penance. It was ex-cathedra that Innocent IV. extended the penalties of heresy to all aiders and abettors of heretics, and to *their children and children's children.* This, observe by the way, is one of the most odious and iniquitous features in the procedure of the Inquisition —worse than the brutal ferocity of its tortures—and which this Pope proclaimed to be just and right. The ex-cathedra dodge has been fully exposed in a work which, unfortunately, you cannot read, being in Ger-

man, by v. Schulte, professor of canon law in the university of Prague, a zealous Roman Catholic.

'The writer in the "Westminster Gazette" has, I see, dwelt much on the *tu quoque* argument. Did not Protestants also commit judicial murders on witches and heretics? No doubt they did, and they may confess it, not indeed wholly without shame, as regards themselves, but quite so as regards their Roman Catholic accusers. It is true they inherited the delusion about witchcraft which had been handed down to them from the dark ages; but by degrees they shook it off, and it has been long universally exploded among them; while the writer in the "Westminster Gazette," who reproaches them with it, himself adheres to it, and defends it, as "warranted by Scripture and tradition."

'Still less have Protestants any need to cry for *mercy* on account of their share in the guilt of religious persecution as against Romanists. They must lament it deeply in itself, and acknowledge its criminal absurdity. But they may fairly say that by far the greater part of the responsibility rests, not with them, but with the Popes, who for a series of ages inculcated the duty of religious persecution by their doctrine and example, and imbued the mind and heart of Christendom with a taint from which it could but slowly recover. Here again the difference between Romanists and Protestants is, that while the latter unanimously profess to abhor persecution, and commonly do so, the Papal Church to this hour condemns religious toleration as a sin. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 7 *June*, 1871.

'. . . . I read Miss Cobbe's article in "Macmillan" with great pleasure.[1] I do not know how to answer your question about moral sense in sleep. But it strikes me that I can remember dreams in which there was some exercise of moral judgment. I am afraid there lies at the bottom of every human nature something which will not bear being brought up to the top and exposed to the light. . . . .

'I believe —— has a theory that the use of the cross as a symbol was of late introduction. My own impression as to that is the other way. But I do not think that the caricature of the Crucified One makes one way or the other. I do not see that it was meant to ridicule the respect felt by Christians for the Cross. It was only levelled at the person who hung upon it.

'I follow the Tichborne case with some interest, but, unluckily, I did not attend to it in its earlier stages, and have not a clear idea of the story. One thing only seems evident, that the Claimant is a wretched animal, and that, unless the defendant is quite a monster, it is most desirable for the interests of society that he should gain his cause. I have no notion who it is that backs the other, or how his expenses are to be paid if he loses.

'I must not say a word about Paris. It is too hideous and tragical, and big with an endless succession of like evils.

'No friend of an Angola kitten would bring it within reach of my lion, who is a lamb when unprovoked, but would not bear the sight of a rival. The house, now so quiet, would become a scene of swearing,

[1] 'Unconscious Cerebration: a Psychological Study.' Nov. 1870.

cattering, and wauling. I prefer a really good tabby to all Angolas, and to everything else but a tortoise-shell, which, in its perfection, is the rarest of all. I once had one which was absolutely faultless, and as amiable as it was beautiful. The dear creature was killed by a monster of a dog who came into the house during church-time. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 22 *June*, 1871.

'. . . . I am scratching this in a desperate hurry and flurry of preparation for my approaching departure. For the first time in my life I am sorry that I am not in London. I have been asked to attend Grote's funeral, which is to take place on Saturday in Westminster Abbey, and I should certainly have gone up to-morrow for the purpose if I had not been engaged to preach at the Training College. Grote was, I think, the oldest friend I had left. He was a little my senior at school. His intellectual greatness was brought out in higher relief to those who knew the man by the simplicity and amiableness of his character. The last time I saw him was at dinner at the Dean of Westminster's, where Dickens also was present. On a former occasion I remember his telling me how earnestly he hoped that he might not survive his capacity for work. If he had but lived as long as he was able to work he would most likely have survived all his contemporaries.'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *July*, 1871.

'. . . . The eve of my departure was spent at the Metaphysical Club, where I met Tennyson after an interval of some forty years. We had a learned paper

[1] Bishop Thirlwall was buried in Grote's grave, 3 Aug., 1875.

from the Bishop of Gloucester, on the interesting question, "What is Death?" Manning was again the chief speaker; and I left him engaged in a duel with Huxley, the one maintaining, the other denying, the possibility of a purely scientific demonstration of the immortality of the soul.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *July*, 1871.

'. . . . The Bishop of Gloucester's paper was historical and critical. He did not give any definition of his own, but gave a lucid account of three hypotheses which he believed exhausted the variety of opinions on the subject, without however attempting to show that there could be no fourth, which some thought possible. He criticised them all fairly enough, but intimated his preference for one, which is probably that which would most commend itself to you: as it lies at the bottom of all ghost stories.

'I am not able to say whether Tennyson spoke or not, much less to report what he said or how he said it. I was at one end of the table on the same side with him, and he near the other end. I heard a voice speaking thereabouts, but could not make out the words or from whom they came.

'I do not think that Gladstone has ever believed in the necessity of any military defences, but like Cobden thinks it will be time enough to arm when the enemy comes in sight. I do not like staking everything we have upon that chance, though I am much less uneasy than I should have been if France had been victorious, and we had to rely on the friendship of Louis Napoleon.

'If you should ever have occasion to send for some light reading, order a memoir of Young, the actor, by

his son. It is full of amusing anecdotes, including a number of clairvoyance and ghost stories. Young was one of the theatrical idols of my boyhood, when the revival of "Julius Cæsar" produced an immense sensation. The next time I saw him was at dinner at Lady Holland's, where I remember Sydney Smith observing: "I would much rather be listening to you, Mr. Young, than to the lowing of oxen or the bleating of sheep.' Young thanked him, being, as his son says, like Sydney of the street, streety, and a hater of green lanes.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 2 *Aug.*, 1871.

'. . . . I think that Young was of the Kemble school, though with more ease and nature, coming nearer to Talma. But he had nothing in common with Kean. As between *him* and the Kembles, he was decidedly one of *them*.

'Instead of taking it for granted that I must have read already all that you read, you may very safely take it for granted that of whatever new books fall in your way I have read none or nothing but the title-page.

'The time is rapidly approaching when my reading will be absolutely confined to books relating to my work. As it is, I have scarcely time to dip in the most superficial manner into periodicals. I cannot allow more than about ten minutes to the dailies. It is rather a comfort to me to observe that the "Revue" now contains so little that is generally interesting, being almost entirely devoted to the French questions of the day. It is very sad to find myself deprived for the rest of my life of my chief source of enjoyment. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Aug.*, 1871.

'. . . . I do not understand what you saw to alarm you in the colour of my ink. I remember noticing it myself and fancying that red ink had been bought by mistake. But I was assured that it was the ordinary colour of all fresh ink. I now see that it was not fresh but bad. But again I ask why should you have been alarmed? Did you think that I had breathed a vein for the purpose of replenishing my inkhorn? That would have been gallant, but would not have suited my time of life, when I have no superfluous blood to spare.

'I suffer the torments of Tantalus every time I enter Chaos, but not because I have no time for new English works, so much as for the other literatures, ancient and modern, which spread their stores before me in vain. This reminds me of a piece of information which I ought not to withhold from you. You expressed curiosity about the proceedings of the Metaphysical Club. Almost all the papers which have been read there have been published in the "Contemporary Review," the only monthly which does not tell tales[1] and therefore will never be popular—the editor being the founder of the club. The last number contains the Bishop of Gloucester's "What is Death?" and a very interesting fragment by the late Professor Grote—the historian's brother—on a future state. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *Aug.*, 1871.

'. . . . You should not tantalise me with ideas of "Earthly Paradise," or the like reading under trees. I shall never taste the luxury of an idyll again. But you must not expend all your hate on the Revision. That

[1] Novels.

is only one of the things which afford constant and inexhaustible occupation for every hour of the day. Some time ago in an evil hour I consented to lend some co-operation to the Speaker's Commentary, and now I find that this begins to weigh very heavily upon me. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *Sept.*, 1871.

'I had been informed of your benevolent and pious undertaking by two gigantic yellow bills. I do not know whether you are aware that, at the time your concert is to begin, I shall just have arrived in London to resume the labours of a fortnight's session with the Old Testament Revision Company. You may depend upon it that you will be uppermost in my thoughts, and that I shall be envying your fortunate hearers. Why the presence of Mr. ——, or of Saint Cecilia herself, should make you nervous, I cannot conceive. Surely you ought to be glad to be heard by those who are best able to appreciate good music.

'I am surrounded by an unusually strong legion of candidates, and have only time to thank you for Idrisyn's Translation.[1] I have never read the original. . . . . But the translation will help to beguile the journey to London. . . . .'

'1 REGENT STREET, 3 *Oct.*, 1871.

'I congratulate you on the success of your concerts. I wish Mr. —— had been there to hear, and sing. Your description, coupled with my recollections of the room at Tenby, enabled me to realise the appearance of the C—— concert room. I think the Welsh must have

[1] Translation into Welsh of *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*, by the Rev. John Jones (Idrisyn), the Welsh translator of the *Queen's Journal*.

a special gift for this kind of ornamentation. . . . . I have received a most unexpected honour. I have been nominated by the Council of the Royal Academy to succeed Grote as an honorary member of the Society. As I think you like to see *ipsissima verba*, I enclose Sir Francis Grant's letter. It is in every way a gratifying privilege. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 11 *Dec.*, 1871.

'. . . . The loss of the Prince of Wales would be a most serious national calamity. It is also to me sad to think of his being cut off in the prime of life and the fulness of all the gifts of fortune. I hear he is very much beloved by all who know him. . . . .'

'16 *Dec.*, 1871.

'. . . . In your list of long-lived people, how came you to omit Dr. Routh of Magdalen, and Sir Moses Montefiore, who, though 86 (or 88), telegraphs to Damascus (was it not?) to get prayers offered in the synagogue (dear, good old Jew) for the Prince of Wales? . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *Dec*, 1871.

'I have at last read your legend of St. Govan,[1] and now return it. There were some points which were new to me, or which, as it is now many years since I performed the pilgrimage, I had forgotten. . . . . That unaccountableness of the steps is a very precious and delightful feature of the legend, the more so as there is no incident which depends upon it. St. Govan's hospitality was perhaps required to place the ingratitude of the pirates in stronger relief. Otherwise the

[1] See Appendix I.

appearance of his refectory would suggest the idea of very short commons and meagre fare.

'I am afraid that it must be more difficult than you suppose to find any trace of a living faith in the legend "at this day."

'Have you met with Cox and Jones's "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages"? More than half relates to Arthur.'

1872.

'ABERGWILI, 1 *Jan.*, 1872.

'. . . . I SUPPOSE you have not been trying to crack Browning's last nut—"Hohenstiel-Schwangau, the Saviour of Society." It is really very hard.'

'ABERGWILI, 31 *Jan.*, 1872.

'You have been a sad transgressor. The midnight hour, when you ought to have been fast asleep, or lapped in pleasant dreams, was not appropriate to such an exercise of self-torment. Having been told, and having yourself admitted that writing does you harm, you nevertheless—by the light of the midnight lamp—pen a letter of two sheets. And for what purpose? To set before me the impropriety of my neglecting to take proper care of myself, and to exhort me to abstain from over-working myself.

'Never, I think, did moralist or satirist produce so apt an illustration of the propensity of mankind to criticise what they find amiss in the conduct of others, while they overlook their own faults and shortcomings of the same kind hidden in the bag which is thrown over their shoulders.

'But what is most shocking is that in the hour of darkness, when all manner of spectres go abroad, you have made an inroad into a region which you know is

rigidly tabooed by me—speculation on the state of my health and sanitary and dietary prescriptions, all grounded on total and inevitable absence of information and consequent illusion as to the circumstances of the case. There is something so droll in the idea of my regulating my habits at the request of another person, against my own experience and convictions, that as you are not alive to it I do not know how to find words to express it. Suffice it to say that, if ever I abdicate the control of my own régime it will be to commit it to some professional adviser in whom I feel confidence; but that I hold myself immeasurably more competent than all the rest of mankind—and here I cannot make even you an exception—to manage for myself.

'How prone we are to generalise from particular and accidental cases! All your affliction has arisen out of the slightness of my luncheon, which, as they were to dine early at Court y Gollen, I felt to be quite needless or worse so late in the afternoon. But this is connected with another larger question. . . . . Though the evils which arise from excess of drinking are far greater than those which arise from over-eating, I believe that, in the higher and middle classes at least, more lives are shortened by over-eating—as most men eat about twice as much as is good for them—than by drunkenness.

'You ought to take warning from my errors. . . . . I had fancied that you would give yourself a holiday from writing, but above all from the still more odious labour of dictation, and would have taken a delightful spell of reading. . . . . Then you make yourself unhappy with the fancy that the time I was with you

might have been better spent in cross-examining me. Would you be surprised to hear that if I had my choice how to pass a perfectly delicious hour, I would lie on a sofa, while you told ghost stories to an accompaniment of soft music? . . . .

'I absolve you this time, but do not transgress again.

'How strange that you should forget that my work depends upon my letters, which do not depend upon my will.'

'ABERGWILI, 2 *Feb.*, 1872.

'. . . . You must have overlooked or misunderstood what I said about my return. I shall have to leave the Revision Company (objects of your unjust antipathy) sitting, in order to come home for the examination of candidates, whom you are at liberty to hate as much as it is in your nature to hate anybody. Wednesday was really a fatiguing day to me. And why? Because I had two days' letters to answer instead of one. And so it would have been if, instead of going to Brynmawr, I had spent the whole of Tuesday in *resting* at Llanover. What you call *rest* really means hard labour postponed for a day or two, during which all pleasure and comfort is spoilt by the anticipation of the inevitable impending evil. A bishop never has and never can have a real holiday. What you propose under the name of *rest* is as bad as a régime of alternate surfeiting and fasting. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI, 10 *April*, 1872.

'. . . . ——'s view of Satanic influence appears to border very close upon Manichæism, and to raise the Evil Principle to an equality with the Searcher of

hearts, in one of his incommunicable attributes. You seem to think that a delusion may be *enviable*. But if that is ever the case—which I doubt—it must depend on the condition of its lasting, and what security can there be that any delusion will last? I know that many pious people find comfort in the belief—which I understand you to say is ——'s—that nothing more is required for your salvation than to believe that you are saved. But I can hardly conceive such a state of mind exempt from fluctuations and misgivings, which, however they may be attributed to Satanic influence, must not the less disturb the believer's peace of mind. And, on the other hand, a happiness which depends on a delusion must be very much circumscribed in its sphere, and must exclude numberless sources of ordinary enjoyment.

'How curious it is that you cannot even fall in with an actress who does not add to your stock of ghost stories. Do you remember Madame de Staël's *mot* on revenants? "Je ne les crois pas, mais je les crains." Your experience is probably just the reverse. But then you have known so many more than she ever heard of. If you could get all the heroes and heroines of your stories to come together some All Souls in a churchyard, they would already by this time form a handsome procession.'

'ABERGWILI, 8 *May*, 1872.

'. . . . As I came down yesterday (by the North-Western) I read a new poem which I think you would find interesting. It is called "Olrig Grange," and tells a moving story, enlivened with keen humour, in very pure and flowing verse.'

'ABERGWILI, 16 *May*, 1872.

'I hope this will find you safely restored to your fireside, as it is there rather than out of doors that you will probably find —— most enjoyable.

'Nothing could be more delightful than your letter, with the exception of that part in which you went astray on forbidden ground. You know in general that I avoid all topics relating to the state of my health and rules of living, but, perhaps, you are hardly aware of my rigid inflexibility on this point. To form an adequate notion of it you must collect all the synonyms of wilfulness, obstinacy, stubbornness, perverseness, doggedness, mulishness, pigheadedness, and all the images of what is most unyielding in nature and history—flint, steel, Aberdeen granite, laws of the Medes and Persians, the Pope, the deaf adder that refuses to hear the voice of the charmer—and personify all in me. You would then see how little I am likely to be moved by the most pathetic entreaties and the most forcible argument to give up the supreme control of my habits and hygienic practices.

'I will, however, go so far as to say that your two friends know nothing about the matter, but have evidently been misled by some erroneous report, and that I am quite as well as when you saw me at Llanover, and not practising any ascetic austerities.

'I am afraid that after all you left town without seeing the Exhibition. There was nothing in the report of the dinner worth reading, unless it was the speech of the Duke of Cambridge, in which he broached the delightful theory that every exhibition surpasses its predecessor as regularly as a boy grows from year to year.

'I can hardly believe that Manning would acknowledge the doctrine attributed to him in your anecdote, as it seems entirely to ignore the efficacy of sacerdotal consecration, by which, as I heard it stated in a French sermon, the priest, who can make God, stands even above the Blessed Virgin, who only gave Him birth.

'I am sorry that I do not know who wrote "Olrig Grange." I hope you are reading Miss Thackeray's novel in the "Cornhill," and a story which promises to be very curious, called "The Pearl and the Emerald." . . . .'

'ABERGWILI, 4 *June*, 1872.

'Your last letter is very pleasant, but unusually tantalising. Let me give you a piece of advice, which will save you trouble, and will bring great gain to me. Whenever you feel a doubt whether you have or have not told me anything which you wish me to know, always take it for granted that you have not, and let me hear it at once.

'There is not one of the things about which you express a doubt that I ever heard of before. And now —unless your memory can keep that which would certainly escape any other—the chances are that I never shall. . . . . I suppose you cannot have read "Middlemarch," as you say nothing about it. It stands quite alone. As one only just moistens one's lips with an exquisite liqueur, to keep the taste as long as possible in one's mouth, I never read more than a single chapter of "Middlemarch" in the evening, dreading to come to the last, when I must wait two months for a renewal of the pleasure. The depth of humour has certainly never been surpassed in English literature. If there is ever a shade too much learning, that is Lewes's fault.

'My mind is quite a blank as to the meaning of a primrose wedding.[1] It is only from the hint in the letter I conjecture that the bridesmaids carry primrose bouquets.

'I am also innocent of that English governess, and believe I must make one grand skip of her book, though a Siamese St. François de Sales has wherewith to excite curiosity. But there is a great affinity between Buddhism and Romanism.'

'ABERGWILI, 6 *July*, 1872.

'. . . . Your letter has been forwarded to me from London, where I only stayed two nights. The occasion of my going up was simply to reply to an attack made upon my speech[2] of February by the Bishop of Winchester in May, when I happened to be absent. It was absolutely necessary for me to take the opportunity of the next meeting of Convocation to do so. But nothing could be more inconvenient and disagreeable, and I am still occupied with the correction of the proofs of my speech, which is to appear in the "Guardian" next week. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI, 16 *July*, 1872.

'. . . . If you have made a vow to read my speech I am afraid you will find more than you bargained for. It was delivered under difficulties both internal and external—the former arising from a bad night, the latter from interruptions, which, but for the protection of the Archbishop, would have prevented me from saying some of the chief things I had to say. It seems to

[1] At the wedding alluded to the church was decorated with primroses, the bridesmaids wore them, and the bride carried a large bouquet of them.

[2] On the Athanasian Creed, now published in the *Remains*, iii. 217.

have been thought that, though it was quite proper for Mr. Burgon to denounce me from his pulpit behind my back, it was wrong for me to make a remark upon him in Convocation which he was not present to answer. . . . . It was Sir George Lewis who made that philosophical remark about life and its pleasures.[1] It was the simple expression of his own lifelong experience. Very few other men could have said the same thing sincerely. To him the business of life was all that there was attractive in it. But I am not sure whether he was incapable of enjoying light reading. If so I admire rather than envy him. But I find my time for reading of every kind woefully contracted. I observed that you had not yet read the last part of the "Earthly Paradise." I have not myself yet cut it open, though I think it must be two years ago since I was delighting myself with the thought of reading it under a tree. Yesterday would have been admirably suited for it. I hope St. Swithin is not capable of showing a smiling face, and then sending a spell of bad weather.

'. . . . I do not remember to have heard before of the snake-jewel. But I cannot get it out of my head that there is a stone of some rarity, and supposed to possess medicinal virtue, in some way connected with snakes. At the Spanish conquest of Peru the emerald was not known to be a precious stone.'[2]

[1] In allusion to the well-known remark that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures.

[2] It is an Arab belief that the snake has a precious stone in its head, which it can remove at pleasure. An Arab assured Sir Gardner Wilkinson that one night he saw a snake feeding by the light of this stone, which it had placed on the ground for that purpose, but, directly he approached, the snake swallowed the gem to prevent his taking it away.

'ABERGWILI, 23 *July*, 1872.

'You know that your pretended "revelation" is nothing more than a guess and a fish-hook. But I have no objection to admit the fact. What is amazing is the calmness with which you propound the most astounding paradoxes as indisputable truths. Your hypothesis is directly in the teeth both of reason and experience. How far one's sleep depends upon one's dinner may admit of a doubt, though it is well known that sleep supplies the place of food, and I believe the only effect of an empty stomach is to make the sleeper dream of a feast—"and lo! he awakes and is hungry." But that sleep depends on the previous luncheon is the most extravagant of all suppositions.

'When I went up to town last I did as I had done scores of times before, without the smallest detriment to my night's rest; and when I went up on the 3rd of May, in consequence of the transition from broad to narrow gauge, I was thirteen hours on the road, and, you will shudder to hear, tasted nothing from breakfast until eleven at night. But I did not sleep a bit the worse. . . . .

'It is a sad pity that you do not travel oftener with bishops. You would bring out all their good qualities, and improve them. I have no doubt that I rose in my brother of ——'s estimation when he saw how warmly you took my part. If you had travelled together a little longer it is very likely that you would have converted him. What a grand thing it would be if you were shut up with Burgon!'[1]

[1] '19 *July*, 1872.

'Pray do not hate Burgon. He is an excellent man, very much liked by everybody who knows him.'

'ABERGWILI, 6 *Aug.*, 1872.

'. . . . Pray tell me how you contrive to burn letters at this time of the year. Bad as the weather has been we have not yet returned to fires, and the only one I know of in the house is in the kitchen, a sanctuary into which I never intrude. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Aug.*, 1872.

'I have forwarded the slips to Mr. Edwardes. I read the description of the festivities with much pleasure, and was truly glad that an occasion which can never return should have passed with such complete success. I suppose every one felt how much it was owing to the presiding intelligence.[1] The organising of such a *fête* is really a great work of art—a Kunststück, as Germans call it—which it is given to few to plan and execute. Moltke himself could not have done better, possibly not so well.

'I was very much pleased with the heir's Welsh speech. . . . . What a glorious motto is that of his house! and what a fine word, *asgre*.

'I had never met with it before, and it seems to have gone entirely out of use. Dr. Pugh gives the motto as the only example, calling it an *adage*. But I suppose the right translation of *asgre lán* is *a clean breast*.

[1] 'The festivities upon which the Bishop thus commented were those which took place at Llanover on the coming of age of Lady Llanover's eldest grandson, Captain Ivor Herbert, of Llanarth, on which occasion Lady Llanover organised and carried out a series of entertainments the details of which elicited the above remarks, and the deserved tribute to the "presiding intelligence" of the hostess, the approval of the Welsh speech of the heir, and the deep appreciation of the Welsh motto of his ancient house: "*Asgre lan diogel ei pherchen*" (Safe is the owner of a clear conscience).'

'You may depend upon your former letter being safely committed to the flames, though I have not yet done so, and, perhaps, shall wait until I can say, Ha! ha! I have seen the fire. The grates are now covered with splendid papers, and I am afraid of a conflagration. Also, I must read the letter a few times over again before I part with it for ever.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 21 *Aug.*, 1872.

'The housemaid must have known that I wanted to burn your letter, for, with no apparent reason, she one evening last week removed the decorations of the grate and lighted a fire, which for any other purpose was both unnecessary and inconvenient. I took advantage of it to consume the record. . . . . All now is restored to its summer dress.

'A thunderstorm is just beginning—I hope the last of this strange season. Pray come if you possibly can.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *Aug.*, 1872.

'. . . . I think there must be many points in which the editor of the "Athenæum" must differ from the champion of the Damnatory Clauses.

'Mr. Perowne has been preaching an admirable sermon on the subject at Llandaff, of which I have seen a proof. You may judge how good it must be from the fact that a young lady went into fits, and two of the congregation took up their hats and walked out of church.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE (*undated*), *? Sept.*, 1872.

'It is quite natural that when you bring sunshine into a house you should find everything bright in it.

'Your advice as to exercise and other matters is judicious in itself, but proceeds upon assumptions which are not in harmony with the facts of the case, as to which you are very imperfectly informed.

'You exhort me to try an experiment which would certainly cost much precious time, not only without a fair prospect of success, but with a certainty of failure. It is now within a few days of a twelvemonth since my appetite suddenly left me. After that I spent a month by the seaside for the purpose of recovering it, doing the very things you recommend, but not only failed to receive the slightest benefit, but found my appetite—I should say my power of eating—constantly growing weaker, and almost every kind of food more and more disagreeable. It is extremely unpleasant, as it compels me to keep at home. . . . . But I believe all physiologists agree that after a person has reached my age the amount of food on which one can live and thrive becomes smaller and smaller; in other words, the less he eats the longer he lives.

'There is another physiological fact which is evidently new to you. It is that the exercise of speaking is very beneficial to the health.

'John Wesley, when he was preaching from morning till night, used to say that no life was healthier than that of a preacher. Reading is, perhaps, in most cases a greater exertion than preaching (extempore). But much depends on the management of the voice. I was never in the least fatigued by the delivery of the longest of my Charges, which occupied, I am afraid, four hours. My next will, for various reasons, be very much shorter. . . . .

'Mrs. C—— delivered me your message about

Vaughan the Silurist. I was led to look at the preface, and saw that you must have growled over some parts of it. I was not before aware that the Herbert motto is also that of the Vaughans, sadly mistranslated, so as to make *glán* an epithet, not of the *asgre*, but of the *perchen*. . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE,'17 *Sept.*, 1872.

'. . . . The report which reached you of language attributed to me about Welsh must have been fabricated for the purpose of vexing you. You may rest assured that the last conversation I had on that subject was with the Queen, when she expressed the pain it gave her to think of an ancient language becoming extinct, and I assured her of my hearty sympathy.

'. . . . I did not know we had lizards, and still less that they would let you come near them. In Italy they were the shyest of creatures and the most difficult to catch.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 4 *Oct.*, 1872.

'. . . . Many thanks for "Gates Ajar."[1] But my time and thoughts are so entirely absorbed by other matters, and will continue to be so until I have finished my Visitation and also sent my Charge to the press, that I do not expect to be able to open it sooner. By the way, what can be your theory about ladies? Is it that they are no part of the laity? Or is it that the proceedings at a Visitation are improper for ladies to witness? If that was generally understood the church would be so crowded with them that there would hardly be room for the clergy. Therefore, pray do not let it out. . . . .'

[1] 'By Elizabeth Phelps—an American author.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 29 *Nov.*, 1872.

'. . . . Just to set you agoing I will say a word about the "Gates Ajar," which I read after the Visitation. I remember you wished to know my opinion of it; but I am not quite sure whether you meant me to keep it or it was a present made to yourself. But that would imply that there was some one beside yourself who could have written the *envoi*, which I do not believe.

'However this may be, I was exceedingly entertained with it, partly as a delightful picture of American life, and still more by its view of the future state. With regard to this, however, I can only speak relatively. How near it approaches the truth I should not venture to say; but I am quite sure that it comes infinitely nearer to it than that which is represented by Deacon Quirk, and that it would be an immense gain if it superseded that of "congregations which ne'er break up, and Sabbaths which have no end."

'The defect seems to be that it is too purely Epicurean, and that it offers little more than a continuation of earthly enjoyment without action or progress. There is a larger and higher view of the subject in Stopford Brooke's first sermon on Immortality. Do you know them? He seems to me the best of all the London preachers to read; but I never heard him. . . . .'

1873.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *Jan.*, 1873.

'. . . . I see that I cannot sympathise with you in your complaints of the weather. It has been everything that I enjoy most at this season of the year. Howling winds, pattering rain, and floods turning the valley into a lake, are to me delightful. It has, therefore, been a great pleasure to me to find that it is at least doubtful whether the extraordinary rainfall, if not an unalloyed blessing, has not done more good than harm. That it is mitigating the suffering which winter always brings on great masses of people there can be no doubt; and therefore, though I suppose I ought not to say so, I have been strongly inclined to side with the opponents of the Archbishop in the controversy about the Prayer, though the truth may lie somewhere midway.

'I have never received a part of "Middlemarch" without reading it straight through, and should always have done so in still less time if it had not been a thing which one savours like some exquisite liqueur. Your fact is curious. I fancied that her physics were all taken from Lewes; but, perhaps, he has had no opportunity of observing the effects of opium.[1]

[1] 'A doctor sent a letter to George Eliot from the country expressing his regret that in describing the effect of opium on Lydgate's eyes she

'I knew that you would be ready to tear *my* MacColl to pieces if he came in your way. There can be no doubt that he is a very clever man; but he relies too much on his cleverness for extricating him from the scrapes into which he falls through his astonishing thoughtlessness.

'I do not know whether you ever see the "Guardian." The last number (the 8th instant) contains the last notice I mean ever to take of him.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *Jan.*, 1873.

'For fear I should also forget the Dutch legend I must satisfy your curiosity at once. I never edited any Dutch book; but in this case it is possible to trace the myth to its source.

'Some twelve years ago my friend Keightley picked up a Dutch book at a stall, and was so taken with it that he thought it might be worth translating, and sent it to me to have my opinion of it. I also thought it interesting, both as a picture of Dutch country life and as opening glimpses into the working of the Dutch Church. So he was induced to publish a translation of it, with a preface, in which he gave an extract from my letter. I only hope that I did not draw either him or his publisher into a losing speculation. The title of the

had said it dilated them. She thereupon spoke to Sir James Paget and said she did not understand how she had made such a mistake, because she was well aware that opium contracted the pupil of the eye, and she supposed she must, at the moment, have been thinking of the effect of alcohol. She seemed to think the error sufficiently grave to necessitate the breaking up of the type, but was happily relieved on being assured that she had made no mistake, for that she had written not of the pupils but of the eyes, and was probably right in describing Lydgate's, in his excitement, as "bright, dilated" (or wide-open). The passage is in vol. iv. p. 12.'

Dutch work was "De Pastorij te Mastland;". in English, "The Manse of Mastland" (should have been Mastland Manse). . . . .

'The deceased Emperor gains, I think, by comparison with his uncle. He was a better, at least not so bad a man, and on the whole, perhaps, did less harm to France, and would probably have done still better if he had had no uncle; only then he would have been nobody.

'It is very difficult now to say what cause or principle the young Prince represents. Peace? War? The elective or hereditary principle? And his difficulty will be that he cannot put himself forward in any of these characters without alienating a great part of the nation.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 25 *Jan.*, 1873.

'I forwarded the account of Louise Lateau to Mr. C——.[1] It was entirely new to me, though if there is a paper on the subject in "Macmillan" I probably read it. When you say you believe in the miracle, is that exactly what you mean? I should have inferred from your report of the case that you believed the fact, but not the miracle. That is the case with myself. The lady who describes the state of the patient evidently regards it as the effect of a miraculous interposition. But this, it appears to me, nobody can have a right to do without a perfect knowledge of the human frame, and of the extent to which it may be affected by the action of the imagination and the will. Such knowledge,

[1] 'An Estatica, born in 1850, in the village of Bois d'Haine, in Hainault, Belgium, of humble parentage. The first appearance of the stigmata took place in 1868, and she was subject to frequent ecstatic fits. *Macmillan*, April 1871.'

which alone could enable one to draw the line in such a case as this of Lateau, I never pretended to possess, and therefore should have suspended my judgment upon the alleged miracle if I had heard nothing more about it than is contained in the lady's narrative. But as soon as it is ascertained that there are persons who are subject to an abnormal spontaneous effusion of blood there needs no great effort to believe that their imagination, when excited like that of S. Teresa, may determine its locality in conformity with the sacred wounds. What have I been doing? I now see that I have been attributing to *you* what you only say of "men otherwise sensible." I ought to have inferred that you do not believe the miracle, though, perhaps, you do believe the fact, which for my part, I see no reason to doubt.

'No one without a gift of prophecy or clairvoyance could pretend to say what will be the future of the young Napoleon (you call him Napoleon IV., but I do not find that he has assumed that title, or means to do so until it is conferred on him by a plebiscite). But his future must depend on two unknown things: first, what kind of person he turns out; and, secondly, what are the circumstances in which he will be placed when he comes of age. Only so much may, I think, be safely believed; that the Bonapartist party will never of itself be strong enough to place him on the throne; but that if the French are ever brought to believe that the restoration of the Napoleon dynasty offers the best security for the preservation of order within, and for revenge on Prussia, it will certainly be restored.

'I think I did read that letter to the "Times" about spiritualism, and somebody sent me a spiritualist

journal; but I can take nothing of this kind at second-hand.

'I remember meeting Mrs. Somerville at breakfast at Rogers's, and having some conversation with her about Andersen's description of Roman life, which we agreed in thinking unequalled. She had an extraordinary receptive faculty, but it seems to be questioned whether she extended the borders of science.

'I do not remember to have ever heard of "Beunan's Meriasek."[1] I should guess that it must have come from Whitley Stokes, as I believe he is in India, and I know of no other great Celtic scholar there, though I was not aware that he had made a special study of Cornish literature.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 12 *Feb.*, 1873.

'Your kind wishes came at the nick of time—harbingers, I hope, of better days coming. It has been a very cruel and destructive winter. Among our recent losses, none has gone to my heart so much as that of poor dear Sedgwick. I do not know whether you knew him, or sufficiently to appreciate his character. He was a true child of nature and a son of Dent.[2] He will yet live long in many memories, though he has survived almost all his contemporaries. . . . .

'Does history confirm your opinion that we cannot readily think of a Napoleon without a number tacked to his name? During the late Emperor's first exile nobody thought of calling him by any other title than that of Prince Louis Napoleon, and it seems very doubtful whether he had then made up his mind

[1] '*The Life of St. Meriasek*, a Cornish Drama, published by the Hon. Whitley Stokes in 1872. The unique MS. is preserved at Peniarth.'

[2] In Yorkshire.

whether he would be the Second or Third of his dynasty.

'How dreadful was the weather which followed the wet season! There was no room in the house where I could keep myself warm. How heartily I assented to Michelet's remark in his "Insect Book": "Pour ma part, mes souvenirs d'enfance me disent que le froid est proprement un supplice; nulle habitude n'y fait; la prolongation n'en rend pas l'effet plus doux." For "souvenirs d'enfance," I might read "sensations de vieillesse." And then to think how few of my numberless fellow-sufferers could command the same appliances to mitigate their misery!

'Did you see the description of the hurricane which swept over Minnesota, coming direct from the North Pole, and burying the whole country in snow? I believe that our gale belonged to the same wave, which was thought to travel at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and had not quite spent itself before it reached us, lasting fifty hours without interruption. For the present, the misery of cold seems likely to be felt more and more as our supply of coal is reduced, until some mode is discovered to make us independent of those who own and dispense this treasure, as to which their private interest is in direct opposition to that of all the rest of the community. And all this while we are *exporting* millions of tons!'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 14 *Feb.*, 1873.

'. . . . I am much obliged to you for the sight of M. Martin's letter, which I return. How little could I have imagined that a Charge of mine should come under the eye of a French M.P.

'You were a thousand times more likely to have heard of Stephen's book than I, and no report of it has reached me. I know as little about Lugel, and am quite incompetent to form any opinion on the subject of his controversy with Villemarqué. If I had ever travelled in La Vendée, I should probably have tried to acquire the pronunciation of the Breton, without which one can hardly study the printed books with any profit.

'I heartily hope that France will at last right and settle herself. Any calamities which may be attended with that result would prove themselves blessings. . . . . How glad I am that Amadeus has abdicated! He was a thousand times too good for such a people. One can hardly help hoping that the end may be, that after exhausting their strength in that civil strife which seems to be their natural element, they may fall under the dominion of another King Stork, such as Ferdinand VII., and so at last learn the value of Amadeus.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *April*, 1873.

'I return your "Reminiscences of Knebworth," which I enjoyed very much indeed. They read like a scene in "Lothair."

'You have, no doubt, reason to say, "every one lives a novel of modern life." But there are novels and novels. Every old Kensington is a novel, but every novel is not an old Kensington. Some are much better to live than to read. Perhaps, indeed, it is always with private as with public histories—the happiest of lives are the least worth relating.

'How curious it is that, wherever you go, you con-

jure up some super- or præter-natural events. The incident, which might have ended tragically, reminded me forcibly of one which happened to myself. Many years ago . . . . I happened to be at Gladestry, and wishing to inspect an outlying mountain chapel—Rulen or Colva—I set out on foot by myself. I was soon in an open country, where neither house nor human being was to be seen. Presently I heard steps behind me, and turning, saw two most ill-looking fellows coming at full speed, a pace between running and walking. I felt myself completely in their power, and turned aside from the middle of the road, to give them as wide a berth as possible. They, however, took no notice of me, but continued their quick march. Half a mile farther on I came to a hamlet, where everybody was at his door or gate looking after my two friends. They had, no doubt, either just made their escape from prison, or were in fear of arrest for something they had just been doing. But I never had the satisfaction to hear that either of them had been hanged.

'Do you think Lord L.'s adventure was before his "Paul Clifford"?'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 5 *June*, 1873.

'. . . . I am not in the least surprised at any fresh conversion to Rome, particularly of a lady. I fully understand the fascination which the whole thing exerts on many minds. I also know that there is hardly one case in ten thousand where anything depends upon the conviction of the understanding. It is almost always an affair of imagination and feeling.

[1] The story here referred to will be published in the forthcoming *Life of Lord Lytton*.

What may be the effect of consulting clergymen of the Church of England on such a question, is extremely difficult to say, unless one knew who they are. What is certain is that there are numbers of them who would be very much at a loss to assign any good reason for remaining where they are themselves.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 20 *Aug.*, 1873.

'. . . . That was a charming illustration of —— about the need of trusting your spiritual physician as to the health of your soul, just as you do your doctor for the health of your body. No doubt the doctor may be likely to know or guess better than the patient whether a certain diet *will* agree with him or not. But it is the patient alone who can say whether the doctor's régime *has been* successful or not, and in most cases his own experience is his safest guide. The study of theology may enable a man to solve knotty points of orthodoxy and of ecclesiastical discipline, but has not been found to quicken the sense of right and wrong on which the soul's health depends. The question begged is nothing less than the priest's infallibility.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 3 *Sept.*, 1873.

'. . . . It is difficult to say whether it is a greater evil that husband and wife should live aliens to one another, or that the children should be brought up in the faith which sends English men and women, and some not the lowest, but in rank—though in nothing beside—among the noblest of the land, on pilgrimages to declare their belief that Marie Alacoque had her heart torn out by her Lord and enclosed in his own. . . . .

'By an odd coincidence the slip of the "Hereford

Times" contains a letter concerning myself. It seems that a man named Haig, who desires to represent Brecon in the Dissenting interest, has found out that, while carrying away heaps of gold, I have not been in Radnorshire for thirty years! the fact being, that I have visited it oftener, and seen more of it, than any other county in the diocese, except Carmarthenshire, not merely, as stated in my friend's letter, on confirmations and other ordinary occasions, but on journeys, made chiefly on horseback, for the sole purpose of inspecting the churches in the wildest and most sequestered parts of the country.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 10 *Oct.*, 1873.

'I hardly know what to say to your kind proposal. I have no doubt that whatever pleases you would interest me; but, unhappily, that is not the question. You can have no idea of the difficulty I experience in finding time for reading, not merely books of amusement, but works of the greatest importance for practical purposes. This scarcity of leisure is one of the great miseries of my life. . . . . You do not mention the size of the book. But I am loath to decline looking at it, though quite uncertain when I could find time to read it. If you send it, would you mind putting a slip of paper between the leaves, to guide me to the parts which you found most interesting?

'There is a story in Boccaccio of a wicked old usurer of Cahors, who, if his real life had been known, would not have received Christian burial, but before his death he confessed to a priest in such a way as to obtain the honours of a saint. I do not know how —— would

treat you if you were a "Cat."[1] But if you made the same confession as you have made to me I should think very ill of him if he imposed any penance but that of being patted and stroked. Could he absolve you from the sin of being too loving and anxious for others, or from that of being too ready to take the lowest room?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *Oct.*, 1

'. . . . But his illustration of his belief in Infallibility entirely misses the point, and does not raise the real question. He attributes to his Church a kind of Infallibility which she does not claim, but would repudiate as an utter mistake of her doctrine. She does not pretend to be infallible in matters of medical or physical science or any but faith and morals.

'No "Cat." if he is in doubt about symptoms which he feels, would be taught to consult a priest, and if he did so, the priest would certainly tell him that he knew nothing about it, and would send him to a doctor. No confessor would pretend to decide whether his penitent was labouring under *colour-blindness*, but would direct him to inquire whether the colour which he saw was the same in which the object appeared to other people. The proper way of raising the question would have been to say: "This cloth appears to me red. But if I am assured by authority that it does not appear to me so, I am ready to stifle my consciousness, and to believe that it appears to me not red, but white." That I should call a strong faith. But I do not know whether it would not be too strong for ——.

'But suppose that, instead of this ill-chosen example,

[1] Alluding to the playful way in which Roman Catholics speak of themselves.

the question had been raised on some matter of history, as to which there might be room for rational difference of opinion——argument moves in what logicians call a vicious circle.

'Put it in the form of question and answer.

'*Q.* Why do you now believe a proposition which you once rejected as false, and which still shocks your understanding?

'*A.* Because it is affirmed by an infallible Church.

'*Q.* Why do you believe the Church to be infallible?

'*A.* Because upon inquiry I satisfied myself that it is so.

'*Q.* If you were competent, by the exercise of your understanding, to decide upon so vast a question as the Infallibility of the Church, why should you be less competent to judge for yourself on the particular proposition now under our consideration?

'*A.* Because now I am satisfied that the Church is infallible.

'Need I prolong the dialogue?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 31 *Oct.*, 1873.

'I return Miss Wynn's book.[1] It has been a great success with me—only embittered by compunction for the waste of your time which I caused by my suggestion about the slips. I had scarcely opened it before I saw that I must read it from beginning to end. It belongs to the class which is to me the most attractive of all reading. There is nothing I enjoy so much as the reflection of a large portion of contemporary history on the mind of a person who has moved in the best society.

[1] '*Extracts from Letters and Diaries of Charlotte Williams Wynn*, 1871. Privately printed and since published.'

'Then she was evidently a very extraordinary person—an independent thinker with a marvellous power of reading. I was very much struck by the quiet way in which she says (p. 184), "Bunsen lent me Rothe's 'Ethik,' which I have read with great satisfaction, and divers other theological works." You cannot fully appreciate this unless you know that Rothe's "Ethik" is a book of above 2,000 (reflect, two thousand) closely written pages of very stiff German metaphysics.

'I also sympathise with her tastes, and share most of her opinions. I am not indeed sure that she would have satisfied Cyril of Alexandria as to her orthodoxy; but I believe that the apostles would have counted her a good Christian. . . . . She is certainly one of whom Wales has reason to be proud. You never said whether you knew her personally. It would do you great good if you fancied her at your side and giving you the advice which you would have been sure to hear from her, with the benefit of her own experience.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 15 *Nov.*, 1873.

'. . . . Considering how much of the happiness of our lives depends upon causes which are wholly beyond our control, I know of nothing more important than the exercise of submission to the Inevitable, which involves the right use and full enjoyment of the present.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *Dec.*, 1873.

'I believe there is no reason to doubt about Mr. Chidlow's Welsh. . . . . You know that Miss ——, when travelling in the north, addressing the chambermaid at an inn in her purest Cymraeg, received for answer "dim Saesoneg," or is that a myth? At all events I

believe there is no doubt that the Gogledd looks down upon us as semi-barbarians. But I have no doubt that you will soon bring Mr. Chidlow, if he shares that delusion, to a better understanding.

'. . . . I have read Mill's "Autobiography," and was much surprised when I came to the passage concerning myself. I do not think it biasses my judgment of the work, though I find that I think better of it than most of his critics. But I had always considered him as a noble spirit, who had the misfortune of being educated by a narrow-minded pedant, who cultivated his intellectual faculties at the expense of all the rest yet did not succeed in stifling them. Was there ever a useful life that was not removed sooner or later? And if that is the universal law, how can it solve the question whether that which happens in conformity to it is "right"? I should myself hesitate to say that whatever is, is best; but I have a strong faith that it is *for* the best, and that the general stream of tendency is toward good. . . . . '

'ABERGWILI PALACE, *Christmas Eve*, 1873.

'. . . . The "Cats." have contrived to turn Purgatory, which in itself has a great deal to commend it as a plausible conjecture, into an immoral and demoralising absurdity and a mere source of filthy lucre. According to the original idea, it was an instrument of purification through suffering. But according to the mediæval practice sanctioned by Papal authority the same benefit may be obtained without any suffering at all, by a short prayer or a small coin offered by any other person in the sufferer's behalf. —— would assure you that the Church knows nothing of such abuses. . . . . I am myself much inclined to believe that

every truth which "Cats." hold is more or less leavened with superstition, but it may be not the less very precious truth; and so far as their faith is one which enables them to look out into the world calmly, lovingly, and hopefully, I am sure it is an orthodox faith. . . . .

'I hope I am not uncharitable, but I do not believe that —— ever had any fixed opinion about Establishment or Disestablishment, but kept them in his hand as cards to be played according to the turn of the game. With how many other public men is not that the case?'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 27 *Dec.*, 1873.

'Pray do not take such a gloomy view of things, which has not even the advantage of being a true one. The heroine of Schiller's "Wallenstein" sang—

'Ich habe gelebt und geliebt' (I *have* lived and loved).

That to her was happiness enough, whatever might come after.

'Surely life is a good thing, unless it be embittered by some quite exceptional suffering, without compensation or alleviation, a case which probably never occurred—life, I say, is a good thing, whether it be long or short. But even if that might be questioned, there can be no doubt that to love and be beloved is one of the very best of things, the most solid blessing that earth or heaven itself can yield.

'How can its quality be affected by its direction? If it belongs to the past, it has been placed beyond the reach of change—a fact for ever. There is no reason why it should not survive death, and retain a perpetual influence on the moral nature.

'But how can it be the less precious because we

know nothing with certainty of our history *oltre tomba* or even if we knew that it was to be blank? Even that would only be a reason for prizing our high privilege the more, and cultivating it the more actively. How much more when it carries in itself the germ of a hope full of immortality.

'Pray never ask, "Where would be the good of having loved so much?" unless you are prepared to say that, under any possible circumstances, you would wish to love less, or be loveless.

'There is a little lecture which I commend to your Christmas musings.'

1874.

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *Jan.*, 1874.

'. . . . I always enjoyed Horace Walpole's letters very much. But his "facility" is always laboured, though often so successfully that you do not perceive the labour. But I believe that every letter was considered by him as a literary production, and written with a view to publication, and to the renown of an English Sévigné. But their interest, as illustrating the history and manners of his age, remains the same.'[1]

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 17 *Feb.*, 1874.

'I do not know what consolation to offer you on the general result of the election, unless it be that I believe every election since the existence of a Parliament has been accompanied with an enormous development of the evil passions of our nature, and that it is an occasion when persons, otherwise conscientious, act on the principle that the end justifies the means. In this, I dare say, we are no better, but neither worse, than our fathers. I think, apropos of this, I ought to make a confession with regard to my own feelings, though I am afraid it will lower me in your opinion, perhaps even to the rank of an angel. But I must own that as to the ——

[1] It is believed that Horace Walpole kept copies of all his letters which have been subsequently published, and it is certain that he did so in the case of his letters to Sir Horace Mann.

election, the Churchman in me has so far got the better of the Liberal, that I could not duly sympathise with either of the defeated candidates. . . . .

'Absolve me if you can.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 23 *April*, 1874.

'Why should you think that I have been more than usually busy since you heard from me last? No letter was ever yet written without either some outward occasion or some inward impulse, and neither has occurred to set my pen in motion youward. You have had a journey to Tenby to record, which, though there have been more memorable adventures, is still a respectable incident; but a walk up or down-stairs, or even the length of the house, hardly affords sufficient materials for description to any but the author of the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre." This most extraordinary season looks and feels as if the almanack had mistaken April for May. I hope it will last until M. Henri Martin visits ——, that it may confound all his preconceived ideas of an English, or at least of a Welsh spring. When you see him, do not forget to ask him what he thinks of Victor Hugo's "Quatre-vingt-treize." I am almost ashamed of having committed the frightful extravagance of buying it. I thought it the poorest of the series in poetical invention. Yet it certainly has the advantage of "L'Homme qui rit" as a picture of society not absolutely without a counterpart in reality. There was a very good review of it in a recent number of the "Revue des deux Mondes." As a specimen of bibliopolist art—the slender rill of text meandering through large expanse of margin, with frequent stations in which the eye reposes on pure blank—it cannot be

easily surpassed. But all this while I find that I am miserably behindhand with native literature. I have not only never yet seen but never heard of Houghton's "Men of Mark." I have no doubt that I furnished Sydney Smith with an inexhaustible fund of amusement in days past, and, having provided the materials of the entertainment, I think it is hard that I should not partake of it.'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 1 *May*, 1874.

'It was very stupid in me not at once to understand what book you were speaking of. I do not remember to have heard of "Men of Mark," though it would be an excellent title; but the extract was from Lord Houghton's "Monographs," of which he sent me a copy, I am afraid now a year ago—long enough for me to forget Sydney's pleasantry. It is the most entertaining volume Lord Houghton ever published, and a kind of reading which I might safely prescribe for you when you are squeamish about books, as I am sure it would interest you more than any novel, beside being more easily taken up and laid down, each character being set in a frame of moderate size. I wish you would at least make trial of it, and give it a holiday, by relieving it from its constant attendance on the drawing-room table, where it is now, I believe, regarded only as an encumbrance. Shall I send it to you by book post, or is there any other mode of conveyance which would be more convenient? . . . .'

'ABERGWILI PALACE, 13 *May*, 1874.

'A single but very big word. The rumour which you too hastily believed when it was false will this time turn out to be true.'

The rumour to which this letter refers was the resignation of his Bishopric. After this the letters, first from the pressure of business, and then from the failure of his eyesight, become too fragmentary for publication. It appears from them that in May, 1874, he left Abergwili 'never to return,' and settled at Bath, and hoped 'to find a last resting-place in this pleasant neighbourhood.'

He was obliged to part with all the occupants of the Abergwili Library, 'whose beloved faces,' he writes, 'I shall never see again.[1]. It will, I believe, take months to put the mass of books and papers which have arrived in available order. . . . . The work of the Revision Company furnishes me with constant and abundant employment, so that, notwithstanding the comparative relief from correspondence, I find the day too short. . . . .'

One or two allusions are found to the comet.

'We have now had two months of nearly uninterrupted fine weather. There is a general and not improbable suspicion that we owe it to the comet. But I have not yet seen the celestial visitor, and I am afraid shall not before he reaches his perihelion and begins to recede into other realms of space.

An important question, the possibility of revising his works for publication, occupied him. He says:—

[1] This refers to an arrangement made with a London bookseller at the time the Bishop left Abergwili for the sale of the bound books in the Library there. The unbound volumes were removed to his house in Bath.

'59 PULTENEY STREET, BATH, 20 *July*, 1874.

'Before I can make up my mind to publish or republish anything I have written I must read it again, and many weeks may elapse before my papers are put in order, so as to enable me to make choice of those which I would preserve. The subject had not escaped my thoughts. But the selection will be attended with great difficulty. As to my sermons, there are very few which I could consent either to publish or republish. And if I republish my Charges, I should certainly feel myself bound to omit large portions, of a temporary and polemical nature, which might give pain to persons still living, and devoid of any permanent interest. There are some other things which I wrote when I resided at Cambridge which I have reason to think would be quite as acceptable to most of my friends as any of my theological writings, and they would at least have the merit of being inoffensive. But if I had only the choice between publishing everything or destroying all, I should say, "Let all go into the fire." After I wrote last, I saw the comet. But he seemed to me but an insignificant luminary, though I dare say we have no reason to wish for a nearer acquaintance with him. I do not know anything as to his position with regard to the Great Bear. I only saw that he looked not very far from a certain stack of chimneys.

'Yesterday (Sunday) the grass in a public garden near here took fire in the middle of the day, when nobody was in it—by spontaneous combustion.'

'59 PULTENEY STREET, BATH, 6 *Nov.*, 1874.

'My only very serious concern is the steadily progressing failure of my eyesight. Already the dreadfully short mornings, which seem to pass like flashes of lightning, have become practically my whole day; for in the evening I can only read, not the book I want, but one in large print. And this must go on from bad to worse, until I shall most probably find myself tantalised by an abundance of books, for which I have the keenest appetite, without the power of gratifying it. I learn to appreciate the good-will of St. Paul's Galatians, though suspecting that they were not sorry to be unable to make the sacrifice.'

'I believe what you say about the eyes is generally true, but does not apply to all cases alike, and that I shall only know when I have undergone the operation how far it does to mine. At present I depend entirely on my left eye; for all practical purposes the other is gone, and I should do better without it. Writing does not fatigue me, but it torments me, as when I put pen to paper I am never sure of hitting the point I aim at, and in correcting a misprint am always liable to strike out the wrong letter. . . . . I have been for some time stationary, and do not expect ever to experience the feeling of convalescence, but shall be quite content if my sight is spared. . . . .'

'You will be glad to hear that my oculist—a very distinguished man — having inspected my eyes, encourages me to hope that the good one will for a long

time do duty for both—so long, indeed, that, unless I live much longer than I have any right to expect, I may never need an operation at all.'

'As you take an interest in the dispute between Gladstone on the one side, and Manning and Capel on the other, if you have my last Charge I wish you would look at pp. 14, 15, and read an extract which I give in a note from "Friedrich's Journal."'[1]

'59 PULTENEY STREET, BATH, 20 *Nov.*, 1874.

'. . . . There are *three* Leaders in the "Times" on the controversy raised by Gladstone—all among the best it has ever had. But I have not seen anywhere any notice taken of what seem to me the decisive passages which I quoted. I can hardly think that Gladstone himself knew of them.'

It may be a fitting close to this correspondence to add a letter which he himself wrote at an earlier stage of it:—

'. . . . I send you a scrap of poetry, which is a puzzle to myself. I found it on a small loose piece of paper, and the corrections show clearly that it was not a copy, but represents a process of composition, so that I have no doubt of my being the author, but I also feel

[1] 'Friedrich Tagebuch, p. 243, relates: "Manning now makes it his business to demonstrate to every one who will give him a hearing, that the Infallibility relates only to matters of dogma, not to the State. But even Count Trautmannsdorff observed to him that the words were not simply *quoad fidem*, but also *quoad mores*." *Remains, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall*—Charges. Vol. ii. p. 301.'

sure that it is only a translation, most probably from a German original. . . . .

'Yet say—and didst thou never stand
On some bold height in this fair land,
A summer sky above thy head,
A lovely scene beneath thee spread,
Of vale and stream, of rock and glade,
All in soft play of light and shade,
Thy breast at ease from fear and care,
And thou alone to linger there?
And gazing with enraptured eye,
While pleasure swelled to ecstasy,
Until the bosom overflowed,
Didst thou not feel thy joy a load
Too heavy for a single heart,
If friendship might not bear its part?
And canst thou say, the happiest lot
On earth is his who needs it not?
And is it in our saddest hour
We know the most of friendship's power?
And only when the road is drear,
The sky o'ercast, or danger near,
And friends may serve to guard or guide,
That we would have them at our side?
Then welcome sickness, welcome pain,
Bid grief admit thee of her train.
Bless all the ills that heaven may send,
If with them it vouchsafe a friend.
Yet rather pray to feel the charm
Of friendship in a holy calm,
When every earthly want is filled,
And every earthly trouble stilled,
And not a longing left but this—
A faithful friend to share thy bliss.
In earth or heaven? Ask it not.
The difference is then forgot.'

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

'It was in the little hamlet of Llanferris, four miles south-west of Mold, that I met the villager who told me the following story. I was laying down on the ordnance map the line of the lead-bearing lodes, which run transversely, through the limestone hills in a direction more or less east and west.

'Following these metalliferous veins from east to west, I had hitherto been unable to find either of them extending into the "blue rock," or clay slate, which lies on the west of the limestone belt. But here, near the little church, I came upon a small working in the clay slate. A villager told me that his brother, the parish clerk, had made the discovery. Late one summer evening, after a hard day's work, he was returning home across the fields, and sat down under a hedge to rest. The moon had risen, and shone out brightly. He was looking across the field, and, as he declared, not asleep, when he saw, at a short distance in front of him, a ladder raised for two or three feet above the ground, just as it is raised in an ordinary "footway" or ladder-shaft. Presently he perceived a little mine-fairy ascend the ladder, step by step. It was dressed like a miner. It carried a small pickaxe over its shoulder, and was supplied with other mining implements, but my informant did not mention that it had any light.

'When it reached the top of the ladder it got down, and walked across the field to the opposite hedge, and then disappeared.

'The clerk, on his return home, related his strange adventure; and the most remarkable thing connected with it is that, upon the strength of his narrative, some few people about the place should have had the faith to expend their money in a mining trial on the spot where the little gnome had appeared, and should have succeeded in finding stones, which I saw, and which were indicative of the presence of the vein, although they were not promising or metalliferous enough to induce extended operations.'—*Letter of W. W. Smyth, Esq., to a Friend*, 15 May, 1882.

APPENDIX B.

'King Henry the second. having obtained, for two campaines successively, considerable Advantages over the Irish, chiefly by the Courage and Bravery of Richard Clare, Earl of Pembroke and Chepstow, and the Welsh under his Command, went himself into Ireland, in October 1172, to compleat the Reduction of that Kingdom, passing thro' Wales, where, at Pembroke, he thanked the Welsh for their Service, and told them that, in great measure, the Success was owing to their ancient British Courage and Valour. The Welsh, pleased with King Henry's taking notice of their Loyalty, entertained him according to the Dignity of a King, and wished him the Prosperity and Victory that attended heretofore their great King Arthur, whose Exploits one of their Bards, playing upon the Harp, sung[1] to the King whilst he was at dinner. In that Ballad mention was made of the Place where King Arthur lay buried, which was there said to be between two Pyramids, in the Holy Churchyard at Glastonbury, many foot deep.

'Henry the second (bearing a due regard to the Memory of King Arthur, his renowned Predecessor), at his Return out of Ireland, acquainted Henry de Blois, at that time Abbat of Glastonbury, with what he had learn't from the Ballad of the Bard, and desired him to dig and search after the Bones of that Great King.

[1] Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v. pp. 50, 52, &c.

'Henry de Blois searcht as he was ordered, and, according to the report[1] of Stow and some other Writers, he found King Arthur's Bones, towards the close of King Henry's Reign. But, according to Leland[2] and other Authors, they were not found till the Year 1189. After King Richard the first came to the Crown, and when Henry de Saliaco or Henry de Soilly (as others call him) was Abbat, who, after the Abbey was burnt, commanded Men to dig again between these two Pyramids, and at seven foot deep[3] they found a huge broad Stone, where on that side that lay'd downwards was found a thin Plate of Lead, about a foot long, in the Form of a Cross,[4] and on that side of the Plate towards the Stone was engraven, in rude and barbarous Letters, this Inscription: HIC JACET SEPULTUS INCLYTUS REX ARTURIUS IN INSULA AVALONIA. And digging nine foot deeper, his Body was found in a Trunk of a Tree, and neer the Bones of King Arthur were found those of his Wife, Queen Guinever, who, after her Husband's Death, retired either to the Nunnery of[5] St. Julius the Martyr in Caerleon, or else to that of[6] Ambrebury in Wiltshire, from one of which Places her Corps was convey'd privately to Glastonbury, and there privately buried in, or neer, her Husband's Grave. The King's Bones were of so great a Bigness that, when his Shin Bone was set to the foot of a very tall Man, it reached three Fingers' breadth above his Knee; and in his Scull were perceived ten Wounds, one whereof was very great, and look't upon to have been the cause of his Death. The Queen's Body seem'd to be perfect and whole, and her Hair was found to be neatly platted, and of the colour of Burnisht Gold; but her Corps being touched with the Finger of one of the Spectators, it fell to Dust.

'This is reported by Leland, Stow, Speed, Bishop Usher, and

[1] Stow's *Chron.*, p. 55. [2] Leland's *Collectanea.*

[3] Idem, p. 51; Speed's *Chron.* in *K. Arthur*, and *alii.*

[4] This leaden cross was placed, by the command of the Abbot, in the Treasury, and there exposed and shown, as one of the curiosities of it, till the Dissolution of the Abbey.

[5] *Cressy*, lib. ii. cap. 25, p. 249.

[6] Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 47.

others from Giraldus Cambrensis, who is an Author of Repute, and was an Eye Witness to the matter of Fact.

'After the Spectators had gratified their curiosities, the Abbat and his Monks, with great Satisfaction and Reverence, took all the Remains of the two Bodies out of their separate Coffins, and putting them into decent Chests made for the purpose, they deposited them first in a Chappel in the South Alley of the Church, till such time as a Monument suitable to the Dignity of a King and Queen could be made for them, in the Middle of the Presbytery of the Choir, where, in finishing the Church, they Erected a stately Mausoleum of Touchstone, nobly engraven on the Outside, in which they placed the King's Body by it self at the head of the Tomb, and the Queen's at his feet, being the East Side of it. On the West Side of the Tomb, that is to say, where King Arthur's Bones were deposited, there was engraven this Inscription :—

"*Hic jacet Arturus, flos Regum, gloria Regni,*
Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni."

'And on the East Side, where Queen Guinever's were placed, there was this Inscription :—

"Arturi jacet hîc conjux tumulata secunda,
Quæ meruit cœlos virtutum prole fecunda."

'And here did the Remainders of this Great King and his Queen quietly rest some 85 Years; at which time, that is to say, in the Year 1278, King Edward the first and his Wife Queen Elianor, partly out of Devotion, and partly out of Curiosity, came to Glastonbury, attended by many of the Topping Men of the Nation, Clergy as well as Nobility. Whereupon the 19th of April they caused King Arthur's Tomb to be opened, and both the Shrines to be taken out of the Monument, which when the Court and it's Attendance had thoroughly viewed, King Edward opened the Shrine, wherein King Arthur's Bones laid, and Queen Elianor the Chest, wherein were those of Queen Guinever, and then each of them taking the respective Bones out of their respective Chests, they exposed them on two Credences, or Side Tables, neer the

High Altar, till the next Morning, for every one, that had a mind, to gratify their Curiosity, and early the next Morning, being the Wednesday before Easter, the King and Queen, with great Honour and Respect, wrapt up all the Bones (excepting the two Sculls, which were set up and to remain in the Treasury) in rich Shrouds or Mantles, and placed them again in their separate Shrines, &c.'—*The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury.* Published by Thomas Hearne, M.A. Oxford: printed at the Theatre, 1722.

APPENDIX C.

'Mrs. Carlyle has become acquainted with a very interesting young woman. Carlyle received a letter last summer from some unknown admirer, thanking him for his works, which had been the strength of her life; it was written in a very enthusiastic style, which I did not much affection.

'Mrs. C. said she would call and see what the writer was like, fancying her to be a rather austere, elderly, and not very happy *governess*, or something of the kind. She drove to the address, and found a tailor's shop—a small old-fashioned tailor, the writer of the letter was his daughter, living with him and doing the work of the house—no servant—a little old-fashioned dark house in the Borough. She was pleased with her, invited her to tea, and was very kind to her. You may fancy the seventh heaven to which she was raised. Ruskin came in whilst she was there, and took her home in his carriage. Mrs. C. was charmed with the extreme propriety of her dress and manner. She said she was all *neutral* tint until she was interested or animated, and *then* very pretty. She took me to see her. I confess I was *not* much interested *before* I went, but when I saw her she charmed as well as surprised me. She was dressed in grey linsey, very well but plainly made; her manners composed, but with the subtle admixture of perfect respect and self-possession, which was charming. Her tone of voice and pronunciation refined and *real*; a square strong fore-

head; *eyes* one could scarcely see, they were so retired, till she grew a little animated; her nose strong and straight; her teeth *very* good, but prominent. She looked *very sensible*. She was remarkably graceful in her movements, very unaffected and quiet, and all this the impress of the good books which had been her sole companions. Her hair, I should tell you, was dark auburn, verging on red, but very well placed and plenty of it. It was an interesting visit, and I hope to see her again. The room we were taken into wanted a good *dusting*, but it was not a common room, nor was there anything out of taste in it. Her father is a nice little old man, like a withered apple. But he is intelligent, and it was he who put her upon reading and improving herself. They have *no* servant, and she does all the work of the house. Her sisters are all away from home.'—*Letter of Miss Jewsbury to a Friend*, 2 January, 1866.

APPENDIX D.

'The "Winchester Observer," a few years ago, published an account of the 'Tichbourne Dole,' associated with one of the very oldest Hampshire families. The legend tells that, at some remote period, a Lady Mabella, on her death-bed, besought her lord, the Tichbourne of those days, to supply her with the means for bequeathing a gift or dole of bread to any one who should apply for it annually on the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Sir Roger promised her the proceeds of as much land as she could go over while a brand or billet of a certain size was burning. She was nearly bedridden, and nearly dying, and her avaricious lord believed that he had imposed conditions which would place within very narrow limits the area of land to be alienated. But he was mistaken. A miraculous degree of strength was given to her. She was carried by her attendants into a field, where she crawled round many goodly acres. A field of twenty-three acres at Tichbourne to this day bears the name of the Crawl. The lady, just before her death, solemnly warned her family against any departure from the terms of the Dole. She predicted that the family

name would become extinct, and the fortunes impoverished, if the Dole were ever withdrawn.

'The Tichbourne Dole, thus established, was regarded as the occasion of an annual festival during many generations. It was usual to bake 1,400 loaves for the Dole, of twenty-six ounces each, and give twopence to any applicant in excess of the number that could be then served. This custom was continued till about the middle of the last century, when, under pretence of attending Tichbourne Dole, vagabonds, gipsies, and idlers of every description assembled from all quarters, pilfering throughout the neighbourhood, and at last, in 1796, on account of the complaints of the magistrates and gentry, it was discontinued. This gave great offence to many who had been accustomed to receive the Dole, and now arose a revival of old traditions. The good Lady Mabella, as the legend told, had predicted that if the Dole should be withheld, the mansion would crumble to ruins; that the family name would become extinct through the failure of male heirs, and that this failure would be occasioned by a generation of seven sons being followed by a generation of seven daughters. Singularly enough, the old house partially fell down in 1803; the baronet of that day had seven sons; the eldest of these had seven daughters; and the owner of the family estates became a Doughty instead of a Tichbourne.

'If this story be correctly told, it is certainly a very tempting one to those who have a leaning towards the number seven.' —*The Book of Days*, edited by G. R. Chambers.

APPENDIX E.

Thomas Williams Malkin, born 1795, died when he was seven years old. He studied Greek, Latin, and French, and wrote many letters, some poetry, and some fables. He invented a history of an imaginary country, which he called Allestone. He drew a map of it with extraordinary neatness. The names of its towns and rivers were his own invention, and were beautifully printed in his own hand. 'He endowed his kingdom most

liberally with universities. . . . The professors . . . . were appointed by name and numerous statutes were enacted. . . . Political treatises, the discovery or improvement of arts, maxims of government, and rules of life are all mentioned in appropriate terms, collected from books, and treasured up in a retentive memory.' The manners, customs, and adventures of the people of Allestone were also described. 'He had marked talent for drawing, and amused himself by composing little landscapes containing temples, bridges, trees, &c. He likewise attempted dramatic composition,' and began a comic opera, noting down the 'supposed airs in musical characters, with a treble and bass.' The child died of an attack of inflammation; but in consequence of its being supposed that over-brain work was the cause of death, there was a post-mortem examination, and it was found that 'the skull was capacious and full, and the brain unusually large. It appeared to be in the most healthy state, and perfect in all its parts . . . . and the general organisation was so complete as to have given the fairest promise of life and health.'—*Life of J. W. Malkin*, by his Father, Dr. Malkin.

APPENDIX F.

'English residents at Baghdad have a great opportunity of domesticating wild animals, as the banks of the Tigris and the neighbouring Persian mountains abound with "feræ naturæ," which are constantly brought in for sale when quite young.

'Amateurs may thus make their selection from lions, leopards, chítas, hyænas, wolves, maral (or red deer), rémas (or moufflon), gazelles, ostrich, &c. I have tried them all, but prefer young lions as the most docile and affectionate of all possible pets. I had one special favourite of this class, who followed me about like a dog, slept on my pillow, and lay on a rug at my feet when I was at work in my office. One day, in 1847, I found my little pet in this position, restless and troublesome. He gnawed at the rug, and even made a feint of scratching my feet; so I called for the "ferash" who had charge of him, to take him away to the stables; but to my astonish-

ment the little rascal resisted, and after a good deal of growling, which I had never heard him indulge in before, took up his station under my chair, from whence he positively refused to move. Being too busy to join in the fray, I then sent the man away, and left the lion in possession of his den; but no sooner was the coast clear than he crept out from under the chair, again nestled at my feet, rubbed his chin against my knees, and uttered a plaintive, reproachful whine, which was quite touching.

'I put my hand down and stroked and patted him, and having thus made it up, went on with my writing. Half an hour thus passed, when, observing that he was very still, I again put down my hand, and found to my great distress that the poor little fellow was dead, his body on my feet, and his head still upon my knees. He had felt himself dying (the doctor said it was from an attack of fever), and would not, therefore, be taken away from me; hence his resistance to the "ferash," whom he usually obeyed implicitly. I buried him in the Orange Garden at the back of the Baghdad Residency, and long mourned his loss, for he was really a most engaging and affectionate companion; but in due course he was replaced by a young leopard, whom I also tamed and ultimately brought to England, and who, though immured in the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, continued to his dying day to be as fond and faithful to his old master as the best bred Newfoundland dog. A leopard once thoroughly broken will remain tame all his life; but a lion is hardly to be trusted after he is two, or at most, three years of age. When our Baghdad pet lions arrived at that age, we used to make them over to the Pasha, who thenceforward kept them chained up like dogs in the Palace Yard.'—*Letter of Sir Henry Rawlinson*, 14 February, 1881.

APPENDIX G.

Geraldine Jewsbury, born in August 1812, died in London in September 1880, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery,

in the same grave which contained the remains of her friend Sydney, Lady Morgan. She lost her mother very early in life, and was brought up by a sister several years older than herself, and who was herself also a clever woman, and the author of a work of some promise, entitled 'Phantasmagoria.' The education of Miss Jewsbury was peculiar, and while she was not permitted to read works of light literature, she was allowed to read, it is presumed in translations, the works of Plato, Aristotle's Ethics, and Shelley's prose as well as poetical works. Her father being unsuccessful in his career, Miss Jewsbury took her life into her own hands, came to London from Manchester, where she had been living, and commenced a literary career when still almost a girl, which she followed until within a month of her death. Her novel 'Zoe' produced a sensation, and certainly showed evidence of an intellect and mode of thought of no conventional type; but it must not be understood to express the opinions of her after-years, as she was careful to inform her friends. 'Zoe' was succeeded by other works, 'Marion Withers,' 'The Sorrows of Gentility,' and 'The Half Sisters.' She also edited, in conjunction with Mr. Hepworth Dixon, 'The Memoirs of Sydney, Lady Morgan.' Since her death, the 'Reminiscences of Carlyle' have been published, one of the most interesting chapters of which was contributed by Miss Jewsbury, who was for many years the intimate friend of Mrs. Carlyle. Miss Jewsbury was also, for some years, a contributor to 'The Athenæum,' and when changes were made in that paper, and she ceased to write for it, she became a reader for two of the large publishing houses, and her last literary work was a report upon a manuscript. She was a woman of considerable energy, spirit, and judgment, with a clear, incisive intellect, which readily enabled her to discern the merits of a work. The numerous friends who remained attached to her throughout her life testify to the worth of her character; and one of the latest visits made by Mr. Carlyle was made to Miss Jewsbury within a few weeks of her death.

APPENDIX H.

A letter of Admiral Sir Frederick Beaufort, written at the request of Dr. Wollaston, published in Sir John Barrow's 'Autobiography,' relates that when a youth at Portsmouth 'he capsized a very small boat by stepping on the gunwale in an endeavour to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings,'[1] and being unable to swim he sank at once. What followed is thus described by himself:—

'So far these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation, a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose above thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place, the awkwardness that had produced it, the bustle it must have

[1] See *Biographical Sketches*, by Miss Martineau.

occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains), the effect it would have on a most affectionate father, the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family, and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise, a former voyage and shipwreck, my school, the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent, and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession, not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature. In short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity. May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable—that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective. Yet I had been religiously brought up. My hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength: and at any other period, intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity: yet, at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past. The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision; yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment

of suffocation to that of my being hauled up. The strength of the flood-tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, according to the account of lookers-on, I was very quickly restored to animation. My feelings, while life was returning, were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it; a helpless anxiety, a kind of continuous nightmare seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater, at least in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours, bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state.'

APPENDIX I.

St. Govan's Bell.

Where the wild cliff scenery of South Wales is broken into clefts and hollows there is a narrow gorge among the rocks, some five or six miles from Pembroke, which opens into a wide bay. In this gorge are the ruins of St. Govan's Chapel, which was built right across it, entirely blocking it up, so that the only approach from the cliff to the beach is through the building itself, down rough stone steps cut in the limestone, which lead from the level downs above through the chapel to the beach. They end near a well bubbling up clear and fresh close to the sea, and by the well is a large stone. These steps, it is believed, can never be counted aright. The number of them reckoned from the top, is never the same as that reckoned from the bottom of the gorge. St. Govan is said to have built the chapel, but the place was hallowed before his time, because the rock against which the eastern wall of the chapel was afterwards built opened, according to tradition, to admit an earlier saint who was flying from his pagan enemies, and then closed upon him so that his pursuers, seeing nothing but a bare rock, passed on. When they were at a safe distance it opened and the saint was released. The cavity, however, remains to this day, and is entered through an arched door in the chapel. It was said to contract and expand to the size of the persons who entered it, and if they turned round within it, wishing as they turned with steadfast purpose, their wishes would be fulfilled, but any wavering in the wish defeated its fulfilment. The little cell is worn by the touch of many visitors. St. Govan spent many hours there in prayer. A spring rises near its entrance, with a very small flow of water. This spring and the well by the sea were supposed to have curative properties. Cripples laid their crutches on the altar of the chapel, and other simple votive offerings were left there by sufferers who had benefited by the healing waters. The hermit Saint Govan is believed to have been buried under the altar of his chapel. It was a simple building of no architectural beauty, but it had one

great treasure. From its open belfry hung a beautiful silver bell, so clear and sweet and full in tone that it was heard far out to sea in the early dawn and the late evening, and it could be seen far away over the water shining in the sun. Tradition says that St. Govan was a holy hermit, hospitable and venerated. Sailors who passed by that coast came for water from his holy well, and the saint always made them welcome. One day a crew of pirates landed by the well. They were met by the saint, who took them into the chapel, where they did not fail to see and covet the silver bell. They returned to their ship and waited until night, when the saint was sleeping, and all but the low soft beat of the waves upon the beach was still. Then they landed, went stealthily up to the chapel, and climbed the roof, removed the bell, and proceeded to carry it down to the sea. But at every step the bell grew heavier and heavier, so that its burden became unbearable, and they were forced to stop at short intervals and to lay it down on the stones by the way while they rested. Each stone, as the bell touched it, gave out a melodious note like fairy music. The pirates toiled to their ship with their treasure, weighed anchor, and set sail. It was a bright moonlight night—not a cloud to be seen in the sky, and the sea was perfectly calm—when a sudden tempest rose swift and dark. The ship, pressed down as if by an irresistible weight, sank in the troubled sea, and all on board perished. That same night the bell was borne through the air by spirits and enclosed in the large stone which is near the holy well by the sea. Whenever this stone, or any one of the stones the bell touched are struck, they ring out a clear sweet note, like the sound of the bell itself in St. Govan's time long ago.

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